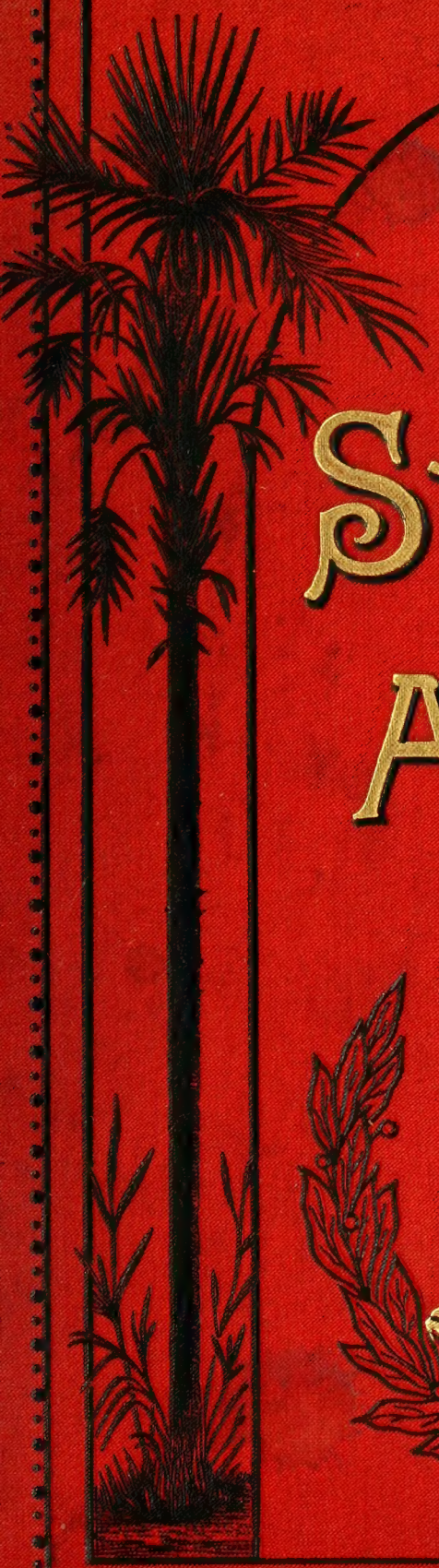




STANLEY AND AFRICA



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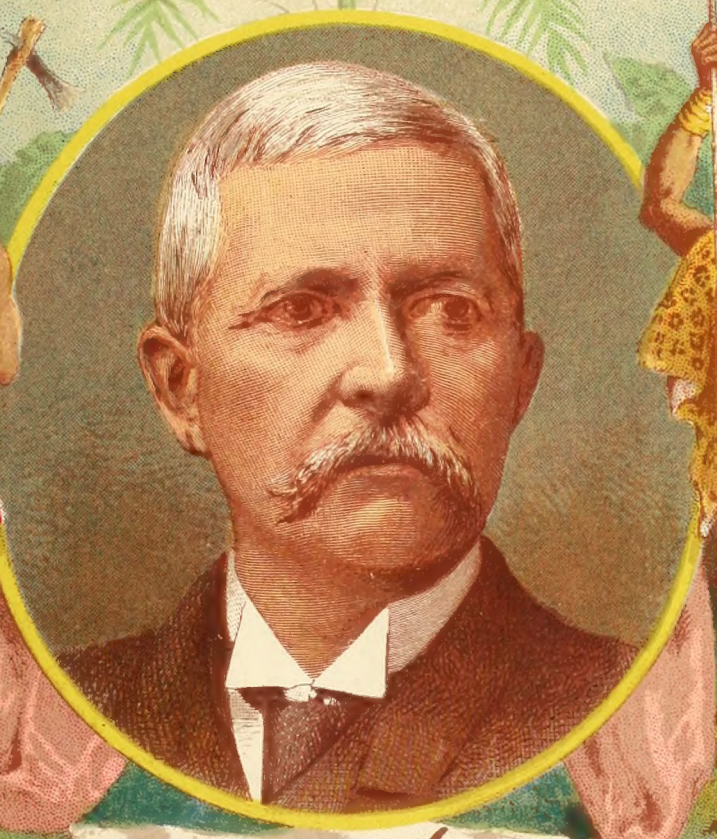
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A FOREST IN CENTRAL AFRICA



STANLEY & AFRICA



Henry M. Stanley

WANYAMWESI

CAFFRE

AFRICA



STANLEY AND AFRICA:

ALSO THE

TRAVELS, ADVENTURES, AND DISCOVERIES

OF

*Captain John H. Speke, Captain Richard F. Burton,
Captain James W. Grant, Sir Samuel and Lady Baker,
and other Distinguished Explorers.*



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STANLEY AND AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

Progress of Christian Missions in South Africa—Moravian Church—London Missionary Society—Wesleyan Missions—Church Missionary Society—Other Missions.

Speaking of his earlier discoveries, Dr. Livingstone said, nearly twenty years ago, "The end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise." It should ever be so. Commerce and science have their claims; but just in proportion as nations and tribes of men are brought under our influence, we should seek to confer upon them the blessings of Christianity. We intend, therefore, before entering more fully upon the discoveries of modern travellers in the regions of Southern and Central Africa lying beyond our colonial settlements, to glance at the efforts of Christian men to plant the gospel in those settlements, and to point out some of the blessed results by which those efforts have been crowned. During the early ages of the Christian era, Africa had her churches, her colleges, her repositories of science and learning, her Cyprian and other bishops of apostolic renown, and her noble army of martyrs; but now the pall hangs over her wide-spread domains, and the millions of her population are in a state of spiritual death. Christendom has been enriched by her gold, her drugs, her ivory, her cattle and corn, the bodies and souls of her people; and what, up to a few years back, has been her recompense? A few crucifixes planted around her shores, guarded by the military fort and the roar of cannon. Had it not been for the zeal and compassion of Christian men in these later times scarcely a ray of heavenly light would have reached the millions of Africa, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. As it is, however, various sections of the church of Christ have vied with one another in their earnest and self-denying labours to spread the blessings of the Christian religion through our African colonies and the regions beyond.

The small, but brave and noble band of Christians, known as the Moravians, or United Brethren, were the first to send out men to seek the salvation of the people of South Africa. The circumstances under which their first missionary, George Schmidt, was sent forth, and his subsequent history, is well known to all interested in mission work. But we cannot forbear quoting here the words in which the venerable Dr. Moffatt makes honourable

mention of this servant of the Lord:—"In July, 1736, George Schmidt, with something of that great zeal which fired the bosom of Egede, the pioneer of the mission to Greenland, left his native country for that of the Hottentots. He was the first who, commissioned by the King of kings, stood in the Vale of Grace (Genadenal), at that time known by the name of Bavian's Kloof (the Glen of Baboons), and directed the degraded, oppressed, ignorant, despised, and, so far as life eternal is concerned, the outcast Hottentots, to the Lamb of God, who tasted death for them. It is impossible to traverse the glen, as the writer has done, or sit under the great pear-tree which that devoted missionary planted with his own hands, without feeling something like a holy envy of so distinguished a person in the missionary band. When we remember that actions receive their weight from the circumstances under which they have been called forth, how exalted a glory must such an one as George Schmidt possess in the heavenly world, where one star differeth from another star in glory, compared with the great majority in the present day, who have doors opened to them, and a host of examples before them, with the zeal and prayers of the whole Christian Church to animate and support them. Though he could only address the Hottentots through an interpreter, his early efforts were crowned with success, and the attendance at the first Hottentot school ever founded rapidly increased. The Hottentots, with all their reported ignorance and apathy, justly regarded him with sentiments of unfeigned love and admiration; and so evidently was the gospel made the power of God that, in the course of a few years, he was able to add a number of converts to the church of the first-born."

The mission commenced by the Moravians so far prospered that, in 1799, there was built a large church, capable of holding fifteen thousand persons. At that period there were twelve hundred and thirty-four inhabitants in Bavian's Kloof, of whom three hundred and four were members of the congregation, whose temporal condition was greatly improved. Induced by the example of the brethren, they diligently cultivated their fields and gardens. In 1800, a body of missionaries arriving, they were received about a mile from the village by the natives, who joined in hymns of praise to God who had thus graciously supplied their spiritual wants. A large and commodious school-house was erected in 1814, and thus the brethren were enabled more effectually to educate the young. In 1815, the Rev. C. J. Latrobe, Secretary to the Moravian Church in England, was sent on a visit of inspection to Africa, to ascertain the practicability of erecting a new station. This was accordingly established in the district of the Witte River, on the confines of Caffraria, at the distance of a fortnight's journey from their original sphere of labour. To it the name of Enon was given; and it was soon occupied by a band of faithful missionaries. Other stations have, from time to time, been formed as circumstances required and means afforded.

These settlements in South Africa have frequently been visited by travellers, who have highly extolled the neatness, order, and comfort, which reigned in them all. As it may be interesting to some of our readers to know the way in which the Moravian missionaries spend their time in their stations, we quote the words of Mr. Pringle, in reference to Enon:—"At six o'clock in the morning, the missionaries and their families are summoned together by the ringing of a large bell, suspended in front of the mission-house. The matin hymn is then sung, and a text of Scripture read for all to meditate upon during the day; and after drinking a single cup of coffee, they separate to pursue their respective occupations. At eight o'clock the bell re-assembles them to a substantial breakfast, consisting of fish, fruit, eggs, and cold meat, each person commonly drinking a single glass of wine. This meal, as well as the others, is preceded and followed by a short hymn, by way of grace, in which all the company join. As soon as breakfast is over, they retire to their separate apartments for meditation or devotion, till nine o'clock, when the active labours of the day are again resumed, and continued till noon. At twelve o'clock precisely the bell is again rung; labour is interrupted; the school is dismissed; and the brethren and their families assemble in the dining-hall to the mid-day meal. The dishes are sometimes numerous, especially I presume, when they have visitors; but the greater part consist of fruit and vegetables of their own cultivation, variously dressed. The meal is enlivened with cheerful conversation, and is closed with the customary hymn of thanksgiving. All then rise and retire, to occupy or amuse themselves as each may be inclined. At two o'clock, a cup of tea or coffee is drank, and all proceed again with alacrity to their various occupations, which are prosecuted till six. This latter hour concludes the labours of the day; the sound of the hammer is stilled, and the brethren assemble once more at the evening meal, which consists of light viands, and is soon over. After supper they adjourn to the church, when a portion of Scripture is briefly explained, or a homily delivered, either to the whole Hottentot congregation, or to one of the several sections in which the people are classed, agreeably to the progress they may have attained in knowledge and piety. All then retire to rest, with an appearance of satisfaction, such as may be naturally imagined to result from the habitual practice of industry and temperance, unembittered by worldly cares, and hallowed by the consciousness of having devoted their mental and bodily faculties to the glory of God and the good of man."

The same traveller also mentions the churchyard at this settlement:—"Situate at some little distance from the village, yet not far from the house of worship, and kept as neat as a pleasure garden, the burial-ground of Enon formed a pleasing contrast to the solitary graves heaped with a few loose stones, or the neglected or dilapidated churchyards usually met with in the

colony. The funeral service, too, of the Moravians is very solemn and impressive. And still more solemn must be the yearly celebration of their service on Easter morn, when the whole population of the settlement is congregated in the burial ground, to listen to an appropriate discourse from the most venerable of their pastors, accompanied by an affecting commemoration of such of their friends and relatives as may have died within the year, and followed by hymns and anthems sung by their united voices amidst the ashes of their kindred."

At the end of 1840, the United Brethren had in South Africa seven stations, forty-five missionaries, and four thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine converts belonging to the Hottentot, Caffre, Tambookie, and Fingoe tribes, of whom about thirteen hundred were communicants. The most recent accounts still speak hopefully of their establishments, as being generally in a flourishing condition. Brother Kunick, writing from Elim, August 18, 1874, says:—"In my last letter I believe I told you about the repairs that we intended carrying out in the church. In February, a sufficient quantity of sea-shells was carted from the shore, and from these lime was prepared. We had five or six masons at work each day, and as many helpers, the latter being volunteers. When the church had been got into order and whitewashed, our people asked permission to perform the same operation on the school, that its shabby condition might not be too noticeable, by contrast, at the coming jubilee. This was more than we had expected, and, of course, the request was granted. The inside walls of the church also received a new coating of paint, and Brother Hickel put the organ in good order. All expenses have been covered by voluntary subscriptions and the collections at the jubilee, leaving a surplus of £5. The members seemed much pleased with the improvements made, and on several occasions expressed their gratitude to us for our share in the work. We have also great cause for thankfulness for the manner in which the celebration of the jubilee passed off. Guests appeared from all quarters in no less than eighty-four vehicles of every description, and the liberal hospitality with which they were welcomed in spite of the hard times, exceeded even the German conception of this virtue. The celebration was of such a nature as to give us great encouragement for the future."

Another of these missionaries, Br. Meyer, writing in May, 1874, from Entumasi, says:—"The change of heart that had taken place in some of our Pondos began to have effect in their outward appearance. The women soon earned sufficient to buy for themselves, first skirts and then dresses. Many of them have now Sunday-clothes as well as week-day suits, and one female has as many as four dresses. The men also now go about in decent apparel. Two more announced themselves as candidates, but in their case I feared insincerity of purpose. Having received the money due to them for their

work, they immediately procured clothes with it. Not long afterwards their wives brought me a number of bundles of firewood, and on my inquiring as to the price, one of them said—‘ We do not want payment, we bring this wood out of gratitude.’ Thus my suspicion was put to shame. I am glad to say that all the Pondos are now properly clothed. The old Caffre, who was formerly so much addicted to drunkenness, now meekly sits at the feet of Jesus. It is a gladdening sight when the thirty-two candidates assemble for instruction or public worship, some of them from a distance of twelve miles, and many a song of thanks and praise rises from my heart to the Lord for permitting me to see so great fruits of my labours.” Writing some months later, the same missionary says :—“ The Lord’s blessing continues. Our new church is soon to be opened for services ; another on Ludidi’s land will soon be commenced, after which one on the banks of the Tinana will have to follow. Many Sutus attend the services at Entumasi, and on the Tinana, their language being used in church and school. Among the newly-awakened natives is the principal (and now the only) wife of the chieftain Zibi ; she has requested to be enrolled and instructed with the other candidates for baptism. The work grows in depth as well as in breadth ; my own heart is warmed and stirred up ; and my lips overflow with the praises of Him who has wonderfully increased the children of the desolate.”

Some of the most successful efforts for the evangelisation of Africa have been made by the agents of the London Missionary Society. The first efforts of this Society were directed, in 1795, to the islands of the Pacific, in which its missionaries have, after a long period of toil, witnessed the most signal triumphs of the gospel, amongst tribes of barbarians and cannibals, which it has ever fallen to the province of history to record. The attention of the Society was next directed to the vast and important field of Southern Africa. The first missionaries sent out were Dr. John Theodore Van der Kemp, the son of a pious minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Rotterdam, and Messrs Kicherer and Edmonds. Like all successful evangelists, Dr. Van der Kemp was a man of extraordinary energy. He was fifty years of age before he set sail for Africa. Missions were then a novelty, and no missionary movement had yet proceeded from the Netherlands. But the perusal of one of the records of the London Missionary Society produced such an impression on Van der Kemp’s mind that he made an offer of his services to that Society. Full of Christian elasticity, and enthusiastically devoted to the race whose welfare he sought, he shrank from no danger, and toil and hardship he rather seemed to invite. During his sojourn in London, passing a brick-field, it struck him that a great boon might be conferred on the Hottentots by teaching them to build better houses, in order to which it would first be needful to teach them the art of brick-making. Accordingly he sought leave to join the labourers, and for some weeks the venerable apprentice sweltered among the brick-kilns,

lightening his labour by the thought of Africa. And when he arrived among the people of his choice, he consecrated himself to their service, with the ardour of a lover and the zeal of an apostle. Undismayed by their offensive habits, he took up his abode in the midst of them, and often without any European comfort—sometimes without hat, or shoes, or stockings—he not only taught their children and preached to them the gospel, but labouring with his own hands, he showed them how by their own industry they might support themselves; and, as if in defiance of the prejudices of his Dutch compatriots, he threw in his lot entirely with these scorned outcasts by taking a Hottentot woman for his wife. He was a man of exalted genius and learning. He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an alumnus of the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in ancient languages, but in many of the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign. Yet this man, constrained by the love of Christ, could cheerfully lay aside all his honours, mingle with savages, bear their sneers and contumely, condescend to serve the meanest of his troublesome guests, take the axe, the sickle, the spade, and the mattock, lie down on the place where dogs repose, and spend nights with his couch drenched with rain, the cold wind bringing his fragile house about his ears. Though annoyed by the nightly visits of hungry hyenas, though compelled to wander about in quest of lost cattle, and exposed to the caprice of those whose characters were stains on human nature, whisperings occasionally reaching his ears that murderous plans were in progress for his destruction, he calmly proceeded with his benevolent efforts; and to secure his object would stoop with the meekness of wisdom to please and propitiate those rude and wayward children of the desert whom he sought to bless.

When the labours of the Doctor and his colleagues were beginning to tell on the Hottentots, the Dutch farmers took alarm. They feared that, with the progress of instruction, they would lose the services of these poor savages, whom they had hitherto treated very much as beasts of burden; and their representations were producing such an effect on the respectable Dutch governor, Janssen, that he imposed very inconvenient restrictions on the operations of the mission. Fortunately, at this period (1806), the colony passed into the hands of the English; and under the protection of Sir David Baird the mission so prospered that, in 1810, the settlement at Bethelsdorp contained nearly a thousand inhabitants, all receiving Christian instruction. Mats and baskets were made in considerable quantities and sold in the surrounding country. Salt was also manufactured, and bartered for wheat; and by sawing, soap-boiling, and wood-cutting, the people exerted themselves for

an independent maintenance. Dr. Van der Kemp, who supported himself as a missionary, with scarcely any charge to the Society, spent nearly a thousand pounds of his patrimony in the purchase of slaves; and his representations to Lord Caledon were the first in a series of movements on behalf of the oppressed aborigines which, in 1828, ended in their obtaining rights and privileges in all respects equal to those of the Dutch and English settlers. He died in 1811; and although his own exertions were not crowned with the immediate and signal success which has attended some other labourers, he may well be regarded as one of the greatest modern benefactors of Southern Africa.

In March, 1813, the Rev. John Campbell arrived at Bethelsdorp, having been deputed by the Society to visit their settlements in South Africa, and to consider the best localities for new ones. The following year, a remarkable revival of religion took place there. So intent were numbers in seeking salvation that Mr. Read and his fellow-labourers had scarcely time to take food; and often the fields might be seen covered with people pouring out their hearts to God in prayer. Old and young were alike subjects of this gracious influence; and, in the course of a year, upwards of three hundred souls were added to the Church. Accosted by the gracious accents of the gospel, the poor abject Hottentots began to rejoice in the hope full of immortality, and astonished their old taskmasters by their intelligence and industry. Under the fostering wing of Christian missions, they congregated into little villages; and the following description of one of these near Algoa Bay, from the pen of Mr. Pringle, testifies to the effect the gospel had produced:—"I came in sight of the village as the sun was setting. The smoke of the fires just lighted to cook the evening meal of the home-coming herdsmen was curling calmly in the serene evening air. The bleating of flocks returning to the fold, the lowing of the kine to meet their young, and other pleasant sounds, recalling all the pastoral associations of a Scottish glen, gave a very agreeable effect to my first view of this missionary village. When I entered the place, however, all associations connected with the rural scenery of Europe were at once dispelled. The groups of woolly-haired, swarthy-complexioned natives, many of them still dressed in the old sheepskin mantle—the swarms of half-naked children—the hovels of mud or reeds—the long-legged, large-boned cattle—the broad-tailed African sheep, with hair instead of wool—the uncouth jibbering sounds of the Hottentot language—these, and a hundred traits of wild and foreign character, made me feel that I was far from the glens of Cheviot—that I was at length in the land of the Hottentot. Afterwards I attended the evening service of the missionary in the rustic chapel. The place was occupied by a very considerable number of the inhabitants of the village. Their demeanour was attentive and devout; and their singing of the missionary hymns singularly pleasing and harmonious. Even among the rudest of

the people there was an aspect of civility and decent respect—of quietude and sober-mindedness, which evinced that they were habitually under the control of far other principles than those which regulate the movements of other savage men. They appeared to be in general a respectable and religious native peasantry.”

Among the noble men who have laboured in Southern Africa, in connection with the London Missionary Society, we must make special mention of Robert Moffat and his still more renowned son-in law, David Livingstone. When Robert Moffat, with the consent of his pious Scotch parents, left his gardening and set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, on the last day of October, 1816, he was only twenty years of age. But he was a mature man in self-possession and in Christian faith; and these are the main qualities required in missionary enterprise. His first battle was not with the heathen, but with the British Governor, who was loath to give his sanction to missionaries proceeding outside the Cape colony, as it was feared that, through want of discretion, they would get the tribes of the interior into broils and misunderstandings. Permission being at length granted him, he set out for the Orange River, to try to convert the notorious Africaner, who had made his name a terror by his maraudings and murders. On the way, Moffat preached to the Hottentots, wherever he could get opportunity. On all hands he was warned against approaching Africaner. One old motherly lady, wiping the tear from her eye, bade him farewell, saying, “Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no, but you are young, and going to be eaten up by that monster!” But he and his party went on—over desert plains, where sometimes the oxen would sink down in the sand from their fatigue, and where the want of water was a terrible infliction, and over rocky mountains, where the exposure to the scorching heat of the hot season was like to induce fever every moment. Africaner’s welcome was not warm; and Moffat was obliged to deal with the remorseless chief and his blood-thirsty people as best he might. He dealt with them wisely, and won a victory which is memorable. He was not unfrequently in sore straits for his daily food; but he only found himself the more disposed for meditation. He wandered, and taught, and preached, without faltering, for years. Often it seemed to him as if he was beating the air; and his heart sank. It was lucky for him that he had many resources. He could put his hand to anything; and that gained him respect from the Namaqua men more than his learning. “My dear old mother,” he tells us himself, “to keep me out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught me to knit and to sew. When I would tell her I meant to be a man, she would say, ‘Lad, ye dinna ken whaur your lot may be cast.’ She was right; for I have often had occasion to use the needle since.”

At length the blessing came; Africaner himself was the first convert.

The change that came over the chief was marvellous. The wild Namaqua warrior was gentle as a child. And he was very solicitous for the temporal welfare of his friends—intently watchful that the missionary should want for nothing that he or his people could give him. The man who hitherto had only had one ambition—to lead his people to war and plunder, now directed them to build a house for the missionary, made him a present of cows, regularly attended the services, was assiduous in the study of the Scriptures, and sincerely mourned over his past life. His love for Moffat was deep and abiding; and on one occasion, he nursed him through the delirium of a bilious fever. Mr. Moffat having to visit Cape Town, he proposed that Africaner should accompany him. “The good man,” Moffat says, “looked at me again and again, gravely asking whether I were in earnest, and seemed fain to ask if I were in my senses too; adding, with great fervour, ‘I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the Government to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice? Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for my poor head?’ These difficulties I endeavoured to remove, by assuring him that the results would be most satisfactory to himself as well as to the Governor of the Cape. Here Africaner exhibited his lively faith in the gracious promises of God, by replying, ‘I shall deliberate, and roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me.’”

By many it was thought impossible that such a man as this African Rob Roy—a freebooter, an outlaw, and a man of blood—could ever become a meek, docile, and affectionate follower of the Lamb of God. Speaking of their journey to Cape Town, Mr. Moffat says, “Some of the worthy people on the borders of the colony congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty. While some would scarcely credit my identity, my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner’s character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. At one farm a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. It was necessary, from the scarcity of water, to call at such houses as lay in our road. The farmer referred to was a good man in the best sense of the word; and he and his wife had both shown me kindness on my way to Namaqua Land. On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the waggon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer, seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and, stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied

that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. 'Moffat!' he rejoined in a faltering voice; 'it is your ghost!' and moved some steps backwards. 'I am no ghost!' 'Don't come near me!' he exclaimed, 'you have been long murdered by Africaner.' 'But I am no ghost!' I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. 'Everybody says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones;' and he continued to gaze at me to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the waggon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, 'When did you rise from the dead?'

"As he feared my presence would alarm his wife we bent our steps towards the waggon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, 'He is now a truly good man.' To which he replied, 'I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, these were another description of men; but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, 'This is Africaner.' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunder-struck, but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!' The kind farmer and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors."

The closing scene of Africaner's life was most beautiful. When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. "We are not,"

said he, "what we were—savages, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible; and, if impossible, consult those who are placed over you before you engage in anything. Remain together as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the Directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that He has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and He will be found of you to direct you."

Whilst Moffat and Africaner were at the Cape, it was proposed that the former should not return to Namaqua Land, but should proceed to the Bechuanaland country, and found a mission there. To this Africaner consented, as he had some hopes of removing, with his people, to a district not far distant, from whence Moffat now proposed to settle. So the missionary, with his newly-married wife, set forth for the new country, much strengthened by his success with Africaner and his people, and encouraged by the thought, that the station he was about to occupy was one of the foremost posts in heathen soil, and that beyond it there were regions thickly populated by races who had never seen the face of a white man, and to whom Christianity, and its attendant blessings, were as yet unknown. The missionary soon found it hard work with the Bechuanas; for though the chief had desired that a religious teacher should be sent among his people, it soon became evident that they had more notion of trading and bartering than of hearing about the gospel. When they found that Moffat had no goods, they were disposed to yoke the oxen to his waggons and send him back again. He was often in great trouble. At last he faced the chief and his attendants—said they might do with him as they would, but he would not leave their country. "Our hearts are with you," he said; "you may shed my blood, or you may burn our dwelling, but I know that you will not touch my wife or children. My decision is made—I do not leave your country." Now then," he proceeded, "if you will, drive your spears to my heart; and when you have slain me, my companions will know that it is time for them to depart." "These men," said the chief, turning to the attendants, "must have ten lives. When they are so fearless of death, there must be something in immortality." From this time the hearts of the people began to turn to the truth. Moffat showed them that he had no interests apart from theirs. The self-sacrificing conduct of the missionaries so moved the chief, that he aided them in the laying out of the new station at Kuruman, which was for so long Mr. Moffat's headquarters.

From Kuruman, Moffat made many journeys. He visited Makaba, king of the Bauangketsi, some two hundred miles further north, and was received with favour. News of his great work was soon carried far into the interior. A very notable event was the appearance of two messengers from the Matabele king, Moselekatse, who wished to know more of the work of the white men. This potentate ruled a large portion of the territory now known as the Trans Vaal Republic, was a great warrior, and a terror to all the surrounding tribes. Moffat received these ambassadors with great kindness, and showed them as much of civilised appliances as he could. Owing to some risk they ran from the tribe whose territory they must pass on their return home, he himself accompanied them on their way. Having gone so far with them they urged that he should go on and see the king; and so at last he agreed to do. Moselekatse took kindly to the missionary, and showed himself capable of gratitude. Placing his hand on the missionary's shoulder one day, he addressed him by the title of "Father," saying, "You have made my heart as white as milk. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before, but you love me more than my own people." Moffat did not leave until he had got the king's consent that a mission should be established there. In 1832, Moffat had completed his translation into Sechuana of the Gospel of Luke. He went to the Cape, and got liberty to use the official press. He "set up" the matter with his own hands, and was soon able to return in triumph to the station with copies of Luke's Gospel and his own hymns. By 1840, the translation of the New Testament was completed; and before 1843 thousands of copies had been distributed, Moffat having superintended the printing in London, during a short visit home.

At this point Moffat's story gets interlaced with that of Livingstone. David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, in the year 1813. At the age of ten he went to work in a cotton-factory, and for many years was engaged as an operative. An evening school furnished him with the opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of Latin and Greek; and after attending a course of medicine at Glasgow University, and the theological lectures of the late Dr. Wardlaw, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, by whom he was ordained in 1840. In the summer of that year he landed on the shores of South Africa. Circumstances made him acquainted with Moffat, whose daughter he subsequently married. Moffat was then permanently attached to Kuruman station, at that time the most distant outpost of the missionaries; but Livingstone at once penetrated two hundred miles further north, as far as Kolobeng, animated by a desire to carry the blessings of Christianity into the densely populated, but mysterious regions of the African interior. While Livingstone was wandering among the Bakwains, in retirement at Lepeloli, or labouring at Kolobeng, Moffat was pushing on with his translation of the Old Testament, amid ill health and much loss of strength.

He worked without a pause, for the cause of the gospel was prospering, and each fresh proof of its power was with him only an incentive to effort.

In 1849, Livingstone resolved to leave Kolobeng, the station he was then occupying, and push his way further into the interior. Taking, therefore, a northerly direction, and pursuing it for about three hundred miles, and at no slight suffering to themselves and their cattle, from the difficulty of the road and the want of water, they were not less surprised than delighted, on emerging, at the end of a month, from a dreary region, the principal productions in which were the camel-thorn and other characteristic growths of the African desert, to find themselves upon the banks of the Zouga, a noble and exquisitely beautiful river, flowing south-east, richly fringed with fruit-bearing and other trees, some of them of gigantic growth, and new to our travellers. Received with a frank, and evidently cordial welcome from the Bayeiye, the natives of the soil, and learning from them that the Zouga flowed out of the Lake N'gami, which was still three hundred miles distant, Livingstone, while his waggon slowly followed the windings of the stream, embarked in a rude native canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and, paddled by these inland sailors, he proceeded up the Zouga, calling, on his way, at many of the villages which nestled in the broad belt of reeds, or amongst the limestone rocks which form its margin. As he advanced, the stream flowed wider and deeper, and the missionary's heart expanded with the hope that it would prove one of the highways through which Christianity and its attendants, civilisation and commerce, might find a free course into the hitherto inaccessible interior of Africa. He pursued his way until he reached the much-desired Lake N'gami, and looked across its broad waters to a shoreless expanse in one direction, and to the dim outline of the distant coast in another, with the hallowed joy of a missionary discoverer. In the following year, accompanied by his wife and family, and by Sechele, the chief of the Bakwains, Livingstone paid his second visit to this newly-discovered region; but this time his leading design of reaching the country of Sebituane was frustrated by the unexpected prevalence of marsh-fever, and of the venomous fly called "tsetse," so destructive of cattle. Having acquired such knowledge of the district as to satisfy him that neither would afford a salubrious centre for a new mission, and as sickness began to prevail among his party, he was reluctantly compelled to return to his station, and again to postpone the accomplishment of his object.

In the spring of 1851, Livingstone once more left Kolobeng for the north. Hoping and believing that he would be able permanently to remain and labour in the remote, yet populous region he had discovered, he took with him again his wife and their little ones, prepared, as some might have regarded it, to bury himself and his family in the very depths of African solitudes and savagism. It was a noble venture—Christian heroism in one of

its sublimest forms. At length they reached Linyanti. Here Sebituane received them with the greatest kindness; and proposed to bring their wag-gons across the Chobe, in his canoes, that they might be placed beyond the reach of the marauding Matabele. It was impossible not to see the unbounded delight which the chief felt in the presence of his visitors, or to question the intensity of his desire for the residence of a missionary amongst his people. Long before daylight, he was by Livingstone's fire, relating the adventures and disasters of his eventful history. For many years he had been anxious for intercourse with Europeans; and, with this view, had sent large presents to chiefs residing at a distance, to induce them to promote this object. On the day after Livingstone's arrival he conducted religious services amongst the people. These proved the last as well as the first at which Sebituane was present; and upon this account the missionary looked back upon them with mingled feelings of sorrow and satisfaction, for, just as the chief began to see the accomplishment of his long-cherished desire, he was seized with pneumonia, and in a fortnight expired. Livingstone felt his loss severely; but the people gathered round him, and said, "Do not leave us; though Sebituane is dead, his children remain; and you must treat them as you would have treated him." The country at which he had now arrived presented, for hundreds of miles, a dead level, interlaced by a perfect labyrinth of rivers, with their countless tributaries, and numerous entering and re-entering branches. But after a residence of two months, Livingstone was convinced, that though rich and fertile in an extraordinary degree, the periodical rise of its numerous streams, and the prevalence of the destructive "tsetse," formed fatal objections to it as a missionary centre.

It was during his stay here, that Livingstone first visited that magnificent stream whose course to the Mozambique Channel he subsequently traced. In different parts of its course, it bears the name of Secheke, Leeambye, and Zambesi. Who can describe the missionary's joy in thus finding what he then believed, and has since proved to be, the key of Southern and Central Africa! Deep as was the interest he felt in the scenery now spread out before him, that interest was chiefly concentrated upon the inhabitants of this fine region. Having obtained so auspicious an introduction to them, he resolved to cultivate their acquaintance, in the belief that the gospel, with its accompanying power and results, would make them a great and prosperous people. Filled with these purposes, his heart swelling with large anticipations and generous designs, he once more retraced his steps, partly over the weary way he had previously traced, and partly upon the Tamunacle and the Zouga, rejoicing as one who findeth great spoil.

On reaching the latter river, Livingstone thus refers to the future, under date October 1, 1851:—"You will see by the accompanying sketch what an immense region God has in his Providence opened up. . . . I

think it will be impossible to make a fair commencement, unless I can secure two years devoid of family cares. It has occurred to me that as we must send our children to England soon, it will be no great additional expense to send them now along with their mother. This arrangement would enable me to proceed alone, and devote about two, or perhaps three years to this new region. To orphanise my children will be like tearing out my bowels; but when I can find time to write fully, you will perceive it is the only way, except giving up the region altogether. When we consider the multitudes which, in the providence of God, have been brought to light in the country of Sebituane—the probability that, in our efforts to evangelise, we shall put a stop to the slave-trade in a large region, and by means of the highway into the north which we have discovered, bring unknown nations within the sympathies of the Christian world, if I were to choose my lot, it would be to reduce this new language, translate the Bible into it, and be the means of forming a church. Let this be accomplished, I think I could then lay down and die contented.” In God’s providence this was the beginning of Livingstone’s explorations; we must now leave him, to be dealt with more at large in his character as a traveller, in a subsequent part of the work, and return to the work of Moffat.

That the reports of Moffat’s good work had already travelled far into the unknown countries, was proved by the fact that, while Livingstone was on the Zambesi, he learned from the natives there that the English had come to Moselekatse, and told him that it was wrong to fight and kill; and that since the English had come he had sent out his men, not to kill and plunder, but to collect tribute of cloth and money. There can be no doubt that this rumour, spreading further inland, prepared the way for Livingstone’s extraordinary journeys. And whilst Livingstone was thus engaged, Moffat was planning how to help him. His health had suffered from the close application, continued now through years, to the translation of the Scriptures. He was urged to return to England for a time. Instead, he resolved to recruit himself by a trip to the Limpopo district, several days’ journey to the north of Kolobeng, where Moselekatse and his people had settled when they were driven from their old quarters. He was kindly received by the king, now grievously ill of dropsy, and, after some time, obtained permission to preach to the people. He also prescribed for the king’s ailment, and secured his interest in Livingstone’s travels, getting him to forward men with letters and supplies to Linyanti, on the Chobe River, two or three hundred miles to the north, which letters and supplies, as we know, were received by Livingstone from the Makololo people, who had taken them in charge, nearly a year afterwards. Livingstone’s visit to England, in 1856, had the effect of wondrously reviving the interest in African missions; and the London Society resolved to establish missions among the Matabele and Makololo. Naturally Moffat was overjoyed at receiving this news. It was what he had for forty years

been working for. His translation of the Scriptures into the Sechuana tongue—dialects of which, not varying much from each other, are spoken over almost the whole of South Africa as far as the Equator—could now be cast abroad to do its work. The undertaking had been a very trying one in the circumstances, and Moffat's health had suffered from the close application which for many years had been required from him. But now the task was finished—a task which of itself would have been enough to give to Moffat a place among the greatest of human benefactors, even had he not been the adventurous missionary he was.

The great missionary himself has given us a very remarkable instance of the power of the Scriptures over the heathen mind—an instance which forms quite a romantic episode. "In one of my early journeys," he says, "with some of my companions, we came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River, between Namaqua Land and the Griqua country. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued. From the fear of being exposed to lions, we preferred remaining at the village to proceeding during the night. The people at the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons which still remained on my jacket for a little milk; this also was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. We found it difficult to reconcile ourselves to our lot; for, in addition to repeated rebuffs, the manners of the villagers excited our suspicion. When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the heights beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. The solitary tear stole down her sable cheek when she replied, 'I love Him whose servants you are; and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name; my heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-way place.'" She was a lonely disciple indeed, and her only means of keeping the spiritual life awake within her was a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had got years before, when in a missionary school, previous to removing with her relatives far up the country.

Realising the great opportunity that was now given to spread the gospel in the interior, Moffat declined to seek the rest he so much needed; and in spite of the risks of African travel and his advanced years, resolved to visit his old friend Moselekatse again, in order to further the proposed



CHASING THE OSTRICH

settlement of missionaries. He was this time received with great enthusiasm, both by king and people; they had been longing for another visit from him. The king was willing to receive the teachers, if Moffat would only stay with them; but when he found that this was impracticable, he consented to receive them on any condition. It was during this visit that Moffat's influence with Moselekatse was so clearly shown by his obtaining the release of Macheng, the son of the late king of the Bamangwatos. Macheng's father had been killed in an engagement, and the child had been taken prisoner some time afterwards, when he was under the care of the Bechuana chief, Sechele. He had been so bereft for several years. Moffat accompanied him to his own country. There were great rejoicings over the deliverance of the young chief. "Is it not through the love of God that Macheng is among us to-day?" said Sechele. "A stranger, one of a nation—who of you knows its distance from us?—he makes himself one of us, enters the lion's abode, and brings out to us our own blood." One of the Matabele, who had accompanied Moffat and Macheng, now assured the assembled multitude that Moselekatse desired nothing but to live in amity with them. Sechele and his people were overjoyed to hear such words from the representative of a tribe which, though distant from them, had been, till now, a terror to them both by night and by day.

Moffat now proceeded to Cape Town to meet Livingstone, who was on his way to the Zambesi. They had not seen each other for six years. And the joy of the meeting may be imagined. But Livingstone's halt was short. He proceeded on his great expedition; and in a few months more Moffat was once again at Cape Town, welcoming the new missionaries, among whom was his own son. At Kuruman they divided into two bands. One party went under charge of Mr. Helmore, who had been for many years stationed at Likatlong, northwards to the land of Makololo; the other went forward, in the care of Mr. Moffat, to Moselekatse's country, where they were not only received kindly, but met with a sort of triumphal reception. Thus auspiciously the missionaries reached the settlement of Matabele. This mission has been very successful. Moselekatse died some years after its commencement; but his successor, Lobengole, is as favourably disposed towards the missionaries as he was. The Makololo mission, however, did not fare so well. A series of misfortunes awaited it, the story of which has been told very graphically by the Rev. John Mackenzie in his volume, "Ten Years North of the Orange River." We must turn to him and his companions for a little space.

It had been one of the inducements to the establishment of these missions that the chief of the Makololo had agreed with Livingstone to shift from the swamps of Linyanti to the north bank of the Zambesi, on missionaries being settled amongst them; whilst, at the same time, it was believed that Moffat's influence with Moselekatse was so strong as to be trusted to induce

him to desist from any kind of armed interference with the Makololo. Mr. Mackenzie, and the appointed brethren to this settlement, anticipated difficulty in the accomplishment of the plan (for the removal of a tribe is a hard matter, even though the chief has promised), just as they looked forward to many sufferings in their journey; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether they would have been brave enough to have set out at all, had it not been that Livingstone had promised to meet them at Linyanti and to make them known to the people. The journey proved trying beyond all their expectations. They had their due share of disappointments and hindrances between Cape Town and Kuruman; but the last stage was little short of being only a succession of misfortunes. Through Bushman's Land, where, on more than one occasion, the track was lost, they proceeded slowly; now waiting for guides, now in terror of lions, now delayed by the breaking of waggon-wheels, the sinking of the waggons in the sand, or the want of water. "I had to exercise my skill as a waggon-mender," says Mr. Mackenzie. "I had to put in a false nave in one of the wheels, which, with my materials, was a most difficult undertaking. A shoemaker, or a cabinet-maker, making and inserting a set of false teeth, would be in a position somewhat analogous to mine." Now and then, owing to the fact that, in some districts in the hot season, there may be no water for hundreds of miles, the party had frequently to take indirect roads. Often there were difficulties with the guides. They would disappear in search of water for themselves at the most critical points, and all that was then left for the party was simply to unyoke the oxen and take such rest as they could. When they reached the Zouga, they were warned against proceeding towards Linyanti because of the *tsetse*; and they were told that all the teachers who had gone last year to Makololo were dead save one. There was now therefore nothing for it but that the missionaries should turn their backs on Linyanti. They preached in various villages on their way, and, at length reached Kuruman, glad to find themselves once more in a Christian home.

Just when another journey to Makololo Land was being meditated by Mr. Mackenzie, the news reached Kuruman of the chief's death. There was a contest for the chieftainship, and much bloodshed followed. The tribe was so decimated by internecine strife, that it soon became a prey to their weaker neighbours, who had formerly been periodically despoiled by it, and who now united to put an end to the existence of the common enemy. Mackenzie then settled at Shoshong, the capital of the Bamangwatos country, on the borders of the Kalihari Desert; and continued to labour here, with short intervals of absence, during which he was engaged elsewhere, until 1870, when he returned to England. After a brief season of repose he went back to the scene of his many toils, and is still patiently pursuing his arduous work. Speaking of his success, he says—"I am persuaded, that the new

religion has taken such root at Shoshong as that, with a supply of Christian literature, it would not readily disappear, even if left to itself."

As for Moffat, Kuruman was with him henceforth but a centre for many and varied points of interest. His son, Mr. John Moffat, who came to Kuruman to act as his father's assistant in preaching and printing, tells how his father, though then threescore and ten, shared with him the labour of riding to distant villages to preach or hold prayer-meetings. But the untiring energy of the noble veteran could not hold out for ever; and in 1870, he returned to England, after a service in the most trying portions of the missionary field, extending over upwards of fifty years. Looking back over his life, it seems a very marvellous one. He himself can summarise the result of his labours and that of his brother missionaries thus:—"Christianity has already accomplished much. When first I went to Kuruman scarcely an individual could go beyond. Now they travel in safety as far as the Zambesi. Then we were strangers, and they could not understand us. We were treated with indignity as the outcasts of society, who, driven from among our own race, took refuge with them. Bearing in remembrance what our Saviour underwent, we persevered, and much success has rewarded our efforts. Now it is safe to traverse any part of the country, and traders travel far beyond Kuruman without fear of molestation. Formerly men of one native tribe could not travel through another's territory, and wars were frequent. Where one station was scarcely tolerated, now there are several. Very prosperous is our advanced station with the Matebele, who, I quite expect, will one day become a great nation. They sternly obey their own laws; and I have noticed that when men of fixed principles become convinced of the truth of Christianity, they hold firmly to the faith and are not lightly shaken." At present the London Missionary Society has about thirty European missionaries labouring in South Africa, besides a number of native teachers, and, though they have to complain of many discouragements, they yet rejoice that their labour is not in vain.

In the year 1814, the Wesleyan Missionary Society began to take its share in the evangelisation of Southern Africa, when the Rev. J. M'Kenny was sent out as the first missionary. He arrived in Cape Town on the 7th of August; but such was the jealousy of the Government authorities at that period that he was not allowed to open his commission, or to preach in the colony, although he produced credentials of the most satisfactory character. He was therefore instructed by the Missionary Committee to proceed to Ceylon. They were not disposed, however, to relinquish their efforts for the spiritual welfare of the degraded tribes of Southern Africa, in consequence of the comparative failure of their first experiment, and next appointed the Rev. Barnabas Shaw to attempt the commencement of a mission to the Cape colony. On his arrival at Cape Town, in 1815, he presented

his credentials to the governor, but met with no better success than his predecessor. His excellency declined to give him permission to preach in Cape Town, on the ground that the English and the Dutch colonists were provided with ministers, whilst the owners of slaves were unwilling to have them religiously instructed. Mr. Shaw naively says, "Having been refused the sanction of the governor, I was resolved what to do, and commenced without it on the following Sabbath. My congregations at first were chiefly composed of pious soldiers; and it was in a room hired by them that I first preached Christ and Him crucified in South Africa."

Although it would appear that the Government authorities took no notice for the time being of this infringement of their regulations, yet the spirit of prejudice against missionary efforts prevailed among the colonists to such an extent, that Mr. Shaw was much discouraged, as he saw little prospect of good in Cape Town. Under these circumstances he longed for an opening to preach the gospel to the heathen in the interior, where he would not be subject to the annoyances and hindrances which he experienced in the colony. At length an opportunity was afforded of engaging in this enterprise. One of the agents of the London Missionary Society came to Cape Town from Great Namaqua Land on a visit, and he made such representations of the openings for missionary labour in that country, that Mr. Shaw and his wife resolved to accompany him on his return, according to his kind invitation. Leaving Cape Town, the missionary party had pursued their toilsome journey for nearly a month, and had crossed the Elephant River, when, by a remarkable providence, Mr. Shaw found an opening for a suitable sphere of labour. He actually met with the chief of Little Namaqua Land, accompanied by four men, on his way to Cape Town to seek for a Christian teacher. Having heard his affecting story, and being deeply impressed with the fact that the finger of God was pointing in the direction in which he ought to go, the missionary agreed to accompany the chief to his mountain home, and to take up his abode with him and his people. About three weeks afterwards, they reached Lily Fountain, the principal home of the tribe of Little Namaquas; and the foundation of an interesting mission was laid, which, from that day to this, has continued to exercise a most beneficial influence on all around.

On reaching the end of their journey, and outspanning for the night, a council was held by the chief and some of his head men respecting the arrival of the missionary, when they all entreated him to remain with them, and promised to assist him in every possible way. He, therefore, immediately opened his commission by proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, and by teaching both old and young the elements of religion, and the use of letters. It was trying work, and required much patience; but labour, prayer, faith, perseverance, were eventually rewarded with success. A number of children and young people learned to read with tolerable facility; and a native church

was formed of faithful members, who were a credit to their religious profession. At the same time the civilising influences of Christianity were brought to bear upon the people; and, from year to year, their temporal condition was materially improved. Whilst the missionary was thus endeavouring to instruct the people, he had to labour hard at intervals to build a house to live in, and a humble sanctuary for the worship of God. In the accomplishment of these undertakings many difficulties had to be overcome. The people, although willing to assist, had never been accustomed to continuous labour, and ludicrous scenes were witnessed in the progress of the work. When the buildings were ready for the roofs, no trees fit for timber could be found within a day's journey of the station; but when they arrived at the place, the missionary produced for the first time his cross-cut saw, himself working at one end and a Namaqua at the other. Great was the joy of the people on beholding the result, and they could scarcely be restrained from cutting more timber than was required, on account of their delight at witnessing the performance of the instrument as one tree after another fell to the ground. Nor were their delight and surprise the less on seeing the first plough set to work, which the missionary had made chiefly with his own hands. The old chief stood upon a hill for some time in mute astonishment. At length he called to his councillors, at a short distance, saying, "Come and see the strange thing. Look how it tears up the ground with its iron mouth! If it goes on so all the day, it will do more work than ten wives!" Hitherto the work of tilling the ground had been left to the women and slaves; but the introduction of the gospel into the country was destined to mark a new era in agricultural pursuits, as well as in the moral condition of the people. Mr. Shaw had taken with him to Africa a few garden seeds, the rapid growth of which amused the natives very much; but when they saw the use to which the lettuce and other salads were appropriated, they laughed heartily, saying, "If the missionary and his wife can eat grass, they need never starve!"

When the mission was fully organised, Mr. Shaw required assistance, and, in 1818, the Rev. E. Edwards was sent out from England to join him. On his arrival at Cape Town, as there was no waggon to convey him and his baggage to the scene of his future labours, he performed the journey, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, on horseback—a feat which gave good promise that he was made of the true missionary metal, which was amply verified in after years. Scarcely any of the natives understood either Dutch or English, and the missionary had to preach through the medium of an interpreter; but now all the services are conducted in the Dutch language, which is generally understood both by old and young, whilst a few are gradually becoming acquainted with English. A brief account of one or two visits paid to this interesting station in recent years, will give some idea of the progress that has been made. Speaking of a visit in the month of July,

1853, the Rev. W. Moister, says—"After a toilsome journey through the wilderness, we arrived at Bethel, on Friday, the 14th, and were glad to find that the resident missionary, the Rev. J. A. Bailie, and the people of the station, had already removed to the Underveldt for the winter months. Saturday was spent in conversing with Mr. Bailie and a few of the head men on various matters pertaining to the religious and temporal interests of the institution, the result of which was very satisfactory. Towards evening, a number of natives arrived at the station from distant places, some in waggons and others on horseback, to be ready for the services of the Sabbath. At an early hour on Sunday morning, we were awoke by the singing of the natives, who had already assembled in the adjoining chapel to hold their usual prayer-meeting. We immediately arose, and joined them in their devotions. The prayers were offered partly in Dutch, and partly in Namaqua; and, although we could not understand all that was said, their supplications were apparently so fervent and so sincere, that we felt it good to be there. At ten o'clock the writer preached to an attentive congregation, of about two hundred Namaquas, Mr. Bailie kindly interpreting. There was an evident manifestation of Divine influence, and it was a season long to be remembered."

The same gentleman paid a second visit to this station, in the month of October, 1855, and under more favourable circumstances for more thoroughly examining its condition. The people had just completed the erection of a beautiful new chapel, capable of accommodating six hundred persons, built of stone, in the Gothic style of architecture, at a cost of about £1000; and yet it had been erected by their united efforts and contributions, without any foreign aid, with the exception of the gift of the pulpit by a few friends in Cape Town. It is a striking monument of the genius, zeal, and liberality of both the missionary and his flock, as well as a tangible proof of the progress of religion and civilisation among a people whom the gospel has raised from a state of the deepest moral degradation. The new chapel was filled with a congregation of deeply-attentive and well-dressed natives; and at the first of the opening services the collection amounted to £16, 4s., although money is but little used in that country. One hundred and eighty-four persons were found united in church fellowship, and three hundred scholars are attending the mission schools. Abundant evidences also appeared of material progress and improvement in the temporal affairs of the people. About seven hundred acres of land had been brought under cultivation; and the natives belonging to the institution owned about one hundred ploughs, thirty waggons, two thousand five hundred horned cattle, four hundred horses, and seven thousand sheep and goats. The good work of civilisation and religious instruction has also been extended to Norap, Kaauewgoed, Vlekte, Roodebergs, Kloof, and other out-stations, with much advantage to the people.

In the year 1825, the way for the extension of the work to Great Namaqua Land seemed to open. The Rev. W. Threlfall, accompanied by two native teachers, started thither on a journey of observation. They were mounted on oxen, after the fashion of the country, and travelled without molestation till they had got two or three days' journey beyond the Orange River. At this point they came in contact with troublesome wandering tribes of Bushmen. Although they had with them a few goods for barter, they suffered much for want of food, the people being unfriendly and unwilling to supply them. They obtained a guide at a certain Bushman's village; but he and his companions formed a plot for the destruction of the whole mission party, that they might take possession of their effects. The following night, while Mr. Threlfall and his companions were sleeping under a bush as usual, without the slightest apprehension of danger, their foes came upon them, and murdered them in cold blood. And although the principal culprit was afterwards apprehended, tried, condemned, and executed for his crime, the sad disaster cast a gloom over the mission cause, and put an end, for the time, to any further attempts to establish a mission to the north of the Orange River. In 1832, however, the way seemed to open once more, and a mission was started, which has been continued, with various fluctuations, to the present time.

The Wesleyan Methodists have a considerable number of missionaries, and some thousands of converts in the eastern province of the Cape colony. They began their labours in 1820, and have continued them ever since, seeking to benefit both the settlers and the native tribes. The Rev. W. Shaw was honoured to labour in that part of the country, for nearly fifty years, with remarkable success. The Rev. S. Kay was also among the successful workers in this field. He describes, in his "*History of Mission Work in Caffraria*," a missionary meeting, at which seven native chiefs, together with a number of civil and military officers from the colony, were present. On this occasion all the chiefs spoke with ardour and eloquence in favour of the Christian religion—the "*Great Word*," as they emphatically called it, and expressed their full conviction that the labours of the missionaries, independently of their spiritual benefits, had tended greatly to promote the peace and prosperity of their country. The various stations of Wesleyville, Mount Coke, Butterworth, New Morley, Clarkebury, Buntingville, Shawbury, Palmerton, form a continuous chain from Graham's Town to Natal; and the Christian traveller may now prosecute his journey from the one extremity to the other in perfect safety, and receive a welcome greeting, and the rites of hospitality, at many a smiling home in the wilderness through which he is obliged to pass, which was not the case in former times. Every one of the mission stations is an asylum for the oppressed and afflicted, as well as a school of Christ, in which may be learned the lessons of His love; and every

missionary is a friend of the persecuted outcast. Often has the life of the poor doomed victim been spared at the intercession of the man of God ; and many a time has the homeless fugitive found shelter in the "city of refuge." It is a pleasing fact that Christian schools for the instruction of the rising generation have been established in connection with each station, where many have been taught the word of God for themselves ; and it is a still more pleasing fact that thousands have found forgiveness for their sins, and everlasting life.

Far away in the Bechuana country, something has been done also by Wesleyan missionaries. In the year 1822, they made their first attempt to plant the standard of the cross in that region ; and, although it partly failed at the commencement, in consequence of the sickness of the missionaries and the unsettled state of the country, it was afterwards renewed with more favourable results. Remnants of various scattered tribes have, from time to time, gathered around the missionaries, and, through their influence, have settled down and become a comparatively prosperous and happy people. A town has gradually grown up, which now contains a population of ten thousand—probably the largest assemblage of natives in one spot in any part of Southern Africa.

In the colony of Natal the Wesleyan missionaries are laborious and successful. At Maritzburg, at D'Urban, at Ladysmith, at Verulam, at Umhlali, and other places, they conduct services for the benefit of the English, and also the natives. One feature of their work in Natal is peculiarly interesting—we allude to the Mission to the Indian Coolies settled there. To meet the alleged demand for continuous labour on the sugar, coffee, and other estates, several shiploads of Coolies were imported to the colony some years ago, to the number of six or seven thousand. These were collected from almost every town of our Indian Empire, and spoke no fewer than ten different languages. Two missionaries are constantly engaged in itinerating among the estates where these Coolies are located, preaching to them in their own tongue Christ and Him crucified at eighty different places, the extremes of which are one hundred miles apart. While the work of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Natal is of this mixed character, it must be remembered that its prime object is the evangelisation of the native Zoolas. Before we take leave of the efforts of this Society in Southern Africa, we may just glance at the aggregate statistical results of the past half century, so far as they can be tabulated. There are seventy missionaries preaching the gospel in the vernacular tongues of the people to whom they minister ; eleven thousand five hundred and twenty-four church members of different nations and tribes of people ; and twelve thousand three hundred and forty-three scholars receiving instruction in the mission schools. It is a note-worthy fact also that the Holy Scriptures, hymn-books, catechisms, and other religious publications, have been translated into

five or six different languages, by the missionaries, for the use of the natives. Some of these languages had never been written when they undertook the task of reducing them to a grammatical form. To the Rev. W. B. Boyce belongs the honour of compiling the first Caffre grammar, and of unravelling the intricacies of one of the most difficult languages of Southern Africa.

The Oxford and Cambridge Central African Mission in connection with the Church of England deserves a place in our chapter on mission work in Southern and Central Africa. The geographical discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, when told by himself on his visit to this country in 1856, awakened a profound and wide-spread interest. The unaffected and simple bearing of the great traveller, the evident high principles of the man, the resolute will, and calm, conscious, self-possessed power that had carried him through the toils and perils of his sixteen years' African research, opened all hearts to his story. It had its side of interest for every one and for every class. For the scientific, in the fresh materials it contributed to the geography of the great *terra incognita*; for the merchant, in the new regions it threw open to his enterprise, and the highway of waters it revealed for the exchanges of commerce; for the curious, in the narrative of strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes, in regions and amongst tribes hitherto unknown; and lastly, and chiefly, for the Christian philanthropist, from the fresh hopes it inspired of penetrating the solid darkness of the Central African continent, and striking an effectual blow at its accursed traffic in its own children. Livingstone knew how to turn the position he had gained to the account of the cause for which his geographical researches had been prosecuted. He carried out his noble maxim, which we quoted at the beginning of this chapter. With a mind thoroughly unsectarian, he appealed to all sections of the Church, and alike to Episcopalians and Nonconformists. His visit to Cambridge about a year after his return was amongst the most remarkable events of his home life. His reception was an ovation. His lecture on the occasion closed with words that could not be forgotten in an assembly composed at once of the grave and reflective, and of the impressive, ardent, and enterprising minds of the University. "I'll go back," said he, "to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

The seed which Livingstone sowed in that lecture ripened slowly. A dead lull succeeded the storm of enthusiasm, and Livingstone and his Africans seemed forgotten. He was not however to be altogether disappointed. There was labouring among the Caffres at the time an earnest devoted man, Charles Frederick Mackenzie by name, who had taken a high place in Cambridge University, and who had gone out some time before to preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. The energy and zeal of Mackenzie were apostolic. In his wilderness home at Umhlali, in the Caffre school,

or in the midst of the Caffre village, and the native infant churches, he found scope for his simple, earnest, Christian faith and work. There, as he rejoiced in the abundance of his congenial labour, and thought of the brief twelve hours of the Sabbath day on which it had mainly to be wrought, he wrote home—"My only regret is, that I cannot make more of my Sunday than what I do. I wish I could say, like Joshua, 'Sun, stand thou still.'" The labours for which he would thus have stayed the too rapid sun, his sister has chronicled. It is a roll of service, the bare reading of which is enough to quicken all Christian labourers to greater diligence. "His Sunday labours," she says, "are very intense. He has short early Caffre prayers, then breakfast at half-past seven. Full service at the camp for the soldiers at nine. It is about two miles off. As soon as he comes back the congregation is assembling here, and his horse is saddled for him to mount as soon as the service is over. He has another service at Mount Moreland, about sixteen miles off, at three P. M. In coming here he pointed out the spot where his horse always knows he may walk instead of trotting, to allow him to eat his dinner of sandwiches. This ride in the hot sun is very knocking-up, both for him and his horse. He told us he was in similar circumstances to Elijah, as the brook he used to drink from was now dried up. His horse is again ready for him when this service is over, and he rides to Verulam, either four or six miles, where he has service at six P. M. He goes to sup with a kind Dutch lady, and spends the night with Mr.——. This is Monday, and it is getting dark, and he has not returned, and he tells us perhaps he may not always return home till Tuesday, but do parish visiting work at that end of his parish while he is there."

The missionary labours, and the brief residence of Mackenzie in South Africa, were abruptly closed by his proceeding to England, in prosecution of arrangements for the appointment of a Missionary Bishop to the Zoola country. The Oxford and Cambridge Mission, which had been slowly organising since the period of Livingstone's visit, had received a fresh impulse at the time of Mackenzie's return. An enthusiastic meeting had been addressed at Cambridge by Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, and the Bishop of Oxford; the Society had been constituted, and its objects defined. The field chosen was South Central Africa; and the object of the mission announced to be the establishment of one or two more stations as centres of Christianity and civilisation. With the Christian instruction of the natives, there was to be kept specially in view the promotion of agriculture, lawful commerce, and ultimate extirpation of the slave-trade. The mission was cast after the conception of those early mission monasteries to which England and Germany owed their Christianity and first lessons in civilisation, only free from their monastic restraints. It was to be a settlement practically to illustrate Christian life, and from whence, as a centre, to spread Christian truth. Six

clergymen, with a bishop at their head ; a physician, surgeon, or medical practitioner, and artificers skilled in building, husbandry, and especially in the cotton plant, were to constitute, at the starting, the missionary staff. For ways and means the Society proposed to raise £20,000 to meet the cost of establishing the mission, and to guarantee, for five years, a subscription of £2,000 per annum for its annual support. The scheme was planned on a scale worthy of the Universities ; and if the ultimate choice of a location had corresponded with the sagacity of the preliminary arrangements, its brief history would have presented a less discouraging record of failure. The most anxious of the preliminary steps was the selection of a leader for the enterprise. The difficulty was being keenly felt, when Mackenzie, re-appearing at Cambridge like one, as it was said, who had dropped from the clouds, was at once recognised as the man to head the mission. As a distinguished fellow of Caius College, and a favourite with all classes of the University, he possessed no slight recommendations for the leadership of a mission to which it was desired, from the first, to attach a distinctively academic character. His personal character, in its strength of will and energy of purpose, his child-like faith, and gentle qualities of heart, were well known. Three years of African residence and missionary training, had added practical experience to his natural and Christian qualifications ; while his tall, robust, manly form, developed into increased strength during the years of his absence, presented the model of the physical power before which savage natives instinctively bow, and that promised endurance in conflict with the fever-shocks and sustained hardships of an African wilderness settlement. No sooner was his return known, than the invitation was given him to occupy the position of leader in the new enterprise. He had been in the gallery of the Senate House, in company with some friends, on the occasion of the enthusiastic meeting at which the organisation of the Society had been arranged, and in harmony with his calmer tone of mind, had remarked to one of them, " I am *afraid* of this ; most great works of this kind have been carried on by one or two men in a quieter way, and have had a more humble beginning." If he did not share in the excitement of the meeting, he felt all the more profoundly the claims of the new mission, and, when summoned to its head, a brief season sufficed for his decision.

Mackenzie accepted the leadership of the mission, and sailed for Africa. At Cape Town, he was consecrated " Bishop of the Mission to the Tribes dwelling in the Neighbourhood of the Lake Nyanza and the River Shire." By arrangements with Dr. Livingstone, the missionary party was conveyed up the Zambesi and Shire in the small steamer which the Government had placed at the command of the traveller. Eight weeks were spent in a voyage of two hundred miles—the strength of the streams, the sharp bends of these rivers, the sand-banks and other unlooked-for difficulties, retarding their

progress. During his ascent of the Shire, Mackenzie wrote—"My hands are sore and cramped with hauling cables, and handling chains and anchors. The fact is, that we have been aground as many hours as we have been afloat, and the last stick has been the most troublesome of all." The emergencies of the voyage brought out the finest traits of the bishop's character. Livingstone was in admiration of the man, and speaks in the highest terms in his letters of the period of his character, and fitness for the enterprise. The termination of the river voyage at Chibisa was the commencement of an arduous land exploration. A settlement on the high lands, under the wing of some friendly chief, had still to be sought out, and Livingstone, for a fortnight, accompanied them in the search. A powerful aggressive tribe, the Ajawa, were in progress of overrunning that part of the country, settling on the lands they wrested from the feebler occupants, and disposing of the conquered tribes to the Portuguese slave-dealers. The chief of one of the assailed and weaker tribes, who had been known to Livingstone on his former visit, earnestly urged the settlement of the mission party in his territory, in the hope, as it afterwards appeared, of their assisting him against his encroaching and powerful enemy.

The country thus chosen for the mission settlement presented many of the grander features of the Alpine African region. From a hill, which became the favourite resort of the members of the mission when their day's work was over, the eye wandered over a vast plain, covered with luxuriant vegetation, broken occasionally by sharp conical heights, and skirted on all sides with lofty mountains. To the north, Zomba, with its flat, table-like top, rose to the elevation of eight thousand feet; Chiradzuro, to the southwest, with its gray peaks, shot up far above the clouds; while, in a third direction, the Milanji mountains were piled majestically, range on range. The general temperature of the station, from its elevation, was not greater than that of a fine June day in England, but unfortunately it was situated below the level of the surrounding country, literally "in a hole." It seems to have been chosen more for its capabilities as a place of defence in the event of attack, than from its sanitary virtues. It lay along the semicircular bend of a stream from which rose high banks, surrounded by a dense wood, and was approachable from the land side only by a narrow pathway, through trees and brushwood, in front of which a stockade could very easily be run from one bank of the river to the other. But, from its low position, the air was confined, and notwithstanding that the locality was four thousand feet above the level of the sea, it was rendered unhealthy by the noxious exhalations arising from the river. It was sixty miles from Chibisa, the station on the Shire, from which all their supplies had to be drafted over a hill country, and with no other means of transport than the back of the negro. Worse than all, it was in the heart of a region distracted by the Portuguese slave-

dealers, and kept in ceaseless alarms from the hostile and formidable Ajawa tribes. They had scarcely taken possession of their station, when an embassy from the surrounding Manganja chiefs implored their aid against the depredations of the Ajawa, pillaging their crops, desolating their villages, and carrying away their wives and children, to be sold to the Portuguese slave-dealers. The position of the mission was a perplexing one, and Mackenzie hardly knew what reply to give to the urgent calls of the assailed chiefs. At length, he resolved to comply with their request. The purity of his intention is transparent, whatever opinion may be formed of the wisdom of his judgment in connection with the interests of the mission. That he might mitigate the horrors of war, and turn its evil to good, he bound the Manganja, as a condition of his help, that they should abstain in the future from all slave-dealing, and reserve to himself the sole disposal of prisoners.

It was at the close of a day's pursuit of the Ajawas, when the mission party re-assembled in the village, exhausted and foot-sore, that the bishop came in, carrying a boy on his shoulder, whom he had picked up early in the afternoon of the engagement, and along with him Charles, his black servant, carrying a child, which had been found at the door of the hut of a deserted village. The child was sickly, and by the time the village was reached it was deadly cold. Mackenzie took him into his own hut, wrapped him in a blanket, and tried, though in vain, to administer some brandy. He baptised the little African, and laid him by his side all night, that he might watch him, and repeat his attempts to administer some cordial. But in spite of his kind nursing, in the morning the child died. The bishop had given him his own name, Charles, and as he laid his remains in the grave which the chief had assigned as a burying place, he read over this first baptised of the mission the funeral service. In these acts of kindness to the children of an enemy, a new lesson was taught to the African tribes. The boy carried on the bishop's shoulder, and the sick child laid by his side, were the sermon they needed, and the good bishop could not have preached a more impressive one to his savage flock. It was not allowed to Bishop Mackenzie to mature the plan of his mission settlement, or, in despair of success, to transfer its operations to another field. His strength was soon prostrated by severe successive attacks of fever. By an unfortunate accident, his canoe had been upset, and his store of quinine and packet of medicine for combating fever swept away. No substitutes were at hand, and nothing could be procured to sustain the strength which the fever was striking down. He consequently fell a victim to its power, and died in the midst of his work.

The history of the mission subsequent to the death of Mackenzie may be told in a few sentences. The natural unhealthiness of the settlement quickly drained the strength of the European members. Even the natives sank under the fever air of its low position, fifty having died within the first twelve or

eighteen months. From the distracted state of the country, the most scanty supplies of provisions were with difficulty obtained, the greatest scarcity at times prevailed, and the whole party was reduced to subsist upon pumpkins and unripe green fruit. When it was at length determined to abandon the station and settle at Chibisa, the heat of the new settlement was found to be intolerable. Mr. Seudamore, one of the clergy who accompanied the bishop, sank under an attack of fever. Dr. Dickinson, the medical adviser of the mission, died from the same cause some months after; while Mr. Rowley, one of the clergy, had to undertake a journey across the country to Tete in the capacity of commissary, for the purchase of sheep and goats, to keep alive his all but famishing brethren. Before the new bishop arrived, other two of the members were so ill that the medical officer of Dr. Livingstone's expedition had advised, as the only chance of saving their lives, that they should leave the country, while a third soon after sailed for England, leaving the mission stripped of all but one or two of the original staff. On the arrival of Bishop Tozer with fresh auxiliaries, it was decided to abandon Chibisa, to break up the colony of released slaves, retaining only the orphan boys, and to remove the mission to a high mountain, the Morambala, about two miles nearer the coast. Even this latter scheme was abandoned, and the entire mission on the Zambesi and Shire broken up. Whatever the future of the Universities Mission may be it is impossible to say; but if it have no other story to tell than the life of its first bishop, its work will not have been in vain. The record of his simple self-dedication, noble unselfishness, heroism without display, cheerfulness under all trials, and singular union of feminine gentleness with calm energy of will, and loving, unfaltering submission to duty, will yet summon many a soldier to the mission ranks, prepared to follow in self-sacrificing love the footsteps of Charles Frederick Mackenzie. Our Universities have been slow to move in this great work of Christian missions; but the later they have entered the field, the larger the volume of experience that lies before them; and who should be abler to read, mark, and inwardly digest its many lessons for the practical guidance of their own enterprise? The track upon which they have entered is studded with lights, and, not less helpful to their course, it is strewn with wrecks. The Christian community does not presume too much when it looks for their making a wise use of both.

In 1821 two missionaries, Messrs Thomson and Bennie, went out to South Africa from Glasgow, under the direction of what was then called the Glasgow Missionary Society, with the view of commencing a mission in Caffraria. They were afterwards followed, from time to time, by other missionaries, and several stations were established by them among the Caffres. For several years, they had to encounter, however, great difficulties, partly from the indifferent and stupid character of the people, and partly from the unhappy disturbances which prevailed between the Caffres and the British Government. The situ-

ation of the missionaries was at once difficult and perilous. Flushed with success, or whetted by revenge, the Caffres would not bear to be spoken to; and when the British troops began to scour the country, and burn their kraals, and seize their cattle, and make reprisals, they became excited almost to fury, and charged the missionaries with being their enemies, because they did not prevent the devastations of the soldiers. The missionaries stopped in the country as long as they could; but they were, at length, obliged to escape for their lives. Parties of soldiers were sent to protect them on their way to the English camp, and they afterwards escorted them to Graham's Town. In leaving Caffraria they sustained very heavy losses. Much of their property they were compelled to leave behind them; much of it they were obliged to cast away on the road, that the waggons might not be impeded on their journey. Mr. Chalmers saved little more than a Bible. Their private losses were estimated at nearly a thousand pounds; and the public property lost or destroyed, upwards of seven hundred and fifty pounds. In the latter part of 1835, peace was restored to the country, and they returned to the scenes of their work. The mission premises at Chumie and Burnshill, though not destroyed, they found in a very dilapidated and ruinous condition. Doors and windows were broken, furniture of every description was carried away, the printing-press and types were destroyed, the gardens were laid waste, and fragments of books and papers were lying scattered on the ground. At Lovedale and Pirrie, the desolation was still more complete. Most of the houses were burnt or otherwise reduced to a heap of ruins.

The missionaries, after their return, set themselves to repair their dilapidated and ruined houses. They supplied the people with food; paid them for their work with goats, spades, picks, seed-corn, and other useful articles, deeming it their duty to make a vigorous effort to convince them that, by a little exertion, they might save themselves from famine without having recourse, and that in vain, to the rainmaker. The missionaries also resumed their accustomed labours among them; and everything, by degrees, assumed much the same aspect as before the war. Schools were established for imparting general instruction to the youth of both sexes, and also for teaching the girls sewing, first by the wives of the missionaries, and afterwards by female teachers sent out from this country. At most of the stations many of the Caffres had been baptised; but the converts generally laboured under many imperfections. They had also to bear much from the opposition and reproaches of their countrymen, and often from their nearest relatives, and in their own dwellings. They were looked on by the heathen Caffres as men who had become mad, and who had foolishly renounced the customs and manners of their fathers. The native teachers, in particular, were frequently hooted and laughed at, when endeavouring to set before their countrymen the truths of religion. The teacher of one school was debarred

from making his usual visits to the neighbouring kraals, and the children were not allowed a footpath to the school, because a child belonging to the head man of the district had died, and it was said the teacher had killed it with his prayers. Another of the teachers was prevented for a time from visiting some kraals, because he dressed in European clothing, thereby giving proof of his disposition to bewitch the people, and especially the children. The mother of a family was charged with killing her children since she began to pray and serve God. It was said that she had obtained such power as to rule the lightning, and be able to infuse poison into them. Her own people shunned her, and a piece of charmed wood was stuck up in every hut to ward off the power she had acquired over the electric fluid. Indeed, there prevailed in Caffraria great dread and mistrust of missionaries. Their stations were regarded by many as branch establishments of the Colonial Government, for the wholesale murder of the natives, and for despoiling them of their country. The jealousy of the Caffres was also, in some instances, raised to a great height by the prevalence of disease in the country, and by the mortality which it occasioned, even though the missionaries sought to alleviate the calamity by supplying them with medicine. "The most unfounded tales," writes Mr. Ross, the missionary at Pirrie, "are in circulation among the people. It is said Mr. Laing brought the measles here in a red handkerchief; that he wrote to me that he had killed many at the Keiskamma, and that I must kill the people here; that Mr. Chalmers wrote me, that he had killed many at Chumie, and that I must do so here; that I have smeared all the seats in the church with the measles, and that I am killing the people."

In April, 1846, the British Government declared war against certain of the Caffre chiefs. It was no longer safe for the missionaries to remain in Caffraria; they therefore retired, with many of their converts, into the colony. The mission stations were all broken up. Chumie, including the church and other mission property, was burned to the ground; Burnshill was also destroyed by fire; Pirrie was greatly injured; and Lovedale was converted into a garrison for the English troops. Though the Caffres gained, in the first instance some considerable advantages over the English forces, yet afterwards, the tide of war, as might have been foreseen, turned against them; their spirit was broken, and after some months, they were glad again to sue for peace. The several stations were once more resumed by the missionaries, and brighter days were anticipated; but this proved a fallacious hope. In December, 1850, hostilities again broke out between the English and the Caffres. This was a more terrible war than any that had preceded it, and was of much longer continuance. It spread far and wide, and the devastations committed by both parties were fearful. All the mission stations were again broken up; nearly all the missionaries retired further

into the colony, some of them amidst circumstances of great difficulty and danger; and the converts were for the most part scattered. Thus, in the course of fifteen years, war had broken out three times between the Caffres and the English, and was attended, on each occasion, by the breaking up of the mission and the destruction of the stations, including a large amount of property. Subsequently the work was resumed, and has been carried on with comparative success from that day to this.

The Paris Society for Evangelical Missions was instituted in September, 1827. Among the measures which it early adopted was the establishment of a College for the education of young men as missionaries; and as a result of this, it was some years before it was in circumstances to undertake active operations among the heathen. In July, 1829, the Rev. Messrs Bisseux, Lemue, and Rolland, the first missionaries of the Society, sailed for South Africa. M. Bisseux settled in Wagenmaker Valley, about thirty miles from Cape Town, among the descendants of the French refugees and their slaves; but Messrs Lemue and Rolland proceeded into the interior, for the purpose of selecting a suitable station among one or other of the native tribes. After visiting various parts of the country, they ultimately settled at a place called Motito, in the Bechuana country. Other missionaries were afterwards sent out from time to time, and various stations established. These stations extended over a wide tract of country, and were generally remote from each other. Some of them, as may naturally be supposed, were more prosperous than others; but yet the success of the mission was, on the whole, highly pleasing. The congregations were considerable; numbers of the natives were baptised, many of whom were also admitted as communicants. The influence of the mission extended far beyond the stations, and was felt in a great part of the surrounding country. Polygamy and circumcision were disappearing, though many still kept up these practices, and it seemed as if it would be more difficult to get rid of them than of most others of their customs. Many gave pleasing evidence of piety, and were zealous to make known the gospel to their countrymen. Schools were also established at the various stations, and were attended by considerable numbers of the natives, both old and young. The wives of the missionaries rendered valuable service in the work of education, by superintending the schools for females; by teaching both old and young to read; by inculcating on them habits of order, economy, and propriety, and by giving them the first notions of the management and training of infants.

The missionaries translated into the Sechuana language the Book of Psalms and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John. They also printed schoolbooks, a catechism, a collection of hymns and prayers, and short tracts on the chief doctrines and duties of religion. One of their number, M. Casalis, also published a work, entitled *Studies of the Sechuana Language*, con-

taining a grammar and a collection of Sechuana poetry, with the view of showing the genius of the language and the character of the people who speak it. The people under the care of the missionaries made considerable advances in some of the more common and necessary arts of civilised life. Many of them built themselves convenient houses—some of them of stone—instead of their old smoky, unhealthy huts. In place of the skins of animals, which they used to throw over their bodies, the men adopted in part the European dress, while the women who had learned to sew made decent clothes for themselves and their daughters. Though they were previously not simply a pastoral people, but cultivated millet and other produce, yet now their husbandry was considerably extended. They obtained ploughs and other agricultural implements, and many of them occupied themselves in the culture of corn, which they sold to the Dutch farmers for cattle, clothing, soap, salt, and other useful articles. Vaccination also was introduced amongst them; and we trust that it may check in future the frightful ravages which smallpox was accustomed to make among them. It was singularly pleasing, on leaving deserts where the eye sought in vain for a few huts, or for the sight of a human being, to come suddenly on a beautiful hill, crowned with buildings, which were found, on a nearer approach, to form even a populous town. It was like an oasis in the desert, and the traveller contemplated, with admiration and delight, its groups of habitations, its church and its school-house, its gardens and its fields, its flocks and its herds—the whole furnishing a striking example of the influence of Christian missions in improving the condition of the most savage tribes. The missionary stations, however, suffered in common with other parts of the country from the depredations which the native tribes carried on against each other, and the people were led sometimes to remove with their cattle to distant parts. Of late years, the state of the country has been more settled, and the missionaries have been able to pursue their work under more favourable circumstances.

The Rhenish Missionary Society was constituted in 1828, by the union of three previous existing associations at Elberfeld, Barmen, and Cologne; and they were soon after joined by other associations in the Rhenish Provinces and in Westphalia. The seat of the Society is Barmen, and it derives its support chiefly from the territory between the Rhine and the Maase. In July, 1829, Messrs J. G. Leipoldt, G. A. Zahn, Pr. D. Luchhoff, and Theobald Von Wurmb, sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope, with the view of establishing a mission in South Africa. These were the first missionaries of the Society; but they were afterwards followed by others, and numerous stations were formed by them, both within and beyond the colony. Some of them settled not only among the Namaquas, but in Damaraland, north of the tropic of Capricorn. In 1851, the numbers who had been baptised at the various stations since the commencement of the mission, amounted to

four thousand three hundred and forty; and the communicants were then one thousand six hundred and forty-seven.

In October, 1833, the Berlin Missionary Society was formed, and commenced its foreign operations, by sending four missionaries to South Africa. These were afterwards followed by others, and a number of stations were formed in the Cape colony, Caffraria, the Bechuana country, and Port Natal colony. In 1845, the Rev. Mr. Scholtz, who, with four other missionaries, had lately arrived in South Africa, was murdered by two Caffres, when on the way to the scene of their future labours. They had just entered the Cape territory, and had outspanned for the night. Their men, among whom was a servant of Mr. Shepstone, one of the Methodist missionaries, slept round the fire, they themselves remaining in the waggon. About one o'clock in the morning, the violent barking of their dogs led them to suppose that a hyena was prowling around them; but on some of the men advancing, two Caffres sprung out of the bush and attacked them. Mr. Shepstone's servant was stabbed with an assagai; and on Mr. Scholtz, and another of the missionaries, named Kropp, opening the curtain of the waggon, and looking out to ascertain the cause of the noise, the former received a stab from an assagai in the stomach. They drew back, and Scholtz pulled out the weapon. The wound, they thought, was not deep. Their men having run to several neighbouring waggons for help, the Caffres in the meanwhile made off. A surgeon having been obtained from Fort Peddie, he dressed Mr. Scholtz's wound, and it was proposed to remove him to the Wesleyan missionary station; but his sufferings were too great to allow him to proceed far. His lips grew cold; he became unable to swallow; and shortly after, he expired. The dead body of the servant was found in the bush, and the remains of both were, on the following day, committed to the grave.

Six missionaries sailed from Boston, in the United States, in December 1834, under the auspices of the American Board for Foreign Missions, for the Cape of Good Hope, with a view to missionary operations in the Zoola country, half of them to labour in the interior, and half on the coast, at Port Natal or its vicinity. On their arrival at the Cape, three of them, Messrs Lindley, Wilson, and Venable, proceeded by way of Griqua Town and Kuruman to Mosika, where the French missionaries had begun a station a few years before among the Baharutsi; they were soon, however, compelled to leave the country, and to join their brethren, Messrs Champion, Grout, and Adams, at Port Natal. The progress of this mission appeared for some years to be encouraging; but, as the character of the Zoolas developed itself, the difficulties of their conversion became more manifest. One which met the missionary on the threshold of his labours, was their deep ignorance. It seems scarcely possible to cast even one ray of light into minds so darkened and perverted by sin. This was especially true of the female sex, whose condition, both

temporal and spiritual, seemed almost beyond the reach of improvement. As the Zoolas obtained some knowledge of the nature and requirements of the gospel, they appeared to become more settled in their conviction that it was not the religion for them, and more resolved not to receive it. Their conduct was characterised, not so much by hostility, as by stupid indifference, though instances were not wanting of their showing the most determined and inveterate opposition.

Nor were the missionaries without their difficulties and dangers of another kind. Mr. Butler having occasion to go to Amahlongwa, to make some arrangements for the preservation of the house and premises, until he should be able to remove thither, had to pass the river Umkomazi; but, on coming to it, there being no natives at hand to manage the boat, he ventured to cross on horseback, though it was then deep and turbid. As he got over safely, when he returned the next day, he again ventured into the river in the same manner. When about two-thirds of the way across, his horse suddenly kicked and plunged, as if to disengage himself from his rider; and the next moment, a crocodile seized Mr. Butler's thigh with his horrible jaws. The river at this place is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, if measured at right angles to the current, but from the point at which one enters, to that which he comes out, is three times as broad. The river at high tide, and when it is not swollen, is from four to eight or ten feet deep, and on each side the banks are skirted with high banks and reeds. Mr. Butler, when he felt the sharp teeth of the crocodile, clung to the mane of his horse with a deathlike hold. Instantly he was dragged from the saddle, and both he and the horse were floundering in the water, often dragged entirely under it, and rapidly going down the stream. At first the crocodile drew them again into the middle of the water; but at last the horse gained shallow water, and approached the shore. As soon as he was within reach, natives ran to his assistance, and beat off the crocodile with spears and clubs.

Mr. Butler was pierced with five deep gashes, and had lost much blood. He had left all his clothes, except his shirt and coat, on the opposite shore, with a native, who was to follow him; but when the struggle commenced, the native returned, and durst not venture into the water again. It was now dark, and without clothes, and weak from loss of blood, he had seven miles to ride before he could reach the nearest missionary station. He borrowed a blanket from a native, and, after two hours' riding, he succeeded in reaching it more dead than alive. His horse also was terribly mangled; a foot square of the flesh and skin was torn from his flanks. The animal, it was supposed, first seized the horse, and when shaken off, caught Mr. Butler, first below the knee, and then by the thigh. There were five or six wounds, from two to four inches long, and from one half to two and a half inches wide. For eight or ten days he seemed to recover as fast as could be expected; but he was

then seized with fever, which threatened to be fatal. There was a tendency to lock-jaw. He, however, recovered so far, as to be able to return to his family.

In 1838, James Backhouse and George W. Walker, two members of the Society of Friends, visited South Africa, and prosecuted their pious and benevolent labours among all classes of the population. In the course of their extensive journeyings they visited the stations of most of the Missionary Societies to which we have referred, although they were scattered over a vast extent of country, and often at a great distance from one another. By the missionaries of the various denominations they were received in the most friendly manner, and every facility was given them, and assistance afforded, in addressing the people under their care. Though their addresses were not free from the peculiarities of Friends, yet their declarations concerning the way of salvation through Jesus Christ were such as to show the substantial unity of all Evangelical Christians.

There is only one other missionary effort in South Africa to be noticed—that of the Norwegian Missionary Society. This Society was instituted in 1842, and sent its missionaries to the Zoolas in Natal. An estate was bought near Maritzburg, for a station called Uitkompst. It is an interesting fact, that the printing press has been introduced among several of the tribes of South Africa—one among the Bechuanas, in connection with the London Mission; one in the Basuto country, in connection with the Paris Society; one belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists; and another in the Zoola country, belonging to the American Board. Of the Sechuana language we have two grammars; of the Caffre language, two; and translations of various books in both languages. It is estimated that upwards of twenty thousand natives are regular accredited members of the various Christian churches—admitted to the communion of the Lord's table; that there are about twenty-five thousand children in attendance at the various schools within and beyond the colonies; and that, at least, one hundred thousand of the people, old and young, may be regarded as more or less won over to Christianity. These are results for which all Christians and philanthropists will give thanks.

One great obstacle to the success of missionary operations, is the conduct of Europeans who disgrace the Christian name. In many cases all that the natives learn from Europeans are their vices. In his "Four Years in Southern Africa," Lieutenant Rose says, speaking of Gaika—"It did not strike me that the savage tribes are improved by their intercourse with us. Gaika, the neighbouring chief, dressed in an old regimental jacket, was in the hut with his twenty-five wives; and it was not without interest that I looked on one of whom Barrow had prognosticated so highly. He was then nineteen; he is now fifty; and melancholy is the change that has taken place in the

interval. The English have given him their protection, and with it their vices; and he is a sunk and degraded being—a wretched savage, despised and suspected by his tribe, continually intoxicated, and ever ready to sell his wives for brandy. Such are the fruits of our protection! Such have ever been the effects on the savage of the kindness of the civilised. If we find them simple and trusting, we leave them treacherous; if we find them temperate, we leave them drunkards; and, in after years, a plea for their destruction is founded on the very vices they have learned from us.”

We shall close this chapter with testimonies from one or two competent and independent witnesses as to the character of the missionaries, and the value of their labours in South Africa. Mr. Thompson, who was eight years a resident of the Cape, and who, during that time, travelled much in the interior, and who was neither a missionary, nor connected with any missionary society, bears the following testimony to the character and results of missionary labour there:—“Having now visited the whole of the missionary stations in Southern Africa, it may not be improper to express, in a few words, the opinion I have formed regarding them. The usual objections against them are, that the generality of the missionaries are a fanatical class of men, more earnest to inculcate the peculiar dogmas of their different sects than to instruct the barbarous tribes in the arts of civilisation; that most of them are vulgar and uninformed; many of them injudicious; some of them immoral; and, finally, that their exertions, whether to civilise or Christianise the natives, have not, hitherto, been followed by any commensurate results. Now, my observations have led me to form a very different conclusion. It is no doubt true, that the missionaries labouring among the tribes of the interior, are generally persons of limited education, most of them having originally been common mechanics; but it seems very doubtful whether men of more refined and cultivated minds would be better adapted to meet the plain capacities of unintellectual barbarians; and were such teachers ever so preferable, where could they be procured? On the whole, the missionaries I have been acquainted with in South Africa, appear to me generally well adapted for such service. Most of them are men of good, plain understanding, and industrious habits, zealously interested in the success of their labours, cordially attached to the natives, and willing to encounter, for their improvement, toil, danger, and privation. A few instances, in a long course of years, of indiscreet, or indolent, or immoral persons having been found among the missionaries, proves nothing against the general respectability of their characters, or the utility of their exertions. Imperfection will be found wherever human agents are employed. But such unfavourable exceptions are rare; while among them many persons of superior ability, and even science, are to be found; and I may safely affirm that, at every missionary station I have visited, instruction in the arts of civilised

life, and in the knowledge of pure and practical religion, go hand in hand. It is true that, among the more savage tribes of Bushmen, Korannas, and Bechuanas, the progress of the missions has hitherto been exceedingly slow and circumscribed. But persons who have visited these tribes, and are best qualified to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted in instructing and civilising them, will, if they are not led away by prejudice, be far more disposed to admire the exemplary fortitude, patience, and perseverance of the missionaries, than to speak of them with contempt and contumely.

“ These devoted men are found in the remotest deserts, accompanying the wild and wandering savages from place to place, destitute of almost every comfort, and at times without even the necessities of life. Some of them have, without murmuring, spent their whole lives in such service. Let those who consider missions as idle, or unavailing, visit Gnadenthal, Bethels-dorp, Theopolis, the Caffre stations, Griqua Town, Kamiesberg, etc; let them view what *has* been effected at these institutions for tribes of the natives, oppressed, neglected, or despised, by every other class of men of Christian name, and, if they do not find all accomplished which the world had perhaps too sanguinely anticipated, let them fairly weigh the obstacles that have been encountered, before they venture to pronounce an unfavourable decision. For my own part, utterly unconnected as I am with missionaries or Missionary Societies of any description, I cannot, in candour and justice, withhold from them my humble meed of applause for their labours in Southern Africa. They have, without question, been in this country not only the devoted teachers of our holy religion to the heathen tribes, but also the indefatigable pioneers of discovery and civilisation. Nor is their character unappreciated by the natives. Averse as they still are, in many places, to receive a religion, the doctrines of which are too pure and benevolent to be congenial to hearts depraved by selfish and vindictive passions, they are yet everywhere friendly to the missionaries, eagerly invite them to reside in their territories, and consult them in all their emergencies. Such is the impression which the disinterestedness, patience, and kindness of the missionaries have, after long years of labour and difficulty, decidedly made even upon the wildest and fiercest of the South African tribes with whom they have come in contact; and this favourable *impression*, where more has not yet been achieved, is of itself a most important step towards full and ultimate success.”

“ I have seen,” says Mr. Chapman, in his “ Travels in the Interior of Africa,” a great deal of missionaries and missionary life, and have every reason to sympathise with them. Their labours are difficult; their trials many; their earthly reward a bare subsistence. I believe that the real causes of dislike to the missionaries in South Africa are the avarice of trade, and jealousy of the influence they possess, and the check they are upon those who would like to exercise an arbitrary and unjust authority over the natives.

The missionaries are a class of men, generally speaking, so irreproachable, that the scandals of the unprincipled cannot affect them with well-thinking men, nor do their characters require any further defence from me." Lord Napier, the Governor of Madras, said a year or two ago, in a speech before a large public assembly, "I must express my deep sense of the importance of missions as a general civilising agency in the south of India." This is the testimony of all right-minded men concerning the effect of Christian missions throughout the entire heathen world.

CHAPTER II.

Livingstone goes down to the Cape—Journeys from thence into the Interior—Reaches Linyanti—Ascends the Lecambye and the Leeba—Visits Shinte—Arrives at Loanda.

IN April, 1852, Livingstone went down to Cape Town, being the first time during eleven years that he had visited the scenes of civilization. Having placed his family on board a ship bound for England, and promised to rejoin them in two years, he parted from them, as it subsequently proved, for nearly five years. He then started, in the beginning of June, from Cape Town, on a journey which extended from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa, in an oblique direction, to Kilimane, in Eastern Africa; and which lasted four years. He proceeded by waggon; his route to the north lying near the centre of the cone-shaped mass of land which constitutes the promontory of the Cape. The parts of the colony through which he passed were of sterile aspect. The landscape was uninviting; the hills, destitute of trees, were of a dark-brown colour, and the scanty vegetation on the plains gave the country a most desert appearance. When first taken possession of, these parts are said to have been covered with a coating of grass, but that has disappeared with the antelopes which fed upon it, and a crop of mesembryanthemums and crassulas occupies its place.

“It is curious to observe how, in nature, organisations the most dissimilar are mutually dependent on each other for their perpetuation. Here the original grasses were dependent for dissemination on the grass-feeding animals, which scattered the seeds. When, by the death of the antelopes, no fresh sowing was made, the African droughts proved too much for this form of vegetation. But even this contingency was foreseen by the Omniscient one; for, as we may now observe in the Kalahari Desert, another family of plants, the mesembryanthemums, stood ready to neutralise the aridity which must otherwise have followed. This family of plants possesses seed-vessels which remain firmly shut on their contents while the soil is hot and dry, and thus preserve the vegetative power intact during the highest heat of the torrid sun; but when rain falls, the seed-vessel opens and sheds its contents just when there is the greatest probability of their vegetating. In other plants heat and drought cause the seed-vessels to burst, and shed their charge. One of

this family is edible; another possesses a tuberous root, which may be eaten raw; and all are furnished with thick fleshy leaves, having pores capable of imbibing and retaining moisture from a very dry atmosphere and soil, so that, if a leaf is broken during a period of the greatest drought, it shows abundant circulating sap. The plants of this family are found much farther north, but the great abundance of the grasses prevents them from making any show. There, however, they stand, ready to fill up any gap which may occur in the present prevailing vegetation; and should the grasses disappear, animal life would not necessarily be destroyed, because a reserve supply, equivalent to a fresh act of creative power, has been provided.

“One of this family is so coloured as to blend in well with the hue of the soil and stones around it; and a *gryllus* of the same colour feeds on it. In the case of the insect, the peculiar colour is given as compensation for the deficiency of the power of motion, to enable it to elude the notice of birds. The continuation of the species is here the end in view. In the case of the plants the same device is adopted for a sort of double end—viz., perpetuation of the plants, by hiding it from animals, with the view that ultimately its extensive appearance will sustain that race. As this new vegetation is better adapted for sheep and goats in a dry country than grass, the Boors supplant the latter by imitating the process by which graminivorous antelopes have so abundantly disseminated the seed of grasses. A few waggon-loads of mesembryanthemum-plants, in seed, are brought to a farm covered with a scanty crop of coarse grass, and placed on a spot to which the sheep have access in the evenings. As they eat a little every night, the seeds are dropped over the grazing grounds, in this simple way, with a regularity which could not be matched except at the cost of an immense amount of labour. The place becomes in the course of a few years a sheep farm, as these animals thrive on such herbage. As already mentioned, some plants of this family are furnished with an additional contrivance for withstanding droughts—viz., oblong tubers, which, buried deep enough beneath the soil for complete protection from the scorching sun, serve as reservoirs of sap and nutriment during those rainless periods which recur perpetually in even the most favoured spots of Africa.”

In proceeding from Cape Town to Kuruman, Livingstone met with obstacles and misadventures which, at the time, proved trying to his ardent spirit, but in which he subsequently recognised the finger of God, for it was during this detention that the Trans-Vaal Boors made a murderous attack on the Bakwains, solely because their chief, Sechele, an admirable Christian man, would not become their vassal, or secure for them a monopoly of the traffic in ivory by prohibiting English traders from passing through his country to the north. Ascribing this assertion of his undoubted right to the influence of Livingstone, these ruthless men resolved to wreak their vengeance upon

the missionary, and made no secret of their murderous design. Having, therefore, desolated the native location at Kolobeng, and killed sixty of the Bakwains, they hastened to the mission-house. On reaching the spot, the commandant repeatedly expressed his disappointment at not capturing Livingstone, and his determination to have his head. This design having been frustrated, they proceeded to appropriate or wantonly destroy his property. Distressed as he was by these sad events, the following passage shows the Christian estimate he had formed of them, and the important influence they exerted upon his subsequent proceedings:—"The determination of the Boors makes me more resolved than ever to open up a new way to the interior; and the experience of that kind Providence which prevented me from falling into the hands of those who would, at least, have sadly crippled my efforts, encourages me to hope that God graciously intends to make further use of me. The losses we have sustained amount to upwards of £300. We shall move the more lightly now that we can put all our goods into one waggon."

After some detention at Kuruman, Livingstone proceeded in a N.N.W. direction across the desert towards Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, though by a different route from that taken on previous journeys, in order to avoid the tsetse. This new path brought him into a densely-wooded country, where, to his great surprise, he found vines growing luxuriantly, and yielding clusters of dark-purple grapes. "The necessity," says the traveller, "of making a new path very much increased our toil; we were, however, rewarded with a sight we had not enjoyed the year before—namely, large patches of grape-bearing vines. Here they stood before my eyes; but the sight was so entirely unexpected that I stood some time gazing at the clusters of grapes with which they were loaded, with no more thought of plucking than if I had been beholding them in a dream. The Bushmen know and eat them; but they are not well-flavoured on account of the great astringency of the seeds, which are, in shape and size, like split peas. The elephants are fond of the fruit, plant, and root alike." It was a weary journey both for man and beast, as the grass was from eight to ten feet high, and our traveller was compelled to perform the double duty of driver and road-maker; "having," as he tells us, "either the axe or the whip in hand all day long till we came to lat. 18° 4'." At this point he found himself approaching the Chobe; but the state of things now differed widely from that which existed on his former visit. Then the waters were at their lowest point, and flowed in their ordinary channels, but now the country was flooded.

One evening he fell in with some Bushmen, from whom he learnt the method by which they poison the arrows they use in the chase and in war. "Our friends here," he says, "showed me the poison which they use on these occasions. It is the entrails of a caterpillar called N'gwa, half an inch long. They squeeze out these, and place them all round the bottom of the

barb, and allow the poison to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after working with it, as a small portion introduced into a scratch acts like morbid matter in dissection wounds. The agony is so great that the person cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast, as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitations a raging maniac. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, and becomes furious, biting the trees and ground in rage.

"As the Bushmen have the reputation of curing the wounds of this poison, I asked how this was effected. They said that they administer the caterpillar itself in combination with fat; they rub fat into the wound, saying that 'the N'gwa wants fat, and when it does not find it in the body, kills the man; we give it what it wants, and it is content'—a reason which will commend itself to the enlightened among ourselves. The poison more generally employed is the milky juice of the tree *Euphorbia* (*E. arborescens*). This is particularly obnoxious to the equine race. When a quantity is mixed with the water of a pond a whole herd of zebras will fall dead with the effects of the poison before they have moved away two miles. It does not, however, kill oxen or men. On them it acts as a drastic purgative only. This substance is used all over the country, though in some cases the venom of serpents and a certain bulb, *Amaryllis toxicaria*, are added, in order to increase the virulence. Father Pedro, a Jesuit, who lived at Zumbo, made a balsam, containing a number of plants and *castor oil*, as a remedy for poisoned arrow-wounds. It is probable that he derived his knowledge from the natives as I did, and that the reputed efficacy of the balsam is owing to its fatty constituent. In cases of the bites of serpents, a small key ought to be pressed down firmly on the wound, the orifice of the key being applied to the juncture; until a cupping-glass can be got from one of the natives. A watch-key pressed firmly on the point stung by a scorpion extracts the poison; and a mixture of fat and oil, and ipecacuanha, relieves the pain."

The difficulties of the journey were now increased by the sudden illness of all the attendants save one lad. Our traveller had therefore to work his way to Linyanti almost unassisted, being compelled to leave invalids and waggon behind. But he had a brave heart, and went forward. Having, with some difficulty, crossed the smallest of these streams, he and his companions reached the Sanshureh, half-a-mile broad, and abounding with hippopotami. Embarking in a small pontoon, which he had brought with him from Cape Town, he proceeded across the flooded country in search of the Chobe. After "splashing," as he terms it, "through twenty miles of an inundated plain," he climbed some high trees, and was gladdened by a sight of the much-desired river; but, on approaching it, he found it a broad *chevaux-de-frise* of papyrus, reeds, and other aquatic plants, interlaced with a creeper

resembling the convolvulus, which rendered the Chobe almost unapproachable. "It was not the reeds alone," he says, "we had to pass through; a peculiar serrated grass, which at certain angles cuts the hands like a razor, was mingled with the reed, and the climbing convolvulus, with stalks which felt as strong as whipcord, bound the mass together. We felt like pigmies in it, and often the only way we could get on was by both of us leaning against a part, and bending it down till we could stand upon it. The perspiration streamed off our bodies, and as the sun rose high, there being no ventilation among the reeds, the heat was stifling, and the water, which was up to the knees, felt agreeably refreshing. After some hours' toil we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble-bush. My strong moleskins were quite worn through at the knees, and the leather trousers of my companion were torn, and his legs bleeding. Tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces round my knees, and then encountered another difficulty. We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, but now we were opposed by great masses of papyrus, which are like palms in miniature, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter. These were laced together by twining convolvulus, so strongly, that the weight of both of us could not make way into the clear water."

Three days were thus spent among that mass of reeds; but, though constantly wading, and wet up to the middle, he slept soundly at night; and on the fourth day was rewarded by reaching the river, and launching the pontoon upon its bosom. Joyfully embarking in this frail craft, they paddled down the Chobe about twenty miles, when they arrived at a village of the Makololo. The natives stood aghast at this apparition. Intrenched, as they supposed, by their rivers, they believed themselves unapproachable. Livingstone's sudden arrival, therefore, was a great marvel to them, and the achievement greatly exalted him in their eyes. "He has dropped among us," they exclaimed, "from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus (the pontoon). We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird." In the course of a few days, some of the head men of the Makololo came down from Linyanti, with a large party of Barotse, to take the traveller and his party across the river. This they did in fine style, swimming and diving among the oxen more like alligators than men; and taking the waggons to pieces, and carrying them across on a number of canoes lashed together. They were now in the midst of friends; so, going about thirty miles to the north, to avoid the still flooded lands on the north of the Chobe, they turned westwards towards Linyanti.

The welcome Livingstone received at Linyanti was such as is given to their highest chief. The whole population turned out *en masse* to see the waggons in motion. Sceletu, the son, and in consequence of his sister's

abdication, successor of Sebituane, then only nineteen years of age, was especially delighted. "I have now got another father," he said, "instead of Sebituane." The court herald, an old man who occupied the post also in Sebituane's time, stood up, and after some antics, such as leaping, and shouting at the top of his voice, roared out some adulatory sentences, as "Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sebituane?" The people generally shared this feeling. The idea seemed universal, that, with a missionary, some great, indefinite good had arrived. Many expected to be elevated at once to a condition equal to that of the Bakwains and inhabitants of Kuruman, of which they had received very exaggerated accounts; others imagined that they would very soon be transformed into civilised men, possessing the clothes, horses, arms, waggons, etc., of Europeans. We cannot enter into all the details of this visit to Linyanti. There were some circumstances, however, which deserve notice. There was a pretender to the chieftainship, from whose designs Sekeletu apprehended danger; and the sequel showed that there were solid reasons for this fear. Having positively prohibited the sale of children, Sekeletu's rival clandestinely brought a slave-trading party of Mambari into his dominions, and received from them as a reward a small cannon. Armed with this formidable instrument of death, and now confident of wresting the power from its rightful possessor, he came to the place where Sekeletu and Livingstone were, having arranged with his followers that, while holding a conference with the chief, they should, at a given signal, hamstring him with a battle-axe. Without being aware of the conspiracy, the presence of Livingstone, as he walked by the side of Sekeletu, proved the means of frustrating it; and some of the conspirators during the same evening disclosed it to the chief, who, satisfied with the guilt of the pretender, ordered his immediate execution.

It was a source of no ordinary satisfaction to Livingstone that his presence and influence at Linyanti effectually frustrated the purpose of others who had come from the west to purchase slaves, and some of whom, hearing that he had crossed the Chobe, fled back to their country with precipitation. He also succeeded in restraining the Makalolo from attacking a stockade in the valley of the Barotse, within which some slave-traders had entrenched themselves, and the consequences of which attack must have proved fatal to many. Shortly after his return to Linyanti he was attacked by fever, when his hosts exhibited the interest they felt for him by paying him every attention in their power. "Anxious," he says, "to ascertain whether the natives possessed the knowledge of any remedy of which we were ignorant, I requested the assistance of one of Sekeletu's doctors. He put some roots into a pot with water, and, when it was boiling, placed it on a spot beneath a blanket, thrown around both me and it. This produced no immediate

effect; he then got a small bundle of different kinds of medicinal woods, and, burning them in a potsherd nearly to ashes, used the smoke and hot vapour arising from them as an auxiliary to the other, in causing perspiration. I fondly hoped that they had a more patent remedy than our own medicines afford; but, after being stewed in their vapour baths, smoked like a red herring over green twigs, and charmed *secundem artem*, I concluded that I could cure the fever more quickly than they can." He soon discovered that his own remedies of a wet sheet and quinine were more successful than the smoke and vapour baths employed by the natives.

Having recovered from his fever, Livingstone, accompanied by Sekeletu and about one hundred and sixty attendants, mostly young men, associates of the chief, set out for Sesheke. The intermediate country was perfectly flat, except patches elevated a few feet only above the surrounding level. There were also numerous mounds, the work of *termites*, gigantic structures, in which often the wild date trees were seen growing. The party looked exceedingly picturesque as, the ostrich-feathers of the men waving in the air, they wound in a long line in and out among the mounds. Some wore red tunics, or variously-coloured prints, and their heads were adorned with the white end of ox-tails or caps made of lions' manes. The nobles walked with a small club of rhinoceros-horn in their hands, their servants carrying shields, while the ordinary men bore burdens, and the battle-axe men, who had their own shields on their arms, were employed as messengers, often having to run an immense distance. Livingstone and Sekeletu had each a little gipsy tent in which they slept. In some villages, the mice ran over their faces and disturbed their sleep, or hungry prowling dogs would eat their shoes and leave only the soles. At such times, they got the loan of a hut. The best sort of Makololo huts consist of three circular walls, with small holes as doors, each similar to that in a dog-house; and it is necessary to bend down the body to get in, even when on all-fours. The roof is formed of reeds or straight sticks, in shape like a Chinaman's hat, bound firmly together with circular bands, which are lashed with the strong inner bark of the mimosa-tree. When all prepared except the thatch it is lifted on to the circular wall, the rim resting on a circle of poles, between each of which the third wall is built. The roof is thatched with fine grass, and sewed with the same material as the lashings; and, as it projects far beyond the wall, and reaches within four feet of the ground, the shade is the best to be found in the country. These huts are very cool in the hottest day, but are close in the night.

Reaching the village of Katonga, above Sesheke, on the banks of the Leeambye, some time was spent there in collecting canoes. During this delay, Livingstone visited the country north of the village, where he saw great numbers of buffaloes, zebras, elands, and a beautiful small antelope, called the *tianyane*. "This antelope stands about eighteen inches high, is very

graceful in its movements, and utters a cry of alarm not unlike that of the domestic fowl; it is of a brownish-red colour on the sides and back, with the belly and lower part of the tail white; it is very timid, but the maternal affection that the little thing bears to its young will often induce it to offer battle even to a man approaching it. When the young one is too tender to run about with the dam, she puts one foot on the prominence about the seventh cervical vertebra, or withers, the instinct of the young enables it to understand that it is now required to kneel down, and to remain quite still till it hears the bleating of its dam. If you see an otherwise gregarious she antelope separated from the herd, and going alone anywhere, you may be sure she has laid her little one to sleep in some cosy spot. The colour of the hair in the young is better adapted for assimilating it with the ground than that of the older animals, which do not need to be screened from the observation of birds of prey."

A sufficient number of canoes being at length collected, Livingstone and his party commenced the ascent of the river. Although the rude children of nature who dwelt there could but imperfectly estimate the importance to them and to future generations of the object of their visitor, they regarded all his movements with extraordinary interest. Upon the banks of the noble stream many of them were gathered, watching with extravagant gesticulations and discordant cries, the fleet which rendezvoused upon its waters. There, beneath the bright sky of the tropics, thirty-three canoes, manned by one hundred and sixty rowers, were awaiting the signal for their departure. Our traveller having had the choice of this fleet, selected one twenty inches in width and thirty-four feet long, with six experienced and athletic rowers. Though the river rolled down in ample volume against them, no sooner was the word of command given, than they swept through it at a rate which showed that the skill and strength of these inland mariners were more than equal to the force.

As they proceeded up the river, Livingstone was filled with admiration at its magnificence and beauty. "It is often," he writes, "more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands, of from three to five miles in length. These, and the banks too, are covered with forests, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands at a little distance seemed rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering over the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks are rocky and undulating, and many villages of the Banyeti, a poor, but industrious people, are situated upon both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively."

Speaking of the population of this district, Livingstone says, "The majority of the real Makololo have been cut off by fever. Those who remain are a mere fragment of the people who came to the north with Sebituane. Migrating from a very healthy climate in the south, they were more subject to the febrile diseases of the valley in which we found them, than the black tribes they conquered. In comparison with the Barotse, Batoka, and Banyeti, the Makololo have a sickly hue. They are of a light-brownish yellow colour, while the tribes referred to are very dark, with a slight tinge of olive. The whole of the coloured tribes consider that beauty and fairness are associated, and women long for children of light colour so much, that they sometimes chew the bark of a certain tree in hopes of producing that effect. To my eye the dark colour is much more agreeable than the tawny hue of the half-caste, which that of the Makololo ladies closely resembles. The women generally escaped the fever, but they are less fruitful than formerly, and, to their complaint of being undervalued on account of the disproportion of the sexes, they now add their regrets at the want of children, of whom they are all excessively fond.

"The Makololo women work but little. Indeed the families of that nation are spread over the country, one or two only in each village, as the lords of the land. They all have lordship over great numbers of subjected tribes, who pass by the general name Makalaka, and who are forced to render certain services, and to aid in tilling the soil; but each has his own land under cultivation, and otherwise lives nearly independent. They are proud to be called Makololo, but the other term is often used in reproach, as betokening inferiority. This species of servitude may be turned serfdom, as it has to be rendered in consequence of subjection by force of arms, but it is necessarily very mild. It is so easy for any one who is unkindly treated to make his escape to other tribes, that the Makololo are compelled to treat them, to a great extent, rather as children than slaves. Some masters, who fail from defect of temper or disposition to secure the affections of the conquered people frequently find themselves left without a single servant, in consequence of the absence and impossibility of enforcing a fugitive slave law, and the readiness with which those who are themselves subjected assist the fugitives across the rivers in canoes. The Makololo ladies are liberal in their presents of milk and other food, and seldom require to labour, except in the way of beautifying their huts and court-yards. They drink large quantities of boy-aloa, or o-alo, the buza of the Arabs, which, being made of the grain called *holcus sorghum*, or "*durasaifi*," in a minute state of subdivision, is very nutritious, and gives that plumpness of form which is considered beautiful. They dislike being seen at their potations by persons of the opposite sex. They cut their woolly hair quite short, and delight in having the whole person shining with butter. Their dress is a kilt reaching to the knees; its material

is ox-hide, made as soft as cloth. It is not ungraceful. A soft skin mantle is thrown across the shoulders when the lady is unemployed, but when engaged in any sort of labour she throws this aside, and works in the kilt alone. The ornaments most coveted are large brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of both brass and ivory, the latter often an inch broad. The rings are so heavy that the ankles are often blistered by the weight pressing down; but it is the fashion, borne as magnanimously as tight shoes among ourselves. Strings of beads are hung around the neck, and the fashionable colours being light green and pink, a trader could get almost any thing he chose for beads of these colours.

"The Makololo are in the habit of shaving off a little from one side of the horns of their cattle when still growing, in order to make them curve in that direction, and assume fantastic shapes. The stranger the curvature, the more handsome the ox is considered to be, and the longer this ornament of the cattle-pen is spared to beautify the herd. This is a very ancient custom in Africa, for the tributary tribes of Ethiopia are seen on some of the most ancient Egyptian monuments bringing contorted-horned cattle into Egypt.

"All are remarkably fond of their cattle, and spend much time in ornamenting and adorning them. Some are branded all over with a hot knife, so as to cause a permanent discolouration of the hair, in lines like the bands on the hide of a zebra. Pieces of skin two or three inches long and broad are detached, and allowed to heal in a dependent position around the head—a strange style of ornament; indeed, it is difficult to conceive in what their notion of beauty consists. The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes comeliness. They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them, on first seeing themselves therein, were amusingly ridiculous. 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves.' 'I have no chin at all! Or, 'I should have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek bones.' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nick-names accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep: after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed.'

"The Makololo use all the skins of their oxen for making either mantles or shields. For the former, the hide is stretched out by means of pegs, and dried. Ten or a dozen men then collect round it with small adzes, which, when sharpened with an iron bodkin, are capable of shaving off the substance of the skin on the fleshy side until it is quite thin; when sufficiently thin, a

quantity of brain is smeared over it, and some thick milk. Then an instrument made of a number of iron spikes tied round a piece of wood, so that the points only project beyond it, is applied to it in a carding fashion, until the fibres of the bulk of it are quite loose. Milk or butter is applied to it again, and it forms a garment nearly as soft as cloth.

“The shields are made of hides partially dried in the sun, and then beaten with hammers until they are stiff and dry. Two broad belts of a differently-coloured skin are sewed into them longitudinally, and sticks inserted to make them rigid and not liable to bend easily. The shield is a great protection in their way of fighting with spears, but they also trust largely to their agility in springing aside from the coming javelin. The shield assists when so many spears are thrown that it is impossible not to receive some of them. Their spears are light javelins, and, judging from what I have seen them do in elephant-hunting, I believe, when they have room to make a run and discharge them with the aid of the jerk of stopping, they can throw between forty and fifty yards. They give them an upward direction in the discharge, so that they come down on the object with accelerated force. I saw a man who in battle had received one in the shin; the excitement of the moment prevented his feeling any pain; but, when the battle was over, the blade was found to have split the bone, and became so impacted in the cleft that no force could extract it. It was necessary to take an axe and press the split bone asunder before the weapon could be taken out.”

Amidst the beautiful scenery of the Leeambye, Livingstone pursued his course on the first day, about fifty miles. Not far, however, above the starting place, the bed of the river began to be rocky, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts up to lat. 16°, two of which are dangerous. North of this point the river passed through the country of the Barotse, which stretches about one hundred miles north and south, and is bounded by two ranges of hills which bend away from the river N.N.E. and N.N.W., until they are from twenty to thirty miles apart. The intervening country is annually overflowed, but, as the waters never rise above ten feet, the natives have formed numerous mounds, upon which they build their villages and pasture their cattle. The capital of this country, called Naliele, and containing about a thousand inhabitants, stands upon one of these artificial elevations. At the time of Livingstone's visit, the stream ran low, and the valley was covered with coarse succulent grasses twelve feet high, and as thick as a man's thumb, upon which he saw in every direction large herds of cattle grazing. On visiting the higher lands, which form the boundaries of the valley, he found them covered with trees and gardens, which the industrious natives had filled with sugar-cane, sweet potato, manioe, yam, bananas, millet, etc. On the lower grounds, when the waters retire, they raise large quantities of maize and Caffre corn. These productions, with abundance of

milk and fish, give to the Barotse country great celebrity as a land of plenty. But, alas! it is also a land of death.

The previously unknown region through which we have now been tracking our traveller's course, like a large portion of the country watered by the same noble river, abounds with game. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before the fire of the travellers one evening within gunshot, and herds of splendid elands stood at two hundred yards' distance, without showing signs of fear. Lions, too, approached and roared at them. One night, as they were sleeping on the summit of a large sand-bank a lion appeared on the opposite shore, who amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could. The river was too broad for a ball to reach him, and he walked off without suffering for his impertinence. Wherever the game abounds, these animals exist in proportionate numbers. Birds are in great numbers on the river, and the sand-martins never leave it.

A party of Arabs from Zanzibar were in the country at this time; and two of them visited Livingstone at his camp. "They were quite as dark as the Makololo," he says, "but, having their heads shaved I could not compare their hair with that of the inhabitants of the country. When we were about to leave they came to bid adieu, but I asked them to stay and help us to eat our ox. As they had scruples about eating an animal not blooded in their own way, I gained their goodwill by saying, I was quite of their opinion as to getting rid of the blood, and gave them two legs of an animal slaughtered by themselves. They professed the greatest detestation of the Portuguese, because they eat pigs; and dislike the English, because they thrash them for selling slaves." On parting with his Arab friends, Livingstone visited the town of Ma-Sekeletu, or the mother of Sekeletu, where, as it was the first visit the king had paid to this part of his dominions, he was received with every appearance of joy. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk, and beer, more than could be devoured. The people usually show their joy, and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of the men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamp heavily twice with it, then lift the other and give one stamp with that; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction; and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigour; the continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood. The women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances into the circle, composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements and then retires.

Returning down the stream at a rapid rate, Livingstone, Sekeletu, and their party, soon reached Linyanti. "I had been," remarks our traveller,

“during a nine weeks’ tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food (oxen being slaughtered daily, sometimes ten at a time, more than sufficient for the wants of all), yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, and murdering, of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits, which to a casual observer lie beneath the surface and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them.”

On resuming his temporary residence at Linyanti, Livingstone did what he could for the instruction of the Makololo. Amongst other things, he endeavoured to induce some of them to learn to read. But this acquisition appeared to them something supernatural. Long and profound, therefore, were the solemn deliberations held to consider the proposal. At length it was resolved that the experiment should be tried. Sekeletu’s father-in-law and his step-father were, therefore, appointed to acquire the marvellous art, that, should any evil consequences result from it, their experience might serve as a beacon to others. Although this plan showed the extreme of African caution, these two pupils applied themselves so vigorously to the task, that they, and others who followed their example, mastered the alphabet perfectly in a single day.

Sekeletu and his followers agreed with Livingstone as to the desirableness of his proposed expedition to the west, and took great pains to assist him in the undertaking. Having ascertained the best route to Loanda, and made all the preparations in his power for a journey so difficult and adventurous, he only waited until the commencement of the rains would enable him to proceed up the river. This period having arrived, on the tenth of November 1853, he bade farewell to the chief and people at Linyanti, with whom he had now sojourned so long, and from whom he had received so much kindness, and set out towards the north. As the natives who had accompanied him from the Kuruman had suffered severely from fever, he deemed it necessary for their safety to send them back to that station. But he had no lack of willing and efficient attendants, as twenty-seven of the Barotse were ready to accompany him. These men were not hired, but sent to enable him to accomplish an object as much desired by the chief and most of his people, as by Livingstone himself. They were eager to obtain free and profitable trade with white men; and this desire of theirs coincided exactly

with his own conviction, that no permanent elevation of a people can be effected without commerce. What he thought and how he felt at this period, the following extract from one of his letters will best show:—"I am again, through God's mercy and kindness, quite recovered from fever. I think I am rid of intermittent, too, and if spared will impart some knowledge of Christ to many who never before heard his blessed name. There are many and large tribes in the direction in which we go, all sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. I hope God will, in mercy, permit me to establish the gospel somewhere in this region, and that I may live to see the double influence of the spirit of commerce and Christianity employed to stay the bitter fountain of African misery."

On the 11th of November, 1853, he left the town of Linyanti, accompanied by Sकेलेतु and his principal men, to embark on the Chobe. The spot of embarkation was the identical island where he met Sebituane, first known as the island of Maunku. "The Chobe is much infested by hippopotami; and as certain elderly males are expelled the herd, they become soured in their temper, and so misanthropic as to attack every canoe that passes near them. The herd is never dangerous, except when a canoe passes into the midst of it when all are asleep, and some of them may strike the canoe in terror. To avoid this, it is generally recommended to travel by day near the bank, and by night in the middle of the stream. As a rule, these animals flee at the approach of man. The 'solitaires,' however, frequent certain localities well known to the inhabitants on the banks, and, like the rogue elephants, are extremely dangerous." The part of the river called Zabesa, or Zabenza, the travellers found spread out like a little lake, surrounded on all sides by dense masses of tall reeds. The river below that, is always one hundred or one hundred and twenty yards broad, deep, and never dries up so much as to become fordable. At certain parts, where the partial absence of reeds affords a view of the opposite banks, the Makololo have placed villages of observation against their enemies, the Matebele. The banks of the Chobe, like those of the Zouga, are of soft calcareous tufa, and the river has cut out for itself a deep, perpendicular-sided bed.

Among the trees on the banks of the river are various light-green-coloured acacias, the splendid motsintsela, and evergreen cypress-shaped motsouri. The motsintsela is a very lofty tree, yielding a wood of which good canoes are made; the fruit is nutritious and good, but, like many wild fruits of the country, the fleshy parts require to be enlarged by cultivation, as it is nearly all stone. The motsouri bears beautiful pink-coloured plums, which are chiefly used to form a pleasant acid drink. The course of the river is so extremely tortuous that it carries the voyager on it to all points of the compass every dozen miles. It took Livingstone and his men forty-two hours and a half, paddling at the rate of five miles an hour, to go from Linyanti to

the confluence of the Chobe and the Leeambye. After spending one night at the Makololo village on Mparia, they left the Chobe, and turning round began to ascend the Leeambye, reaching, on the nineteenth, the town of Sesheke.

There is no stated day of rest in any part of this country, except the day after the appearance of the new moon, and the people then refrain only from going to their gardens. A curious custom, not to be found among the Bechuanas, prevails among the black tribes beyond them. They watch most eagerly for the first glimpse of the new moon, and, when they perceive the faint outline after the sun has set deep in the west, they utter a loud shout of "Kua!" and vociferate prayers to it. Livingstone gave many public addresses to the people of Sesheke; the congregations often amounting to between five and six hundred souls. They were always very attentive; sometimes putting sensible questions on the subjects brought before them, at other times introducing the most frivolous nonsense, immediately after hearing the most solemn truths.

Their progress up the Leeambye was rather slow, which was caused, to a great extent, by waiting opposite different villages for supplies of food. The villages of the Banyeti contributed large quantities of mosibe, a bright-red bean, yielded by a large tree. The pulp which encloses the seed is not much thicker than a red wafer, and is the portion used. It requires the addition of honey to render it at all palatable. Here they found several fresh varieties of fruit. One, resembling a large yellow orange, and yielding, in the rind and pips, a portion of *nux vomica*. The pulp between the pips is the part eaten, and it is of a pleasant juicy nature, having a sweet acidulous taste. A much better fruit is the mobola, which bears, around a large stone, as much of the fleshy part as the common date. It is sweet, and has the flavour of strawberries, with a touch of nauseousness. The most delicious fruit of all is the mamosho, or "mother of morning." It is about the size of a walnut, and, unlike most of the other uncultivated fruits, has a seed no larger than that of a date. The fleshy part is juicy, and somewhat like the cashew-apple, with a pleasant acidity added.

Among the forest trees which line the banks of the rocky parts of the Leeambye, several new birds were observed. Some are musical, and the songs are pleasant in contrast with the harsh voice of the little green, yellow-shouldered parrots of the country. There are also great numbers of jet-black weavers, with a yellowish-brown band on the shoulders. "Here we saw," says Livingstone, "for the first time, a pretty little bird, coloured dark-blue, except the wings and tail, which were of a chocolate hue. From the tail two feathers are prolonged beyond the rest six inches. Also little birds, coloured white and black, of great vivacity, and always in companies of six or eight together, and various others. From want of books of reference,

I could not decide whether they were actually new to science. Francolins and guinea-fowl abound along the banks; and on every dead tree and piece of rock may be seen one or two species of the web-footed *Plotus*, darter, or snake-bird. They sit most of the day sunning themselves over the stream, sometimes standing erect, with their wings outstretched; occasionally they may be seen engaged in fishing by diving, and, as they swim about, their bodies are so much submerged, that hardly anything appears above the water but their necks. Their chief time of feeding is by night, and, as the sun declines, they may be seen in flocks flying from their roosting-places to the fishing grounds. This is a most difficult bird to catch when disabled. It is thoroughly expert in diving—goes down so adroitly, and comes up again in the most unlikely places, that the people, though most skilful in the management of the canoes, can rarely secure them. The rump of the darter is remarkably prolonged, and capable of being bent, so as to act both as a rudder in swimming, and as a lever to lift the bird high enough out of the water to give free scope to its wings. It can rise at will from the water by means of this appendage.

“The fine fish-hawk, with white head and neck and reddish-chocolate-coloured body, may also frequently be seen perched on the trees, and fish are often found dead, which have fallen victims to its talons. One most frequently seen in this condition is itself a destroyer of fish. It is a stout-bodied fish, about fifteen or eighteen inches long, of a light-yellow colour, and gaily ornamented with stripes and spots. It has a most imposing array of sharp, conical teeth outside the lips—objects of dread to the fishermen, for it can use them effectually. One, which we picked up dead, had killed itself by swallowing another fish, which, though too large for its stomach and throat, could not be disgorged. This fish-hawk generally kills more prey than it can devour. It eats a portion of the back of the fish, and leaves the rest for the Barotse, who often had a race across the river when they saw an abandoned morsel lying on the opposite sand-banks. The hawk is, however, not always so generous; for, as I myself was a witness on the Zouga, it sometimes plunders the purse of the pelican. Soaring over head, and seeing this large, stupid bird fishing beneath, it watches till a fine fish is safe in the pelican’s pouch; then descending, not quickly, but with considerable noise of wing, the pelican looks up to see what is the matter; and, as the hawk comes near, he supposes that he is about to be killed, and roars out ‘Murder!’ The opening of his mouth enables the hawk to whisk the fish out of the pouch, upon which the pelican does not fly away, but commences fishing again; the fright having probably made him forget he ever had anything in his purse.”

On the 30th of November, Livingstone reached Gonye Falls. No rain had fallen, so it was excessively hot. The trees had put on their gayest dress, and many flowers adorned the landscape; yet the heat made all the leaves droop and look languid. The atmosphere was oppressive, both in cloud and

sunshine, so that all the travellers felt great lassitude. The men, however, paddled away most vigorously; the Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, have deeply-developed chests and shoulders. The falls of Gonye have not been made by wearing back, like those of Niagara, but are of a fissure form. For many miles below, the river is confined in a narrow space of not more than one hundred yards wide. The water goes boiling along, and gives the idea of great masses of it rolling over and over, so that even the most expert swimmer would find it difficult to keep on the surface. The river rises at this part, when in flood, fifty or sixty feet in perpendicular height. The islands above the falls are covered with beautiful foliage, and the scenery altogether is of the loveliest character. The people of every village treated them most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, butter, milk, and meal, more than they could stow away in their canoes. At Libonta they were detained for days together, collecting contributions of fat and butter, according to the orders of Sekeletu, as presents to the Balonda chiefs. Libonta is the last town of the Makololo; when they left it, therefore, they had only a few cattle-stations and an outlying hamlet in front, and then an uninhabited border country till they came to Londa. After they had gone thirty or forty miles above Libonta, Livingstone sent an explanatory message to the chief resident westward, called Makoma. This caused them some delay; but as they were loaded with presents of food from the Makololo, and the wild animals were in enormous herds, they fared sumptuously.

"We spent a Sunday," says Livingstone, "on our way up to the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye. Rains had fallen here before we came, and the woods had put on their gayest hue. Flowers of great beauty and curious forms grow everywhere; they are unlike those in the south, and so are the trees. Many of the forest-tree leaves are palmated and largely developed; the trunks are covered with lichens, and the abundance of ferns which appear in the woods, shows we are in a more humid climate than any to the south of the Barotse valley. The ground begins to swarm with insect life; and in the cool, pleasant mornings, the welkin rings with the singing of birds, which is not so delightful as the notes of birds at home, because I have not been familiar with them from infancy. The notes here, however, strike the mind by their loudness and variety, as the wellings forth from joyous hearts, of praise to Him who fills them with overflowing gladness. All of us rise early to enjoy the luscious balmy air of the morning. We then have worship; but amidst all the beauty and loveliness with which we are surrounded, there is still a feeling of want in the soul in viewing one's poor companions, and hearing bitter impure words jarring on the ear in the perfection of the scenes of nature, and a longing that both their hearts and ours might be brought into harmony with the Great Father of Spirits. I pointed out, in as usual the simplest words I could employ, the remedy which God has pre-

sented to us, in the inexpressibly precious gift of His own Son, on whom the Lord 'laid the iniquity of us all.'"

On the 27th of December, Livingstone reached the confluence of the Leeba and Leeanbye; and now began to ascend the former river, directing his course north-west towards Loanda in Angola. The water of the Leeba he found of a dark colour, flowing placidly, and receiving numbers of small rivulets from both sides. He passed trees covered with a profusion of the freshest foliage, and that seemed planted in groups of such pleasant and graceful outline, that art could give no additional charm. The grass, which had been burned off and was growing again after the rains, was short and green, and all the scenery was like that of a carefully-tended gentleman's park. There were many beautiful flowers, and plenty of honey in the woods. One tree in flower brought the pleasant fragrance of hawthorn-hedges back to memory; its leaves, flowers, perfume, and fruit, resembled those of the hawthorn, only the flowers were as large as dog-roses, and the "haws" like boys' marbles. The climbing plants displayed great vigour of growth. The maroro was abundant in many parts; it is a small bush, with a yellow, wholesome fruit, sweet in taste, and full of seeds, like the custard-apple.

"On the 28th," our traveller says, "we slept at a spot on the right bank, from which had just emerged two broods of alligators. We had seen many young ones as we came up, so this seems to be their time of coming forth from their nests, for we saw them sunning themselves on sandbanks in company with the old ones. We made our fire in one of the deserted nests, which were strewed all over with the broken shells. At the Zouga we saw sixty eggs taken out of one such nest alone. They were about the size of those of a goose, only the eggs of the alligator are of the same diameter at both ends; and the white shell is partially elastic, from having a strong internal membrane and but little lime in its composition. The distance from the water was about ten feet, and there were evidences of the same place having been used for a similar purpose in former years. A broad path led up from the water to the nest; and the dam, it was said by my companions, after depositing the eggs, covers them up, and returns afterwards to assist the young out of their place of confinement and out of the egg. She leads them to the edge of the water, and then leaves them to catch small fish for themselves. Assistance to come forth seems necessary, for here, besides the tough membrane of the shell, they had four inches of earth upon them, but they do not require immediate aid for food, because they retain a portion of yolk, equal to that of a hen's egg, in a membrane in the abdomen, as a stock of nutriment while only beginning independent existence by catching fish. Fish is the principal food of both small and large, and they are much assisted in catching them by their broad scaly tails.

"Sometimes an alligator, viewing a man in the water from the opposite

bank, rushes across the stream with wonderful agility, as is seen by the high ripple he makes on the surface, caused by his rapid motion at the bottom; but, in general, they act by stealth, sinking underneath as soon as they see man. They seldom leave the water to catch prey, but often come out by day to enjoy the pleasure of basking in the sun. In walking along the banks of the Zouga once, a small one, about three feet long, made a dash at my feet, and caused me to rush quickly in another direction; but this is unusual, for I never heard of a similar case. A wounded leech, chased into any of the lagoons in the Barotse valley, or a man or dog going in for the purpose of bringing out a dead one, is almost sure to be seized, though the alligators may not appear on the surface. When employed in looking out for food they keep out of sight; they fish chiefly by night. When eating, they make a loud champing noise, which, when once heard, is never forgotten. The young, which had come out of the nests where we spent the night, did not appear wary; they were about ten inches long, with yellow eyes, and pupil merely a perpendicular slit. They were all marked with transverse stripes of pale-green and brown, half an inch broad. When speared, they bit the weapon savagely, though their teeth were but partially developed, uttering at the same time a sharp bark, like that of a whelp when it first begins to use its voice. I could not ascertain whether the dam devours them, as reported, or whether the ichneumon has the same reputation here as in Egypt. Probably the Barotse and Bayeiye would not look upon it as a benefactor; they prefer to eat the eggs themselves, and be their own ichneumons. The white of the egg does not coagulate, but the yolk does, and this is the only part eaten.

“As the population increases the alligators will decrease, for their nests will be oftener found; the principal check on their inordinate multiplication seems to be man. They are more savage, and commit more mischief in the Leeambye than in any other river. After dancing long in the moonlight nights, young men run down to the water to wash off the dust, and cool themselves before going to bed, and are thus often carried away. One wonders they are not afraid; but the fact is, they have as little sense of danger impending over them as the hare has when not actually pursued by the hound; and in rencontres, in which they escape, they had not time to be afraid, and only laugh at the circumstance afterwards.”

In due time, the party reached the Balonda country, and received, among other visits, one from a chieftainess, called Manenko, a tall strapping woman, covered with ornaments, and smeared over with fat and red ochre as a protection against the weather. She invited them to visit her uncle Shinte, the chief of the country. On the 11th of January, 1854, they set out in the midst of a heavy drizzling mist, conducted by the lady, who proceeded in the highest marching order, and at a pace that few of the men could keep up

with. In admiration of her pedestrian powers they every now and then remarked—"Manenko is a soldier." Some of the people in her train carried shields composed of reeds, of a square form, five feet long and three broad. With these, and armed with broad swords and quivers full of iron-headed arrows, they looked somewhat ferocious. Most of the party were glad when, at length, the chieftainess halted on the banks of a stream, and preparations were made for their night's lodging.

The farther north they travelled the more dense became the forests; and they were oftener in the deep gloom than in open sunlight. No passage existed on either side of the narrow path made by the axe. Large climbing plants entwined themselves around the trunks and branches of gigantic trees like boa-constrictors. As it was the rainy season, great quantities of mushrooms were met with, some of them as large as the crown of a hat. The edible ones, which were white, were eagerly devoured; while of those not edible some were of a brilliant red and others light blue. There was considerable pleasure, in spite of rain and fever, in this new scenery. The deep gloom contrasted strongly with the shadeless glare of the Kalahari. Every now and then they emerged from the gloom into a pretty little valley. The number of small villages seemed about equal to the number of valleys. When they decided to remain for the night at any village, the inhabitants lent them the roofs of their huts, which in form resemble those of the Makololo, and can be taken off the walls at pleasure. They lifted them off, and when Livingstone's party had propped them up with stakes, they were safely housed for the night. Every one who came to salute Manenko or Livingstone, rubbed the upper parts of the arms and chest with ashes; and those who wished to show more profound reverence to them, put some also on the face.

After detaining them several days on the journey, Manenko accompanied them on foot to Shinte's town. The chief's place of audience was ornamented by two graceful banian trees, beneath one of which he sat on a throne covered with a sort of leopard's skin. He wore a checked shirt and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green, numerous ornaments covering his arms and legs, while on his head was a helmet of beads, crowned with a great bunch of goose feathers. Close to him sat three lads, with large sheaves of arrows over their shoulders. Livingstone took his seat under the shade of a tree opposite to the chief, while the spokesman of the party, who had accompanied them, walking backwards and forwards, gave, in a loud voice, an account of the traveller and his connection with the Makololo. Behind Shinte sat about a hundred women, clothed in their best, which happened to be a profusion of red baize. His chief wife, one of the Matebele, sat in front, with a curious red cap on her head. During the intervals between the speeches, these ladies burst forth into a sort of plaintive ditty; every now and then

they expressed approbation by clapping their hands, and laughing to different speakers.

The party was entertained by a band of musicians, consisting of three drummers and four performers on the "marimba," a species of piano. "The drums are neatly carved from the trunk of a tree, and have a small hole in the side covered with a bit of spider's web; the ends are covered with the skin of an antelope pegged on; and when they wish to tighten it they hold it to the fire to make it contract; the instruments are beaten with the hands. The marimba consists of two bars of wood placed side by side, sometimes quite straight, at others bent round so as to resemble half the tire of a carriage wheel; across these are placed about fifteen wooden keys, each of which is two or three inches broad, and fifteen or eighteen inches long; their thickness is regulated according to the deepness of the note required, each of the keys having a calabash beneath; from the upper part of each, a portion is cut off to enable them to embrace the bars, and form hollow sounding-boards to the keys, which also are of different sizes, according to the note required; and little drum sticks elicit the music. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear. In Angola, the Portuguese use the marimba in their dances."

After nine speakers had concluded their orations, Shinte stood up, and so did all the people. He had maintained true African dignity of manner all the while, but scarcely ever took his eyes off Livingstone for a moment. About a thousand people were present, and three hundred soldiers. The next day, our traveller met Shinte by appointment, for the purpose of holding a friendly interview. The chief seemed in good humour, and said he had expected yesterday "that a man who came from the gods, would have approached and talked to him. The remark confirmed Livingstone's belief that a frank, open, fearless manner, is the most winning with all these Africans." One night Shinte sent for his visitor and presented him with a slave girl of about ten years old, wishing him to accept her as a token of his regard. The chief was greatly surprised to find his proffered gift respectfully declined. He was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic lantern which Livingstone carried with him; and gathered a great crowd of his principal men, and court beauties, to witness the exhibition. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac; it was as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad: the Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshipped. Livingstone explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but, when he moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving towards them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's, and off they rushed helter-skelter, tumbling

pell-mell over each other, and, in spite of all entreaties, refusing to return. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterwards examined the instrument with interest. It was the only mode of instruction of which a repetition was requested; and the people came long distances, for the express purpose of seeing the objects and hearing the explanations.

Before leaving Shinte to prosecute his journey, the chief presented the traveller with a shell, on which he set the greatest value, observing—"There, now, you have a proof of my affection." These shells, as marks of distinction, are so highly valued that two of them will purchase a slave and five elephants' tusks, worth ten pounds. The chief also provided a guide, to conduct the party to the territory of the next chief, Katema. He gave them, too, an abundant supply of food; and, sending eight men to assist in carrying the luggage, wished them a prosperous journey. They had now to quit the canoes and proceed on ox-back, taking a northerly direction. The morning after their departure they had a fine range of green hills on their right, and were informed that they were rather thickly inhabited by the people of Shinte, who worked in iron, the ore of which abounded in the neighbourhood. Every valley contained a village of twenty or thirty huts, each hut having its garden of manioc, or cassava, which here is looked upon as the staff of life. Very little labour is required for its cultivation. The plant grows to a height of six feet, and every part of it is useful; the leaves may be cooked as a vegetable. The roots are from three to four inches in diameter, and from twelve to eighteen inches long. There are two varieties of manioc; one sweet and wholesome, the other bitter and containing poison, which the natives extract by a process of partial decomposition.

In the deep, dark forests, near each village, they found idols intended to represent the human head, or a lion, or a crooked stick smeared with medicine, or simply a small pot of medicine in a little shed; while, in the darker recesses, they met with human faces cut in the bark of trees, the outlines of which, with the beards, closely resembled those seen on Egyptian monuments. Frequent cuts were made on the trees all along the path, and offerings of small pieces of manioc roots, or ears of maize, were placed on branches. It seemed as if the minds of the people were ever in doubt and dread in these gloomy recesses of the forest, and that they were striving to propitiate, by their offerings, some superior beings residing there.

The dress of the Balonda men consists of the softened skins of small animals, as the jackal or wild cat, hung before and behind from a girdle round the loins. They have a remarkable custom for cementing friendship. Taking their seats opposite one to the other, with a vessel of beer by the side of each, they clasp hands. They then make cuts on their hands, the pits of their stomachs, their foreheads, and right cheeks. The point of a blade of grass is then pressed against the cuts, and afterwards each man washes it in his

own pot of beer; exchanging pots, the contents are drunk, so that each man drinks the blood of the other. Thus they consider that they become blood relations, and are bound in every possible way to assist each other.

After several days' journeying, the travellers reached the town of Katema, a powerful chief of that district. The morning after their arrival, they had a formal presentation, and found Katema seated on a sort of throne, with about three hundred men on the ground around, and thirty women, who were said to be his wives, close behind him. The main body of the people were seated in a semicircle, at a distance of fifty yards. Each party had its own head man stationed at a little distance in front, and, when beckoned by the chief, came near him as councillors. The chief's head was ornamented with a helmet of beads and feathers. He had on a snuff-brown coat, with a broad band of tinsel down the arms; and carried in his hand a large bunch of gnus' tails tied together. They were glad to get away from Katema. Several of the party had suffered from fever; and Livingstone himself had eaten nothing in consequence of the disease for two days; and, instead of sleep, the whole of the nights were employed in incessant drinking of water. Katema sent guides to accompany them on their journey, who stayed with them till they reached, on the 24th of February, the villages under the chieftainship of Katende.

They had now reached the latitude of Loanda; and henceforth their course was westerly. The rains continued, and Livingstone suffered much from having to sleep on the wet ground. He was constantly drenched with such showers as compelled him to deposit his chronometer watch (so essential to his observations), in his arm-pit, while his lower extremities were wetted twice or thrice daily in crossing marshy streams. Night after night, he had to stretch himself in his damp clothes upon the saturated ground, suffering from fever, which deprived him of rest, undermined his strength, and rendered the labour of each succeeding day more difficult.

The westerly course they were now taking brought them among people who are frequently visited by the Mambari, as slave-dealers. They found that the idea of buying and selling took the place of giving for friendship; and as Livingstone had nothing with which to purchase food except a parcel of beads which he had preserved for worse times, he began to fear greater suffering from hunger than they had yet endured. The people here demanded gunpowder for everything. Next to that, English calico was in great demand, and so were beads; but money was of no value whatever, trade being carried on by barter alone. On the 27th, they reached a part of the River Kasai, a most beautiful river, and very much like the Clyde in Scotland. The slope of the valley down to the stream is about five hundred yards, and finely wooded. It is, perhaps, one hundred yards broad, and was winding slowly from side to side in the beautiful green glen, in a course to the north and

north-east. In both the directions from which it came and to which it went, it seemed to be alternately embowered in sylvan vegetation, or rich meadows covered with tall grass.

"While at the ford of the Kasai," says Livingstone, "we were subjected to a trick of which we were forewarned by the people of Shinte. A knife had been dropped by one of Kangerke's people in order to entrap my men; it was put down, near our encampment, as if lost, the owner in the meantime watching till one of my men picked it up. Nothing was said until our party was divided, one half on this, and the other on that bank of the river. Then the charge was made to me that one of my men had stolen a knife. Certain of my people's honesty, I desired the man, who was making a great noise, to search the luggage for it; the unlucky lad who had taken the bait, then came forward and confessed that he had the knife in a basket, which was already taken over the river. When it was returned, the owner would not receive it back unless accompanied with a fine. The lad offered beads, but these were refused with scorn. A shell hanging round his neck, similar to that which Shinte had given me, was the object demanded, and the victim of the trick, as we all knew it to be, was obliged to part with his costly ornament. I could not save him from the loss, as all had been forewarned; and it is the universal custom among the Makololo, and many other tribes, to show whatever they may find to the chief person of the company, and make a sort of offer of it to him. This lad ought to have done so to me; the rest of the party always observed this custom. I felt annoyed at the imposition, but the order we invariably followed in crossing a river forced me to submit. The head of the party remained to be ferried over last; so, if I had not come to terms, I would have been, as I always was in crossing rivers which we could not swim, completely in the power of the enemy. It was but rarely we could get a headman so witless as to cross a river with us, and remain on the opposite bank in a convenient position to be seized as a hostage, in case of my being caught."

Thus, as they approached the civilised settlements, they found the habits of the people changed much for the worse; tricks of all sorts were played to detain them and obtain tribute; the guides also tried to impose on them. The native tribes bordering on the Portuguese province of Angola had become so demoralised by contact with Europeans, and their connection with the slave-trade, that it was with no small difficulty and danger Livingstone was able to proceed. Payments were demanded upon the most frivolous pretences, and both he and the Makololo were forced to part with every thing they could dispense with, even to their clothes, in payment for food, fines, and ferries; and after they had parted with them all, rapacious mobs still surrounded them, demanding what they had not to give and threatening violence on their refusal.



A KAFFIR WAR DANCE

The following extract from one of his letters will illustrate his circumstances in this part of his journey:—"Never did I endure such drenchings; and all the streams being swollen, we had to ford many, the water flowing on the rustic bridges waist deep. Others we crossed by sticking to the oxen the best way we could, and a few we made a regular swim of. My Barotse—for with them alone I travelled—did not know I could swim, and the first broad stream we came to excited their fears on my account. 'Now, hold on fast by the tail. Don't let go.' I intended to follow the injunction, but tail and all went so deep I thought it better to strike out alone for the bank, and just as I reached it I was greatly gratified to see a universal rush had been made for my rescue. Their clothes were all floating down the stream, and two of them reached me breathless with the exertion they had made. If we could march I got on very well; I don't care much for fatigue; but when compelled to stand still by pouring rains, then fever laid hold with his strong pangs on my inner man, and lying in a little gipsy tent, with everything damp or wet, was sore against the grain.

"As we approached the Portuguese settlements the people became worse, and at last, instead of gifts of food, we were offered knocks on the head. The Chiboque, for instance, are most outrageous blackguards; we were spending a Sunday on Peace Society principles, when a whole tribe surrounded us, fully armed with guns, arrows, spears, and short swords. They were all vociferating and brandishing their weapons simultaneously. I sat down, and asked the chief to do the same, and then demanding silence, requested to know what was the matter. Our crime consisted in one of our men, when spitting, allowing a small drop of saliva to drop on them. I replied, if the chief could seriously say such was a crime, I was willing to pay a fine. (On such frivolous pretexts we had often to pay enormous fines.) He accepted one, but his warriors rejected it, and demanded one after another, until, by demanding one of our number to be sold as a slave, we saw their intention was regular plunder, and armed ourselves for the worst. They feared my arms alone; indeed, we were as a company unprepared for fighting; but, armed as we were, not a man of chiefs or councillors would have escaped the first onset. We determined to let them shed the first drop of blood, and sat looking at them in all their heathenish shouting. This resolute bearing made them more reasonable, so they accepted an ox, and gave us two or three pounds of the flesh, to show that they were of a generous disposition after all. We were often so treated, and at last no passage allowed us through a town or village without paying for it. I paid away nearly all I had—oxen for provisions, riding clothes, razors, spoons, etc."

Continuing their W.N.W. course, they met many parties of native traders, each carrying some pieces of cloth and salt, with a few beads to barter for bees-wax. They were all armed with Portuguese guns, and had

cartridges, with iron balls. On the 30th of March, they came to a sudden descent from the high land, indented by deep, narrow valleys, over which they had lately been travelling. It was generally so steep, that it could only be descended at particular points, and even then Livingstone was obliged to dismount from his ox, though so weak that he had to be led by his companions, to prevent his toppling over in walking down. Below them lay the valley of the Quango. It is about a hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forest, except where the light-green grass covers meadow lands on the Quango, which here and there glances out in the sun, as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from a thousand to twelve hundred feet. As they emerged from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect filled their hearts with joy. There they met with the bamboo, as thick as a man's arm, and many new trees. They rested beside a small stream, and their hunger being severe, from having lived on manioc for many days, they slaughtered one of their four remaining oxen. On the 4th of April, they reached the banks of the Quango, a river one hundred and fifty yards wide, and very deep, flowing among extensive meadows, clothed with gigantic grass and reeds, and in a direction nearly north.

The chief of the district—a young man, who wore his hair in the shape of a cone, bound round with white and coloured thread—on their refusing to pay him an extortionate demand, ordered his people not to ferry them across the river, and actually opened fire on them. “At this juncture a half-caste Portuguese, a sergeant of militia, Cypriano Di Abreu, arrived, and obtaining ferrymen, they crossed over into the territory of the Bangala, who are subject to the Portuguese. They had some time before rebelled, and troops were now stationed among them, Cypriano being in command of a party of men. Next morning he provided a delicious breakfast for his guest, and fed the Makololo with pumpkins and maize, and supplied them with farina for their journey to Kasenge, without even hinting at payment.

“The natives, though they long have had intercourse with the Portuguese, are ignorant and superstitious in the extreme. Many parts of the country are low and marshy, and they suffer greatly from fever. Of the use of medicine they have no notion, their only remedies being charms and cupping. The latter operation is performed with a small horn, which has a little hole in the upper end. The broad end is placed on the flesh, when the operator sucks through the hole; as the flesh rises, he gashes it with a knife, then replaces the horn and sucks again, till finally he introduces a piece of wax into his mouth, to stop up the hole, when the horn is left to allow the blood to gush into it.”

After three days pretty hard travelling through the long grass, Living-

stone and his party reached Kasenge, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese in Western Africa. They crossed several streams running into the Quango; and as the grass rose about two feet over their heads, it generally obstructed their view of the adjacent country, and sometimes hung over the path, making one side of the body wet with dew every morning, or when it rained, keeping them wet during the whole day. Kasenge is composed of thirty or forty traders' houses, scattered about without any regularity. All the traders are officers in the militia, and many of them have become rich. Although Livingstone told them that he was a Protestant minister, they treated him with the greatest kindness and hospitality. As they were the first white men the travellers had come to, they sold the tusks belonging to Sekeletu, which had been brought to test the difference of prices in the Makololo and the white men's country. The result was highly satisfactory to the Makololo, as the Portuguese give much larger prices for ivory than can possibly be given by traders from the Cape. Two muskets, three small barrels of gunpowder, English calico and baize sufficient to clothe the whole party, with large bunches of beads, all for one tusk, rejoiced the hearts of those who had been accustomed to give two tusks for one gun. With another tusk they procured calico, which is here the chief currency, to pay their way down to the coast. The remaining two were sold for money to purchase a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda.

They had yet about three hundred miles to traverse before they could reach the coast. The merchants of Kasenge furnished Livingstone with letters of introduction to their friends at Loanda, and with a black militia corporal as a guide. He was a native of Ambaca, and, like nearly all the inhabitants of that district, known by the name of Ambakistas, could both read and write. He had, however, the usual vices produced by slavery; and took care to cheat those whom he was sent to guide and protect. They found sleeping-places provided for travellers on the road about ten miles apart; and a constant stream of people going and coming from the coast, carrying goods, either on the head, or on one shoulder, in a sort of basket. The first comers took possession of the sleeping-places, those arriving last having to make huts with long grass for themselves. Women then came from their villages with baskets of manioc meal, yams, garlic, and other roots, for sale. As Livingstone had supplied himself with calico at Kasenge, he was able to purchase whatever he needed.

On entering the district of Ambaca, the travellers found the landscape enlivened by the appearance of lofty mountains in the distance, the grass comparatively short, and the whole country looking gay and verdant. Everywhere there were signs of great fertility. Large numbers of cattle existed on the pastures, which were well watered by flowing streams. The commandant of Ambaca, Arsenio de Carpo, welcomed Livingstone most cordi-

ally, recommended wine for his debility, and gave him the first glass he had taken in Africa. "When sleeping in the house of the commandant," he says, "an insect, well known in the southern country by the name *Tampan*, bit my foot. It is a kind of tick, and chooses by preference the parts between the fingers or toes for inflicting its bite. It is seen from the size of a pin's head to that of a pea, and is common in all the native huts in this country. It sucks the blood until quite full, and is then of a dark-blue colour, and its skin so tough and yielding, that it is impossible to burst it by any amount of squeezing with the fingers. I had felt the effect of its bite in former years, and eschewed all native huts ever after; but, as I was here again assailed in a European house, I shall detail the effects of the bite. These are, a tingling sensation of mingled pain and itching, which commences ascending the limb until the poison imbibed reaches the abdomen, where it soon causes violent vomiting and purging. Where these effects do not follow, as we found afterwards at Tete, fever sets in; and I was assured by intelligent Portuguese there, that death has sometimes been the result of this fever. The only inconvenience I afterwards suffered from this bite, was the continuance of the tingling sensation in the point bitten for about a week."

Sunday, the 14th of May, was spent at Cabinda, situated in a beautiful glen, and surrounded by plantations of bananas and manioc. The country became more and more picturesque the farther they proceeded west. In a day or two they entered upon a wild-looking mountainous district, called Golungo Alto. The hills were bedecked with trees of various hues; towering among them the graceful palm, which yields the oil of commerce and palm-wine. Here Livingstone was kindly received by the commandant, Lieutenant Antonio Canto e Castro, a young man, whose kindness and hospitality overflowed towards the traveller. A few days' rest with this young man enabled him to regain much of his strength. He was quite shut in among green hills, many of which were cultivated up to their tops with manioc, coffee, cotton, ground-nuts, bananas, pine-apples, guavas, papaws, custard-apples, pitangas, and jambos, fruits brought from South America.

On the 24th of May, they left Golungo Alto. As they proceeded, they passed several streams and cascades, and through forests of gigantic timber. Numbers of carpenters were converting the lofty trees which grew around into planks, from which they made small chests, which they sold at Cambondo. When furnished with hinges, lock, and key—all of their own manufacture—one costs only a shilling and eightpence. Livingstone's men were so delighted with them that they carried several of them on their heads all the way to Linyanti. At Trombeta, the commandant had his garden ornamented with rows of trees, with pine-apples and flowers growing between them. A few years ago, he had purchased an estate for £16, on which he

had now a coffee plantation, and all sorts of fruit-trees and grape-vines, besides grain and vegetables growing, as also a cotton plantation. All kinds of food were here remarkably cheap.

The aspect of the country now gradually changed. The nearer they approached the sea, the more level and unfruitful the country became. The grandeur and beauty of the natural scenery were left behind. "Farther on," says our traveller, "we left the mountainous country, and, as we descended towards the west coast, saw the land assuming a more sterile, uninviting aspect. On our right ran the river Senza, which, nearer the sea, takes the name of Bengo. It is about fifty yards broad, and navigable for canoes. The low plains adjacent to its banks are protected from inundation by embankments, and the population is entirely occupied in raising food and fruits for exportation to Loanda by means of canoes. The banks are infested by myriads of the most ferocious mosquitoes I ever met. Not one of our party could get a snatch of sleep. I was taken into the house of a Portuguese, but was soon glad to make my escape, and lie across the path on the lee side of the fire, where the smoke blew over my body. My host wondered at my want of taste, and I at his want of feeling, for, to our astonishment, he, and the other inhabitants, had actually become used to what was at least equal to a nail through the heel of one's boot, or the tooth-ache."

They were now drawing near the coast; and as they gradually approached it, Livingstone's companions were somewhat alarmed. When they first saw the sea they looked at it, stretching away out to the distant horizon, with wondering awe. Describing their feelings afterwards, they said:—"We marched along with our father, believing that what our forefathers had told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me!'" They were afraid of being kidnapped; and then they were apprehensive of want and hunger. But their white leader assured them, that nothing should happen save what happened to himself; that as they had stood by each other hitherto, so they would stand by each other to the last.

The westward journey was now over. On the 31st of May, 1854, Livingstone and his Makololo entered the city of Loanda. From the time he had come within Portuguese influence and rule, his journey had been comparatively pleasant. Through the kind and valued aid of the Portuguese settler he happily met at Quango, he and his party had been safely escorted to Kasenge. From this point he was treated with unbounded kindness and hospitality by the Portuguese authorities, and by the population generally, until he reached Loanda. And it was a merciful thing that he was thus treated, for so extreme were his sufferings towards the termination of his journey, from repeated attacks of fever, and from dysentery, that he could not sit upon his ox longer than ten minutes at a time; and when he entered

the much-desired city, he was reduced almost to a skeleton. Here, however, warm-hearted friends awaited him, the most valuable of whom was Edmund Gabriel, Esq., Her Majesty's Commissioner at Loanda, and the only Englishman in the place. By him, he and his twenty-seven companions were most generously received. "I shall never forget," he says "the delicious pleasure of lying down on his bed after sleeping six months on the ground; nor the unwearied attention and kindness, through a long sickness, which Mr. Gabriel invariably showed. May God reward him!"

CHAPTER III.

Livingstone and the Makololo at Loanda—Return Journey—Reach Linyanti—Departure for Kilimanc—Victoria Falls—Native Tribes—Animals—Tete and its Vicinity—Descent of the Zambesi—Arrival at Kilimanc.

“ST PAUL DE LOANDA has been a very considerable city, but is now in a state of decay. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom are people of colour. There are various evidences of its former magnificence, especially two cathedrals, one of which, once a Jesuit college, is now converted into a workshop; and in passing the other Livingstone saw with sorrow a number of oxen feeding within its stately walls. Three forts continue in a good state of repair. Many large stone houses are to be found. The palace of the governor and government offices are commodious structures; but nearly all the houses of the native inhabitants are of wattle and daub. Trees are planted all over the town for the sake of shade; and the city presents an imposing appearance from the sea. It is provided with an effective police; and the custom-house department is extremely well managed. All parties agree in representing the Portuguese authorities as both polite and obliging; and, if ever any inconvenience is felt by strangers visiting the port, it must be considered the fault of the system, not of the men.

“The harbour is formed by the low sandy island of Loanda, which is inhabited by about one thousand three hundred souls, upwards of six hundred of whom are industrious native fishermen, who supply the city with abundance of good fish daily. The space between it and the mainland, on which the city is built, is the station for ships. When a high south-west wind blows, the waves of the ocean dash over part of the island, and, driving large quantities of sand before them, gradually fill up the harbour. Great quantities of soil are also washed in the rainy season from the heights above the city, so that the port, which once contained water sufficient to float the largest ships close to the custom-house, is now at low water dry. The ships are compelled to anchor about a mile north of their old station. Nearly all the water consumed in Loanda is brought from the river Bengo by means of launches, the only supply that the city affords being from some deep wells of slightly brackish water; unsuccessful attempts have been made by different governors to finish a canal which the Dutch, while in possession of Loanda during the

seven years preceding 1648, had begun, to bring water from the river Coanza to the city."

At the time of Livingstone's visit, there was not a single English merchant at Loanda, and only two Americans. This was the more remarkable, as nearly all the commerce was carried on by means of English calico brought *via* Lisbon. Several English houses attempted to establish a trade about 1845, and accepted bills on Rio de Janeiro in payment for their goods, but the increased activity of English cruisers had such an effect upon the mercantile houses of that city, that most of them failed. The English merchants lost all. "The Portuguese home government," says Livingstone, "has not generally received the credit for sincerity in suppressing the slave-trade which I conceive to be its due. In 1839 my friend, Mr. Gabriel, saw thirty-seven slave-ships lying in this harbour, waiting for their cargoes, under the protection of the guns of the forts. At that time slavers had to wait many months at a time for a human freight, and a certain sum per head was paid to the government for all that were exported. The duties derived from the exportation of slaves far exceeded those from other commerce, and, by agreeing to the suppression of this profitable traffic, the government actually sacrificed the chief part of the export revenue since that period. However, the revenue from lawful commerce has very much exceeded that on slaves. The intentions of the Portuguese home government, however good, cannot be fully carried out under the present system. The pay of the officers is so very small that they are nearly all obliged to engage in trade; and owing to the lucrative nature of the slave-trade, the temptation to engage in it is so powerful that the philanthropic statesmen of Lisbon need hardly expect to have their humane and enlightened views carried out."

Many days elapsed, after Livingstone's arrival at Loanda, before he recovered from the fatigue and sufferings he had endured. His complaint having been caused by long deprivation of proper food, and exposure to malarious influences, he became much more reduced than ever, even while enjoying rest. All the time he was watched over with the most generous sympathy by his kind host. The Portuguese Bishop of Angola, and numerous other gentlemen, called on him and tendered their services. Her Majesty's ship "Polyphemus" coming in, the surgeon, Mr. Cockin, afforded him the medical assistance he so much required; and on the 14th of June he was sufficiently recovered to call on the bishop, attended by his Makololo followers. They had all been dressed in new robes of striped cotton cloth, and red caps, presented by Mr. Gabriel. The bishop, acting as head of the provisional government, received them in form, and gave them permission to come to Loanda and trade as often as they wished, with which they were greatly pleased. The Makololo gazed with astonishment on every thing they saw around them; especially on the large stone houses and churches, having

never before seen a building larger than a hut. When invited on board ship, they hesitated through fear of being kidnapped; but when their leader told them that if they entertained the least suspicion of foul play they need not go, they felt re-assured, and nearly the whole party went. Pointing to the sailors, Livingstone said—"Now, these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those that buy and sell black men." They replied—"Truly they are just like you;" and all their fears vanished. The sailors received them just the same as they would have been received by the Makololo, handing them a share of the bread and beef they had for dinner. They were allowed to fire off a cannon, at which they were greatly pleased, especially when they were told that it was with that the slave-trade was put down.

We have now traced the missionary traveller through a series of exploratory journeys of vast extent and almost inappreciable importance; and had he been an ordinary man, he would, at this point, have terminated his toils and dangers. But this was not his design. Though his past sufferings had been severe, and he was now lying emaciated upon a sick-bed; though he had been separated from his family for more than two weary years, and the tempting opportunity of speedily rejoining them in England was presented to him, he nevertheless resolved to retrace his steps to Linyanti, and, having rested there for a season, to commence new explorations towards the east. Two principal inducements led him to this determination—first, he felt that his honour as an Englishman and a Christian missionary was pledged to do his utmost to convey back to their country the confiding people who had accompanied him to Loanda, and who had faithfully fulfilled their engagement with himself. This motive would have sufficed; but there were other considerations which shut him up to this course. He had not yet secured the great object of all his previous labours. That object, as we have seen, was to open from the coast a pathway into the heart of Africa for commerce and Christianity. Such a pathway, indeed, he had now discovered; but it was one so beset with difficulty and danger, as to preclude the hope that, by its means, the future elevation and happiness of the people whom it was his aim to benefit would be secured. He felt, therefore, that his work was not done, and he prepared to press back, through hostile tribes and pestilential swamps, that, if possible, he might attain the summit of his sacred ambition. "I feel," he writes, "that the work to which I set myself is only half accomplished. The way out to the eastern coast may be less difficult than I have found that to the west. If I succeed we shall, at least, have a choice. I intend, God helping me, to go down the Zambesi or Leeambye to Kilimane. If I cannot succeed I shall return to Loanda, and thence embark for England."

These were the plans and purposes which largely occupied Livingstone's thoughts during his constrained sojourn at Loanda. But many weeks of

suffering passed, ere he could prepare for the great achievement upon which his heart was set. Meanwhile, his native companions patiently awaited his recovery. During this detention, however, they had enough to engage their thoughts and time in the new world by which they were surrounded.

Wishing to take back to their country some of the wonderful and valuable articles they saw at Loanda, they employed themselves in going into the country and cutting firewood, which they sold to the inhabitants of the town. They sallied forth at cock-crowing in the mornings, and by daylight reached the uncultivated parts of the adjacent country, collected a bundle of firewood, and returned to the city. It was then divided into smaller fagots; and as they gave larger quantities than the regular wood-carriers, they found no difficulty in selling, and soon established a brisk trade. Mr. Gabriel also found them employment in unloading a collier at sixpence a day. They continued at this work for upwards of a month, and nothing could exceed their astonishment at the vast amount of cargo one ship contained. At last they gave it up in despair, having laboured, as they expressed it, every day from sunrise to sunset for a moon and a half, unloading, as quickly as they could, "stones that burn," and were tired out, still leaving plenty in her. With the money thus obtained they purchased clothing, beads, and other articles to carry home with them. In selecting calicoes they were well able to judge of the best, and chose such pieces as appeared the strongest, without reference to colour. These references to Livingstone's simple-minded attendants must not be concluded without a quotation from one of his letters, which states a fact equally honourable to them and to him. "Though compelled," he writes, "to part with their hard-won earnings in Loanda for food, on our way home, I never heard a murmur. The report they gave of the expedition, both in public and private, and their very kind expressions towards myself, were sufficiently flattering."

We cannot stay longer with our traveller on the west coast than to state that what he saw there led him to form a very high estimate of the extreme beauty and fertility of the country, and satisfied him that, under proper cultivation, few regions would prove more productive than the province of Angola. Here he found that the Mocha coffee, some seeds of which had many years since been introduced there by the Jesuits, had so propagated itself as to spread three hundred miles from the coast, where he met with it growing wild. Its cultivation is so simple, and its productiveness so great, that any one with ordinary energy, by merely clearing away the bush, could, in a short time, raise large crops and amass a fortune. While at Loanda he also visited several extinct convents and dilapidated churches, with other traces of a bygone period. His strength being now recruited, he prepared for his departure, greatly refreshed by the unbounded kindness he had received, and elate with the purpose and the prospect of the mighty achievement still before

him. He supplied himself with ammunition and beads, and a stock of cloth, and he gave each of his men a musket. He also purchased a horse for Sकेलेतु. The bishop furnished him with twenty carriers, and sent forward orders to the commandants of the districts to the east to render him every assistance. The merchants sent a present to Sकेलेतु, consisting of specimens of all their articles of trade, and two donkeys, that the breed might be introduced into his country, as the tsetse cannot kill those beasts of burden. His friends of the "Philomel" fitted him out also with a new tent, and, on the 20th of September, 1854, he and his party left Loanda, escorted by Mr. Gabriel, who, from his unwearied attentions and liberality to his men, had become endeared to all their hearts.

The party passed round by sea to the mouth of the river Bengo. Ascending this river, they went through the district in which stand the ruins of the convent of St. Antonio; thence into Icollo-i-Bengo, so named from having been the residence of a former native king. Mr. Gabriel now returned to Loanda, and Livingstone and his party proceeded to Golungo Alto; from which place he made a short excursion into some of the neighbouring districts, celebrated for their coffee plantations. On his return, he found several of his men suffering from fever, while one of them had gone out of his mind, who, however speedily recovered. While waiting for the recovery of his men, he visited the deserted convent of St. Hilarion, at Bango, situated in a magnificent valley, and now the residence of the Sova, or chief Bango, who still holds a place of authority under the Portuguese. The horse which the governor had kindly presented for Sकेलेतु was now seized with inflammation, and afterwards died on its journey.

On the 14th of December the travellers proceeded on their way to Ambaca. Owing to the weakness of the men who had been sick, they were able to march but short distances. The whole country looked fresh and green after recent rains, and everything so cheering, that they could not but wonder to find it so feverish. Leaving Ambaca, they crossed the Lucalla, and turned toward the south, in order to visit the famous rocks of Pungo Andongo. "The fort of Pungo Andongo is situated in the midst of a group of curious columnar-shaped rocks, each of which is upwards of three hundred feet in height. They are composed of conglomerate, made up of a great variety of rounded pieces in a matrix of dark-red sandstone. They rest on a thick stratum of this last rock, with very few of the pebbles in its substance. On this a fossil palm has been found, and if of the same age as those on the eastern side of the continent on which similar palms now lie, there may be coal underneath this, as well as under that at Tete. The gigantic pillars of Pungo Andongo have been formed by a current of the sea coming from the S. S. E., for, seen from the top, they appear arranged in that direction, and must have withstood the surges of the ocean at a period of our world's his-

tory, when the relations of land and sea were totally different from what they are now. The imbedded pieces in the conglomerate are of gneiss, clay shale, mica and sandstone schists, trap, and porphyry, most of which are large enough to give the whole the appearance of being the only remaining vestiges of vast primeval banks of shingle. Several little streams run amongst these rocks, and in the central part of the pillars stands the village, completely environed by well nigh inaccessible rocks.

"In former times the Portuguese imagined that this place was particularly unhealthy, and banishment to the black rocks of Pungo Andongo was thought by their judges to be a much severer sentence than transportation to any part of the coast; but this district is now well known to be the most healthy part of Angola. The water is remarkably pure, the soil is light, and the country open and undulating, with a general slope down towards the Coanza, a few miles distant. That river is the southern boundary of the Portuguese, and beyond, to the S. and S. W., we see the high mountains of the Libollo. On the S. E. we have also a mountainous country, inhabited by the Kimbonda or Ambonda, who are said to be a very brave and independent people, but hospitable and fair in their dealings. They are rich in cattle, and their country produces much bees-wax, which is carefully collected, and brought to the Portuguese, with whom they have always been on good terms."

Livingstone left Pungo Andongo on the 1st of January, 1855. His path lay along the right bank of the Coanza. On reaching the confluence of the Lombe, he left the river, and proceeded to the village of Malange. Leaving Malange, he passed quickly, without deviation, along the path by which he had come. He daily met long lines of carriers bearing large square masses of bees-wax, each about a hundred pounds' weight, and numbers of elephants' tusks, the property of Angolese merchants. Many natives were also proceeding to the coast on their own account, carrying bees-wax, ivory, and sweet oil. They appeared to travel in perfect security; and at different parts of the road, he purchased fowls from them at a penny each. The Makololo were now able to boast over the natives of these parts, who had endeavoured to frighten them on their way down, because they had actually entered ships, while these natives had only seen them at a distance. They were more than ever attentive to their leader, and assiduous in their endeavours to make him comfortable.

So far eastward as the authority of the Portuguese extended, our traveller was able, slowly indeed, and with many interruptions, but yet with comparative ease and safety, to pursue his course to Kasenge. But, unlike those travellers who are satisfied with a superficial survey of the regions through which they pass, he ascertained and recorded, as he went along, the latitude and longitude of its many points, so as to make the way of those who succeeded him perfectly plain. He corrected the maps of Angola and its adjoin-

ing districts, which, framed more upon native reports than astronomical observation, proved to be singularly erroneous. He fixed all the rivers he could possibly trace, and settled the confluence of their principal branches, and left no important place without fixing its position. These invaluable labours, however, with the numerous detours which he made from the direct path to places not previously visited, and the additional observations he was constantly taking, greatly retarded his progress.

On the 28th of February, they reached the banks of the Quango, where they were again received by Cypriano. He acted with his wonted kindness, though, unfortunately, drinking had got him so deeply into debt, that he was obliged to keep out of the way of his creditors. Crossing the Quango, they passed on without visiting their friend of the conical head-dress, to the residence of some Ambakistas, who had crossed the river in order to secure the first chances of trade in wax. These Ambakistas, or half-caste Portuguese, are famed for their love of learning, and are keen traders; and, as they write a peculiarly fine hand, they are generally employed as clerks—sometimes being called the Jews of Angola. The Bashinje, in whose country they now were, seem to possess more of the low negro character and physiognomy than either the Balonda or Basongo. “Their colour,” says Livingstone, “is generally dirty black, foreheads low and compressed, noses flat and much expanded laterally, though this is owing partly to the alæ spreading over the cheeks, by the custom of inserting bits of sticks or reeds in the septum; their teeth are deformed by being filed to points; their lips are large. They make a nearer approach to a general negro appearance than any tribes I met.” At one of their villages the head man attacked the travellers, and a large body rushed upon them as they were passing through a forest, and fired upon them. Livingstone’s coolness and courage, however, were more than a match for them, and they soon quietly returned home.

The travellers crossed the Loajima on the 30th of April. The people in these parts seemed more slender in form, and their colour a lighter olive than any they had before met. “They elaborately dress their hair in a number of ways. It naturally hangs down on their shoulders in large masses, which, with their general features, give them a strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians. Some of them twist their hair into a number of small cords, which they stretch out to a hoop encircling the head, giving it the resemblance of the glory seen in pictures round the head of the Virgin Mary. Others adorn their heads with ornaments of woven hair and hide, to which they occasionally suspend the tails of buffaloes. A third fashion is to weave the hair on pieces of hide, in the form of buffalo horns, projecting on either side of the head. The young men twine their hair in the form of a single horn, projecting over their forehead in front. They frequently tattoo their bodies, producing a variety of figures, in the form of stars. Although their

heads are thus elaborately dressed, their bodies are almost destitute of clothing."

After crossing two small streams, they reached Cabango, a village situated on the banks of the Chihombo. The country was becoming more densely peopled as they proceeded, yet its population was nothing compared with what it could easily sustain. Provisions were so plentiful and cheap that a fowl and a basket of meal were sold for a yard and a half of very inferior cotton-cloth, worth not more than three pence. The chief vegetable food is manioc and lotsa meal. These contain a very large proportion of starch, and when eaten alone for any length of time, produce most distressing heart-burn and weakness of vision. When these starchy substances, however, are eaten along with a proportion of ground-nuts, which contain a considerable quantity of oil, no injurious effects follow. Cabango is the dwelling place of Muanzanza, one of Matiamvo's subordinate chiefs. The population consists partly of natives, and partly of half-caste Portuguese from Ambaca, agents for the Kasenge traders. The cold in the mornings was now severe to the feelings, the thermometer ranging from 58° to 60° , though, when protected, sometimes standing as high as 64° ; at six A.M., when the sun is well up, the thermometer, in the shade, rises to 80° , and in the evenings it is about 78° . Leaving Cabango, they crossed several little streams running into the Chihombo on their left, and in one of them saw, for the first time in Africa, tree ferns. The trunk was about four feet high, and ten inches in diameter. They also saw grass trees of two varieties, which, in damp localities, had attained the height of forty feet. On crossing the Chihombo, about twelve miles above Cabango, they found it waist-deep and rapid. As soon as they got away from the track of the slave-traders, the more kindly spirit of the southern Balonda appeared, and generally they were well received at the villages.

On their arrival at the Kasai, most extortionate demands were made by Kawawa, an important personage in these parts, as the toll for crossing that river. A bullock, a gun, and a man, were the lowest terms upon which Livingstone and his party could be ferried over to the east bank. "Very well," said Livingstone, in the calmest possible manner, "I am sorry for it. What will you do with me?" "I can't say," replied the chief, "you must give me all you have got." Meanwhile, as the day was advancing, the chief, aware that, without canoes, it would be impossible for the travellers to get across, secretly ordered his people to convey them all away. Without, however, giving the wily savage reason to suppose that his design had been discovered, one of the party, while apparently looking with easy indifference in another direction, was carefully watching one of the canoes into a distant creek of the river, far, as it was supposed, beyond their reach. Night now gathered around them, the chief and the people returned to their tents, and when all was dark-

ness and silence, some of the Makololo, guided by their keen-eyed companion, stealthily tracked their way to the creek where the canoe was hidden; and, when the morning dawned, the extortioner, with mortification and rage, found his captives free and far beyond his reach, though his canoe had been safely returned.

After leaving the Kasai, they entered upon the vast level plains which they had formerly found in a flooded condition. The water on them was not yet dried up, but remained in certain hollow spots. Here they saw vultures floating in the air. Jet-black larks, with yellow shoulders, enlivened the mornings with their songs. "While passing across the interminable plains," writes our traveller, "the eye rests with pleasure on a small flower, which exists in such numbers as to give its own hue to the ground. One broad band of yellow stretches across our path. On looking at the flowers which formed this golden carpet, we saw every variety of that colour, from the palest lemon to the richest orange. Crossing a hundred yards of this, we came upon another broad band of the same flower, but blue, and this colour is varied, from the lightest tint to dark-blue, and even purple. I had before observed the same flower possessing different colours in different parts of the country, and once, a great number of liver-coloured flowers, which elsewhere were yellow. Even the colour of the birds changed with the district we passed through; but never before did I see such a marked change, as from yellow to blue, repeated again and again on the same plain. Another beautiful plant attracted my attention so strongly on those plains, that I dismounted to examine it. To my great delight, I found it to be an old home acquaintance, a species of *Drosera*, closely resembling our own sun-dew (*Drosera Anglia*). The flower-stalk never attains a height of more than two or three inches, and the leaves are covered with reddish hairs, each of which has a drop of clammy fluid at its tip, making the whole appear as if spangled over with small diamonds. I noticed it first in the morning, and imagined the appearance was caused by the sun shining on drops of dew; but, as it continued to maintain its brilliancy during the heat of the day, I proceeded to investigate the cause of its beauty, and found that the points of the hairs exuded pure liquid, in, apparently, capsules of clear glutinous matter. They were thus like dewdrops preserved from evaporation. The clammy fluid is intended to entrap insects, which, dying on the leaf, probably yield nutriment to the plant."

Soon after crossing the Kasai, Livingstone left behind him every unfriendly native, and, to use his own words, was "at home, received with enthusiasm at all the different towns and villages through which we passed, and wanted for nothing the people had to give. Still," he remarks, "the Africans are all deeply imbued with the spirit of trade. We found great difficulty in getting past many villages; every artifice was employed to detain us that we might purchase our suppers from them." On the 14th of June,

they reached the collection of straggling villages under the chieftainship of Katema, and were thankful to see old familiar faces again. The chief and his people manifested the greatest kindness; and assured them of all the friendly assistance he could give them on their journey. On departing from Livingstone's presence, he mounted on the shoulders of his spokesman, as the most dignified mode of retiring. The spokesman being a slender man, and the chief six feet high, and stout in proportion, there would have been a break down, had he not been accustomed to it.

On reaching the town of Shinte, they received a hearty welcome from this friendly old man, and abundant provisions of the best he had. On hearing the report of the journey, and receiving a piece of cotton cloth about two yards square, he said, "These Mambari cheat us by bringing little pieces only; but the next time you pass I shall send men with you, to trade for me in Loanda." After leaving with him a number of plants, among which were orange, cashew, custard, apple, and fig-trees, with coffee, acacias, and papaws, to be planted out in the enclosure of one of his principal men, the travellers left him on the sixth of July, and proceeded by their former path to the village of his sister Nyamoana. From her they received the loan of five small canoes, and, also, one of those they had left there before, to proceed down the Leeba. The Makololo purchased also a number of small canoes capable of carrying only two persons, from the Balonda. The price paid was a string of beads equal to the length of the canoe.

A short distance below the confluence of the Leeba and Lecambye, they met a number of hunters belonging to the tribe called Mambowe, who had with them dried flesh of hippopotami, buffaloes and alligators. "They stalk the animals by using the stratagem of a cap made of the skin of a leche's or poku's head, having the horns still attached, and another made so as to represent the upper white part of the crane called jabiru, with its long neck and beak above. With these on, they crawl through the grass; they can easily put up their heads so far as to see their prey without being recognised until they are within bow shot. They joined our party," says Livingstone, "and on the following day discovered a hippopotamus dead, which they had previously wounded. This was the first feast of flesh my men had enjoyed, for, though the game was wonderfully abundant, I had quite got out of the way of shooting, and missed perpetually. Once I went with a determination of getting so close that I should not miss a zebra. We went along one of the branches that stretch out from the river in a small canoe, and two men, stooping down as low as they could, paddled it slowly along to an open space near to a herd of zebras and pokus. Peering over the edge of the canoe, the open space seemed like a patch of wet ground, such as is often seen on the banks of a river, made smooth as the resting place of alligators. When we came within a few yards of it, we found, by the precipitate plunging of

the reptile, that this was a large alligator itself. Although I had been most careful to approach near enough, I unfortunately only broke the hind leg of a zebra. My two men pursued it, but the loss of a hind leg does not prevent this animal from a gallop.

"As I walked slowly after the men on an extensive plain covered with a great crop of grass, which was laid by its own weight, I observed that a solitary buffalo, disturbed by others of my own party, was coming to me at a gallop. I glanced around, but the only tree on the plain was a hundred yards off, and there was no escape elsewhere. I therefore cocked my rifle, with the intention of giving him a steady shot in the forehead, when he should come within three or four yards of me. The thought flashed across my mind, 'What if your gun misses fire?' I placed it to my shoulder as he came on at full speed, and that is tremendous, though generally he is a lumbering-looking animal in his pace. A small bush, and a bunch of grass fifteen yards off, made him swerve a little, and exposed his shoulder. I just heard the ball crack there as I fell flat on my face. The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded close past me on to the water, where he was found dead. In expressing my thankfulness to God among my men, they were much offended with themselves for not being present to shield me from this danger."

Our travellers reached the town of Libonta on July 27th; and were welcomed by the warmest demonstrations of joy, the women coming forth to meet them, with dancing and singing. They were looked upon as men risen from the dead, the diviners having pronounced them to have perished long ago. They were conducted to the kotla, or house of assembly, where Pitsane, one of the Makololo, delivered a long speech, describing the journey and the kind way in which they had been received at Loanda, especially by Mr. Gabriel. The next day Livingstone held a religious service, when his Makololo braves, arrayed in their red caps, and white suits of European clothing, attended. During the service they all sat with their guns over their shoulders and excited the unbounded admiration of the women and children. He addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving them from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease. The men of Libonta gave them two fine oxen for slaughter, and the women supplied them abundantly with milk, meal, and butter. Strangers came flocking from a distance, and seldom empty-handed. As they proceeded down the Barotse valley, they were everywhere received in the same cordial manner.

They parted with their kind Libonta friends on the 31st of July, and on the 1st of August reached Naliele. There they remained a fortnight. "I left Naliele," says Livingstone, "on the 13th of August, and when proceeding along the shore at mid-day, a hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one-half of it quite out of the water, so as nearly to overturn it.

The force of the butt she gave, tilted Mashauana out into the river; the rest of us sprang to the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, I saw her come to the surface a short way off, and look to the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. It was a female, whose young one had been speared the day before. No damage was done, except wetting person and goods. This is so unusual an occurrence, when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that my men exclaimed, 'Is the beast mad?' There were eight of us in the canoe at the time, and the shake it received shows the immense power of this animal in the water."

Resting for a few days at Sesheke, they proceeded to Linyanti, where the waggon and everything that was left in it in November, 1853, was found perfectly safe. A grand meeting was called to receive the traveller's report, and the articles which had been sent as presents by the governor and merchants of Loanda. The presents gave immense satisfaction; and on Sunday, Sekeletu made his appearance at church in his uniform, which attracted universal attention. Prior to this, Livingstone was a most extraordinary personage in the eyes of the Makololo; but now he was more exalted than ever. They expressed great satisfaction at the route which had been opened up, and proposed moving to the Barotse valley, that they might be nearer the great market. The unhealthiness of the climate, however, was justly considered a great drawback to the scheme. It was arranged that another party should go down to Loanda with a load of ivory; and Livingstone afterwards heard that they arrived there in safety. It must have been a great satisfaction to him to feel that he had thus opened out a way to the enterprise of these industrious and intelligent people.

Livingstone now began to make arrangements for performing his adventurous journey to the East Coast. He resolved not to remain at Linyanti longer than necessary; still nearly two months elapsed before he could leave. The preparations needful for such a journey were considerable; besides he was advised to wait till the rains had fallen and cooled the ground; and as it was near the end of September, and clouds were collecting, it was expected that they would soon commence. The heat was excessive; the thermometer, even in the shade of the waggon, stood at 100°, and if unprotected, rose to 110°; during the night it sank to 70°. Though compelled to wait so long, the missionary traveller was not idle; he was fully occupied in attending to the sick, and in preaching the gospel. His notes, made during the time, abound with descriptions of the habits and customs of the people. His conclusion as to their character was "that they are just a strange mixture of good and evil, as men are everywhere else." The children strongly resemble in many respects those of other nations. "They have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms as they walk about

with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and, stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their skirts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping rope, the play of the girls consists in imitating the serious work of their mothers—building little huts, making small pots and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens. The boys play with small spears and shields, or bows and arrows, or make little cattle-pens and cattle in clay, often showing much ingenuity in their imitations of the animals, especially of their horns.”

The reports made by Livingstone's companions to Loanda were so favourable, and the desire to find a passage to the east coast so strong, that as soon as he announced his intention of proceeding eastward, numerous volunteers offered their services to accompany him. He selected from among them a hundred and fourteen men; and Sekeletu appointed two as leaders of the company, one of whom had frequently travelled along the banks of the Zambesi, and spoke the various dialects of the people residing on them, and was, moreover, a man of sound judgment and prudence, and rendered great service to the expedition. All being now ready, on the 3rd of November, Livingstone bade adieu to his friends at Linyanti; and, accompanied by Sekeletu and about two hundred followers, set out on his eastward journey. They had scarcely started before a terrible storm burst upon them in all its fury. At times the lightning spread over the sky, forming eight or ten branches, like those of a gigantic tree. The light was such, although otherwise the night was dark, that the whole country was distinctly visible. The horses trembled, cried out, turning round to search for each other; while the thunder crashed with tremendous roars, and the rain fell in torrents. At last, they perceived a fire, left by some previous travellers, in the distance, and turned aside to rest by it. They were wet and cold; and Livingstone's baggage having gone on before, he had to lie down on the cold ground, when Sekeletu kindly covered him with his own blanket, remaining himself without shelter. The act was only one of many, illustrating the generous nature of this African chief.

After bidding farewell to Sekeletu, Livingstone and his companions sailed down the river to its confluence with the Chobo. He intended from here to strike across the country to the north-east, in order to reach the northern bank of the Zambesi. But he resolved, first of all, to visit the Falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mozioatunya, or more anciently, Shongwe. The following description of these falls is from the pen of our traveller himself:—“After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called ‘smoke,’ rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and bending in the direction of the wind,

they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, besides groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean 'far from home,' for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt, is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges three hundred or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees.

"When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards.

"The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. If one imagines the Thames filled

with low tree-covered hills immediately beyond Gravesend; the bed of black basaltic rock instead of London mud; and a fissure made therein from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of the tunnel through thirty miles of hills; the pathway being a hundred feet down from the bed of the river instead of what it is, with the lips of the fissure from eighty to one hundred feet apart; then fancy the Thames leaping bodily into the gulf, and forced there to change its direction, and flow from the right to the left bank, and then rush boiling and roaring through the hills—he may have some idea of what takes place at this, the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. (The sun was on the meridian, and the declination about equal to the latitude of the place.) From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure; and a few yards back from the lip, there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf; but as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapour, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

“On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass, moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls, is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall, is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark-brown in colour, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discoloured by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapour to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam,

exactly as bits of steel, when burnt in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray."

Having feasted his eyes long on what he considered the most wonderful sight he had beheld in Africa, Livingstone returned to Kalai, from which, bidding Sekeletu a final farewell, he set off northward to Kelone, through a beautiful country, on the 20th of November. Travelling in the north-east direction for about one hundred and forty miles, he rejoined the Zambesi at its confluence with the Kafue. At the point which our traveller had now attained, the junction of the two rivers, he came upon a fine range of hills, stretching along the east bank of the Kafue, far away to the north. By means of the boiling point of water (for he did not possess an aneroid barometer), he ascertained that the elevation which almost imperceptibly he had now attained, was four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The discovery was an important one, and connecting it with his previous observations of another ridge on the continent, of about the same height, one of the loftiest points of which is occupied by Lake Dilolo, he was irresistibly led to the conclusion, that the centre of Africa was an extended hollow, flanked by those two ridges, and that into the basin thus formed numberless streams flowed from these watersheds, which emptied themselves into the Zambesi.

Here, too, at the junction of the Kafue with the Zambesi, the vegetation differs from that which characterises the lowlands about Linyanti and Sesheke; but the most important fact is, that this is the commencement of a healthy district, stretching eastward to Tete. Of all his discoveries up to that time, Livingstone regarded this with the deepest interest, for he saw at once how pregnant it was with momentous consequences to the countless myriads of Africa. It was, moreover, the great object of which, through nearly six years of privation, toil, and suffering, he had been in quest. On the western ridge, indeed, he had traversed a district both salubrious and productive; but the difficulty of reaching it from the coast rendered it an unfit centre for missionary enterprise. But it was otherwise with the region he had now reached. Though he had not yet traced the Zambesi to the ocean, his inquiries and his reasonings on the point warranted the conclusion, that it would furnish a comparatively easy pathway into the interior. Filled with gladness and hope, and within sight of the noble stream, whose broad bright waters, winding through the rich expanded valley on his right, imparted life and loveliness to the scenery, while it nourished countless multitudes of creatures, called wild by us, but scarcely meriting that name in the

regions they have so abundantly peopled and so long possessed, our traveller pursued his elevated and pleasant path.

The high ground over which Livingstone now journeyed was the region in which, after their migration from the south, the Makololo first settled, having subdued the negro races, the previous possessors of the soil, since amalgamated with their conquerors. Here, the fatal fever which had decimated them since they sought a refuge among the reedy valleys and malarious swamps of the Chobe and the Sesheke, was scarcely known; and to this favoured district would they joyfully return, could they do so with safety. But this was prevented by the vicinity of the Matebele, who people the country to the south of the Zambesi. Our traveller clearly saw, however, that if he and his family could dwell amongst the Makololo, they might re-occupy this splendid region in security, as Moselekatse would never make war upon a people with whom dwelt a daughter of his friend Moffat.

Ranges of hills ran parallel with the Zambesi, and were about fifteen miles apart; those on the north approaching nearest the river. "The inhabitants on that side are the Batonga, those on the south side are the Banyai. The hills abound in buffaloes, and elephants are numerous, and many are killed by the people on both banks. They erect stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which the elephants come, and then use a large spear with a handle nearly as thick as a man's wrist, and four or five feet long. When the animal comes beneath they throw the spear, and if it enters between the ribs above, as the blade is at least twenty inches long by two broad, the motion of the handle, as it is aided by knocking against the trees, makes frightful gashes within, and soon causes death. They kill them also by means of a spear, inserted in a beam of wood, which, being suspended on the branch of a tree by a cord attached to a latch fastened in the path, and intended to be struck by the animal's foot, leads to the fall of the beam, and, the spear being poisoned, causes death in a few hours." Livingstone was struck with the fact that, as soon as he came between these ranges of hills, flanking the Zambesi, the rains felt warm. The thermometer stood at sunrise at from 82° to 86°; at midday, in the coolest shade, namely, in a little tent, under a shady tree, at 96° to 98°; and at sunset it was 86°. This was different from anything he had experienced in the interior, the rains there always bringing down the mercury to 72° or even 68°.

"Each village we passed," says Livingstone, "furnished us with a couple of men to take us to the next. They were useful in showing us the parts least covered with jungle. When we came near a village, we saw men, women, and children, employed in weeding their gardens, they being great agriculturists. Most of the men are muscular, and have large ploughmen hands. Their colour is the same admixture, from very dark to light-olive, that we saw in Loanda. Though all have thick lips and flat noses, only the

more degraded of the population possess the ugly negro physiognomy. They mark themselves by a line of little raised cicatrices, each of which is a quarter of an inch long; they extend from the tip of the nose to the root of the hair on the forehead. The women here are in the habit of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice until they can insert a shell. The lip then appears drawn out beyond the perpendicular of the nose, and gives them a most ungainly aspect." Rings are sometimes inserted in these orifices; the commonest are made of bamboo, but others are of ivory or metal. When the wearer tries to smile, the contraction of the muscles turns the ring upwards, so that its upper edge comes in front of the eyes, the nose appearing through the middle, while the whole front teeth are exposed by the motion, exhibiting the way in which they have been clipped to resemble the fangs of a cat or crocodile.

As the game was abundant and Livingstone's party very large, he had still to supply their wants with the gun, and slaughtered the oxen only when unsuccessful in hunting. He always entered into friendly relations with the head men of the different villages, and found no difficulty in obtaining grain and other food. One man gave him a basin full of rice, and when wished to sell some more, he asked in return for a slave. This was the first symptom of the slave-trade our travellers met on this side of the country. Selole, one of these village chiefs, instead of receiving them in a friendly way, considered them as his enemies; and, having summoned his followers, prepared for an attack. The reason of his acting in this manner was soon afterwards discovered. It appeared that an Italian, named Simoens, had married the daughter of a chief living north of Tete. Arming a party of fifty slaves with guns, he had ascended the river in a canoe from Tete, and attacked several inhabited islands beyond Makaba, taking large numbers of prisoners and much ivory. As he descended again with his booty, his party was dispersed, and he himself was killed while attempting to escape on foot. Selole imagined that the doctor was another Italian, hence his alarm, and unfriendly reception. Mburuma, another chief of the same tribe, who had on a previous occasion plundered a party of traders bringing English goods from Mozambique, laid a plan to plunder our travellers by separating them; but Livingstone, suspecting treachery, kept them well together.

On the 14th of January 1856, Livingstone and his party reached the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zumbesi. Here he met with the first traces of Europeans; but they were traces merely, memorials of a by-gone age. They consisted of some ruins of an old and long-deserted Portuguese town, called Zumbo. The situation was well chosen, with lofty hills in the rear, and a view of the two rivers in front. On one side of the church, which stood in the midst of the ruins, lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross. Formerly this was the most westerly occupation of that nation;

but for many years the tide of civilisation, which had risen so far, has receded to the east, and Tete has taken its place. Speaking of the situation of Zumbo, Livingstone remarks, that "the merchants, as they sat beneath the verandahs in front of their houses, had a magnificent view of the two rivers at their confluence—of their church at the angle, and of all the gardens they had on both sides of the rivers. In these they cultivated wheat without irrigation, and, as the Portuguese assert, of a grain twice the size of that at Tete. From the guides we learnt that the inhabitants had not imbibed much idea of Christianity, for they used the same term for the church bell, which they did for a diviner's drum." Then giving utterance to the purpose which lay dearest to his heart, he says, "It seemed such a pity that the important fact of the existence of the two healthy ridges which I had discovered, should not have become known in Christendom, for a refutation would thereby have been given to the idea that Africa is not open to the Gospel. But I read that Jesus said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; . . . and lo, *I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*' I took this as His word of honour, and then went out to take observations for latitude and longitude."

When our traveller left the Leangwa, he thought he had got rid of the hills; but he found that some still remained, though five or six miles from the river. Two riding oxen had been already killed by tsetse and the hills; and when the one that he now rode failed also, he was forced to march on foot. "The bush being very dense and high," he says, "we were going along among the trees, when three buffaloes, which we had unconsciously passed above the wind, thought that they were surrounded by men, and dashed through our line. My ox set off at a gallop, and when I could manage to glance back, I saw one of the men up in the air about five feet above a buffalo, which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When I got back to the poor fellow, I found that he had lighted on his face, and, though he had been carried on the horns of the buffalo about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced nor a bone broken. When the beasts appeared, he had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and before he could use a tree for defence, carried him off. We shampooed him well, and then went on, and in about a week he was able to engage in the hunt again."

Soon after this they found that they were approaching the European settlements, for one morning a person came to meet them who had on a jacket and hat. From him they understood that the Portuguese settlement of Tete was on the other bank of the river, and that the inhabitants had been engaged in war with the natives for some time past. This was disagreeable news, as Livingstone wished to be at peace with both parties. He found himself under peculiarly trying circumstances. He was no longer where the people thought

a "missionary was not a thing to be killed," but among tribes strange to him as he was to them. Navigation was somewhat difficult, partly through the scarcity of canoes, and partly in consequence of the rapids in this part of the Zambesi. Lions also were favoured and all but deified creatures; for the natives would not kill them, and, although they could not trust themselves to their clemency by night, and therefore slept in trees; by day, when anywhere in sight, they would approach them, though at a respectful distance, clapping their hands in token of veneration. And to complete the sum of our traveller's discomfort, he was now without an ox. It will not appear wonderful, therefore, and especially if we recall the treatment he had received from the natives of the west, when he reached a similar position relatively to the Portuguese settlement on the opposite coast, that he should deem it necessary to proceed with caution, almost amounting to stealth, in order to avoid collision with the ferocious and formidable bands who roamed uncontrolled over this region. "It was not likely," he writes, "I should know our course well, for the country there is covered with shingle and gravel, bushes, trees, and grass, and we were often without path, skulking out of the way of villages where we were expected to pay after the purse was empty. It was excessively hot and steamy; the eyes had always to be fixed on the ground to avoid being tripped. After that, I say, let those who delight in pedestrianism enjoy themselves. It is good for obesity, but for me, who had become as lean as a lath, the only good I saw in it was to enable an honest sort of fellow to realise completely the idea of the treadmill."

On his first coming into contact with the natives of this district they mistook Livingstone for a Portuguese, and would have attacked his party had they not been undeceived. As they approached the village of Mpende, that chief sent out his people to inquire who the travellers were. The messengers, on drawing near, uttered strange cries, and waved some bright red substance towards the strangers. Having lighted a fire, they threw charms into it and hastened away, uttering fearful screams, believing that they should thus frighten the travellers, and render them powerless. The Makololo, however, laughed at their threats; but Livingstone, fully believing that a skirmish would take place, ordered an ox to be killed, to feast his men and increase their courage. Mpende's whole tribe was assembled at about the distance of about half a mile; and every now and then a few came about Livingstone and his party as spies, and would answer no questions. To two of these he handed a leg of the ox on which his people were feasting, and desired them to take it to their chief. After waiting a considerable time in suspense, two old men made their appearance, and said they had come to inquire who he was. When he told them that he was an Englishman, and showed them his hair and white skin, they said, "We never saw skin so white as that. Ah! you must be one of the tribe that loves (literally, *has*

heart to) the black man." Finally the chief himself appeared, and expressing his regret that he had not known sooner who they were, ultimately enabled them to cross the river.

Proceeding on their journey, they met, on the 11th February, some native traders, and, as many of his men were in a state of nudity, Livingstone bought some American calico with two small tusks, and distributed it amongst the most needy. He now came to the Zingesi, a sand rivulet in flood, and thus describes the attempt to cross it:—"It was sixty or seventy yards wide, and waist-deep. Like all these sand-rivers, it is for the most part dry; but by digging down a few feet, water is to be found, which is percolating along the bed on a stratum of clay. This is the phenomenon which is dignified by the name of a 'river flowing under ground.' In trying to ford this I felt thousands of particles of coarse sand striking my legs, and the slight disturbance of our footsteps caused deep holes to be made in the bed. The water, which is almost always very rapid in them, dug out the sand beneath our feet in a second or two, and we were all sinking by that means so deep, that we were glad to relinquish the attempt to ford it before we got half way over; the oxen were carried away down the Zambesi. These sand-rivers remove vast masses of disintegrated rock before it is fine enough to form soil. The man who preceded me was only thigh-deep, but the disturbance caused by his feet made it breast-deep for me."

They found they had now reached a country where the game-laws were strictly enforced. "The lands of each chief are very well defined, the boundaries being usually marked by rivulets, great numbers of which flow into the Zambesi from both banks; and, if an elephant is wounded on one man's land, and dies on that of another, the under-half of the carcase is claimed by the lord of the soil; and so stringent is the law, that the hunter cannot begin at once to cut up his own elephant, but must send notice to the lord of the soil on which it lies, and wait until that personage sends one authorised to see a fair partition made. If the hunter should begin to cut up before the agent of the landowner arrives, he is liable to lose both the tusks and all the flesh. The hind-leg of a buffalo must always be given to the man on whose land the animal was grazing, and a still larger quantity of the eland, which here, and everywhere else in the country, is esteemed right royal food." The Makololo having killed an elephant, they had to send back a considerable distance to give information to the person in charge of the district, the owner himself living near the Zambesi. Their messenger returned with a basket of corn, a fowl, and a few strings of beads, a thank-offering to them for having killed it. The tusk of the side on which the elephant fell, belonged to the owner, while the upper was the prize of the sportsman. Had they begun to cut up the animal before receiving permission they would have lost the whole. The men feasted on their half of the

carcase, and for two nights an immense number of hyenas collected round, uttering their loud laughter.

"The people here build their huts in gardens on high stages. This is necessary on account of danger from the spotted hyena, which is said to be very fierce, and also as a protection against lions and elephants. The hyena is a very cowardly animal, but frequently approaches persons lying asleep, and makes an ugly gash on the face. Children, too, are sometimes carried off; for, though he is so cowardly that the human voice will make him run away at once, yet, when his teeth are in the flesh, he holds on, and shows amazing power of jaw. Leg-bones of oxen, from which the natives have extracted the marrow and everything eatable, are by this animal crunched up with the greatest of ease, which he apparently effects by turning them round in his teeth till they are in a suitable position for being split." The sun was now so excessively hot that ten or twelve miles a day were a good march for both Livingstone and his men; and it was not the length of the marches, but continuing day after day to perform the same distance, that was so fatiguing. They found great numbers of wild grape-vines growing in this quarter. So many of the vines had run across the little footpath they followed, that they had to be constantly on the watch to avoid being tripped.

The people who inhabit this part of the country are known as the Banyai; their government is a sort of feudal republicanism. They elect their chief, and choose the son of the deceased chief's sister in preference to his own offspring. When dissatisfied with one candidate, they even go to a distant tribe for a successor, who is usually of the family of the late chief, a brother, or a sister's son, but never his own son or daughter. "A great many of the Banyai are of a light coffee-and-milk colour, and indeed this colour is considered handsome throughout the whole country—a fair complexion being as much a test of beauty with them as with us. As they draw out their hair into small cords a foot in length, and entwine the inner bark of a certain tree round each separate cord, and dye this substance of a reddish colour, many of them put me in mind of the ancient Egyptians. The great mass of dressed hair which they possess reaches to the shoulders, but, when they intend to travel, they draw it up to a bunch, and tie it on the top of the head. They are cleanly in their habits." The favourite weapon with them is a large axe, which they carry over the shoulder, and which is chiefly used for hamstringing the elephant, in the same way as the Hamran Arab uses his sword. The Banyai, however, steals on the animal unawares, while the Hamran hunter attacks it when it is rushing in chase of one of his comrades, who gallops on ahead on a well-trained steed.

Debilitated as he now was, and most anxious for a resting place, Livingstone could not pass from Zumbo to Tete without fixing the position of many places lying in his route. At length he arrived within eight miles of the latter

town, where he knew he should meet with a hearty welcome and some of the comforts of that civilisation to which he had been so long a stranger. But so exhausted was he, that he could proceed no farther; and, though every persuasive was urged by his companions to induce him to make one more effort to attain the goal now in view, he was unable to rise from the ground for that purpose. Intelligence, however, had reached the ears of the Portuguese governor of that place of his proximity to it, and, with great consideration, he sent "the materials of a civilised breakfast." Happily, though our traveller had lost his strength, there was no failure of appetite; he, therefore, did justice to Portuguese hospitality, and, with the exception of the bed in which he slept at Loanda, after lying six months on the damp ground, he never realised more refreshment than from this welcome meal. Indeed, it so renewed his strength as to enable him, without any further sense of fatigue, at once to push on and complete the journey. He says, "I walked the last eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.'"

Livingstone reached Tete on the morning of March the 3rd, 1856. He was most kindly received by the Commandant, Major Sicard, who did everything in his power to restore the traveller from his emaciated condition; and, having ascertained that the season would not permit him safely to sail down the unhealthy delta of the Zambesi, Livingstone gratefully accepted the proffered hospitality of his kind host, and for a time took up his abode in this place. "The village of Tete is built on a long slope down to the river, the fort being close to the water. The rock beneath is grey sandstone, and has the appearance of being crushed away from the river; the strata have thus a crumpled form. The hollow between each crease is a street, the houses being built upon the projecting fold. The rocks at the top of the slope are much higher than the fort, and of course completely command it. There is then a large valley, and beyond that an oblong hill, called Karueira. The whole of the adjacent country is rocky and broken, but every available spot is under cultivation. The stone houses in Tete are cemented with mud instead of lime, and thatched with reeds and grass; the rains having washed out the mud between the stones, give all the houses a rough, untidy appearance. There are about thirty European houses, the rest are native, and of wattle and daub. A wall about ten feet high is intended to enclose the village, but most of the native inhabitants prefer to live on different spots outside. There are about twelve hundred huts in all, which, with European households, would give a population of about four thousand five hundred souls. Only a small proportion of these, however, live on the spot; the majority are engaged in agricultural operations in the adjacent country."

While at Tete, Livingstone was neither unobservant nor idle. One thing particularly struck and ever affected him—the noble river, so long the com-

panion of his travel, here, in a narrow part of it, one thousand yards broad, and capable of bearing fleets and merchandise up to the ports of the interior, flowing from hence three hundred miles idly towards the ocean. As he surveyed the region around him, he ascertained that Tete stood in the centre of an extensive coal-field, two seams of which (one of them fifty-eight inches thick) he discovered in the bank of a river, which here falls into the Zambesi. At another place, named Chicova, he found two other seams. It was reported that silver was also obtained here; but this statement he was unable to verify. It had, however, long been known that a large gold-producing district (which partly surrounded the coal-field) formerly yielded as much as a hundred and thirty pounds weight a year, but was now comparatively unproductive and inefficiently worked. The precious metal has hitherto only been sought for on the surface, where, however, in some districts, it is found in pieces as large as grains of wheat. Iron also, and a quality equal to the finest produced in Sweden, is abundant here, and is so tough and fibrous, that Livingstone says he has repeatedly seen the spear-heads of the natives, when they have been hurled against the impenetrable crania of hippopotami, coiled round like the proboscis of a butterfly, and then beat out again with stones into their previous state without the slightest injury.

Besides the vegetable productions found here, in common with other districts through which the traveller had passed, we may mention, as amongst the most important of those that are either peculiar to the locality, or very abundant in it, senna and cinchona. There are also numerous fibrous plants, and a species of cotton, which grows wild in great abundance, and which, under proper cultivation would doubtless yield a good return of capital and labour. Sugar and indigo, moreover, are indigenous to the country, and might be raised to almost any extent. The Makololo had no idea of the fact, that the cane with which they were so familiar could be made to yield its crystallised sweets; and Sकेletu, anxious to secure this, had intrusted our traveller with a large number of elephants' tusks with which to purchase the required machinery. In addition to the mineral and vegetable wealth of the regions through which Livingstone travelled, he mentions bees-wax, and says that, on passing through the country, the traveller is constantly addressed by the inviting note of the honey bird, calling him to follow it to the nests of the bee, but that the natives, while rifling the comb of its sweets, throw away the wax, which might become an article of profitable commerce.

As soon as Livingstone had recovered his strength, and the season permitted, he prepared to resume his journey to the coast. He found it necessary, however, to leave most of his men at Tete, and Major Sicard liberally gave them a portion of land that they might cultivate it, supplying them in the meantime with corn. He also allowed the young men to go out and hunt elephants with his servants, that they might purchase goods with the

ivory and dry meat, to take back with them on returning to their own houses. Sixteen of them our traveller retained as a crew, to convey him down the river to Kilimane. He left Tete on the 22nd of April, and arrived at Senna on the 27th. He had thought the state of Tete quite lamentable, but that of Senna was ten times worse. The village stands on the right bank of the Zambesi. There are many reedy islands in front of it, and there is much bush in the adjacent country. The soil is fertile; but the village, being in a state of ruin, and having several pools of stagnant water, is very unhealthy. The most pleasant sight witnessed here was the negroes building boats, after the European model, without any one to superintend their operations. They had been instructed by a European master, and had perfected themselves in the art. Some of the Makololo accepted employment here to carry government goods in canoes up to Tete, and were much pleased at getting the work; the rest, at their own earnest request, accompanied Livingstone to Kilimane. He reached this village on the 20th of May, 1856, when it wanted but a few days of being four years since he started from Cape Town.

In approaching the coast, he fixed the position of Senna, and every other important point on his way; and ascertained the fact that Kilimane, instead of standing at one of the mouths of the Zambesi, as previously believed, stood upon an insignificant stream, while the navigable extreme of that river was further south. At Kilimane, he was received into the house of Colonel Nunes, one of the best men in the country, and there most hospitably entertained. Referring to the kindness he thus received from various friends, he says:—"One of the discoveries I have made is, that there are vast numbers of good people in the world, and I do most devoutly tender my unfeigned thanks to that Gracious One who mercifully watched over me in every position, and influenced the hearts of both black and white to regard me with favour."

As a severe famine had existed in the neighbourhood of Kilimane, and food was very scarce, our traveller advised the Makololo who had accompanied him down to the sea, to go back to Tete as soon as possible, and await his return from England. Though they still earnestly wished to accompany him, because Sekeletu had advised them not to part with him till they had reached Ma-Robert, as they called Mrs. Livingstone, and brought her back with them, yet, acting under the counsel of their leader, they consented to return. With the smaller tusks he had in his possession, he purchased calico and brass wire, and sent the former back as clothing to those who remained at Tete. The remaining twenty tusks he deposited with Colonel Nunes, in order that, should he be prevented from revisiting the country, it might not be supposed that he had made away with Sekeletu's ivory. He instructed Colonel Nunes, in case of his death, to sell the tusks and deliver the proceeds to his men; but he intended, if his life should be prolonged, to purchase the

goods ordered by Sekeletu in England with his own money, and pay himself out of the price of the ivory.

"The village of Kilimane stands on a great mud bank, and is surrounded by extensive swamps and rice-grounds. The banks of the river are lined with mangrove-bushes, the roots of which, and the slimy banks on which they grow, are alternately exposed to the sun. It is almost needless to say that Kilimane is very unhealthy. A man of plethoric temperament is sure to get fever; and, concerning a stout person, one may hear the remark, 'Ah! he will not live long, he is sure to die.'" After Livingstone had waited about six weeks at this unhealthy spot, H.M. Brig "Frolic" arrived off Kilimane and he went on board, accompanied by Sekwebu, one of his companions from Linyanti, whom he agreed to take to England.

On the 12th of July, the "Frolic" sailed for Mauritius. Poor Sekwebu was greatly excited by the sight and motion of the sea. When they first put off to the ship, at Kilimane, the sea was running high, and, as the boat rose and sunk with every billow, he turned to Livingstone, and with a look and tone indicative of no ordinary excitement, not unminged with alarm, said, "Is *this* the way you go?" Though repeatedly assured that they were approaching the ship, he often renewed the question. As they were entering the harbour of St. Louis on the 12th of August, the sight of a steamer, which came out to tow the brig into harbour, so affected him, that during the night he became insane, and threatened to drown himself. By gentle treatment, he became calmer, and Livingstone tried to get him on shore, but he refused to go. In the evening he grew more violent, and after attempting to spear one of the crew, he leaped overboard, and pulling himself hand under hand by the chain cable, disappeared. His body was never found. After remaining at the Mauritius till he had recovered from the effects of his African fever, our traveller sailed by way of the Red Sea for England, and arrived on the 12th of December, 1856. Already, he had accomplished more than any previous traveller in Africa; but it was only a small part of what he afterwards achieved.

CHAPTER IV.

Discoveries of Captain Speke—His Expedition to the Somali Country—Returns to England—Joins Captain Burton in an Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon—They reach Zanzibar—Cross to Kae'e—Arrive at Kach—Illness of Burton—Sight of the Tanganyika Lake and Mountains of the Moon.—Goes up the Lake to Ujiji—Crosses the Lake—Returns to Ujiji—Discovers Lake Nyanza—Rejoins Burton at Kach—They arrive in England.

CAPTAIN JOHN HANNING SPEKE, the son of a gentleman of property in England, was an officer in the Indian army, and had taken part under Lord Gough in several of the battles which have made the British name feared in the East. At various intervals, during leave of absence from his military duties, he had travelled in the Himalaya Mountains, as well as through other parts of India and in Thibet, for the purpose of collecting specimens of the fauna of those countries to form a museum in his father's house. These journeys fostered his natural love of travel and adventure; and while thus occupied he resolved, as soon as he could obtain furlough, to go to Africa, intending to visit the Mountains of the Moon, and descend the Nile. "At the end of ten years' service, on obtaining furlough, hearing that an expedition was to be sent by the Indian Government, under the command of Lieutenant Burton, to explore the Somali country, a large tract lying due south of Aden, and separated from the Arabian coast by the Gulf of Aden, he offered his services and was accepted. Two other Indian officers, Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne, also joined the expedition. The Somali are Mohammedans, descendants of Arabs who have married with Negroes. They are a savage, treacherous race, noted for their cheating and lying propensities; in figure tall, slender, light, and agile, scarcely darker than Arabs, with thin lips and noses, but woolly heads like Negroes. Their ancestors, having taken possession of the country, drove out its former Christian inhabitants, who retreated northward. Caravans, however, pass through their country to their only port and chief market, Berbera, which at the time of the fair is crowded with people, though entirely deserted for the rest of the year.

"It was proposed that the expedition should follow the route of these

caravans, or accompany one of them, and thus penetrate through the country into the interior. Considerable time was spent in making excursions for short distances, during which Speke shot a large number of wild animals; but unfortunately the *abban*, or petty chief, who undertook to be his protector and guide, proved to be a great rascal, and cheated and deceived him in every possible way. The Somali are keen and cunning sportsmen, and have various methods of killing elephants, ostriches, and gazelles. They fearlessly attack an elephant on foot, one man only being mounted on a horse, who gallops in front, and while the animal pursues him, the others run in and hamstring him with their knives. Ostriches are caught by throwing down poison at the spots where they feed. The Somali also hunt them on the backs of their hardy little ponies. The ostrich is a shy bird, and is so blind at night that it cannot feed. A Somali knowing this, providing himself with provisions for two or three days, sets off in search of them; showing himself to the ostriches, he is discovered, but takes care to keep at a distance. They stalk off, and he follows at the same rate, but never approaches sufficiently near to scare them. At night the birds, unable to see, stop, but cannot feed. He, meantime, rests and feeds with his pony, resuming the chase the following day. He follows the birds in the same way as at first, they, from constant fasting, becoming weaker, till, after the second or third day, he is able to ride in among them, and knock them down in succession.

“The party had at length secured, after considerable trouble, the camels and horses they required, and were encamped at Berbera, which was completely deserted by its inhabitants, when they were surprised at night by a large band of robbers. Lieutenant Stroyan was killed, and Speke was made prisoner and desperately wounded, but, springing to his feet just as a robber was about to run him through with his spear, he knocked over his assailant with his hands, though bound together, and made his escape to the sea-shore, to which the rest of the party had already fled. They were here taken on board a vessel, which had providentially put in the day before, and in her returned to Aden.” Such was the disastrous termination of Speke’s first expedition to Africa; nevertheless, on his arrival in England, he again volunteered to accompany Lieutenant Burton on an expedition to survey that part of the centre of Africa, in the neighbourhood of the Mountains of the Moon, where an enormous lake, equal in size to the Caspian Sea, was supposed to exist. Having obtained the necessary equipments in the scientific and other departments in England and India during 1856, they set sail from Bombay on the 3rd of December of that year, for Zanzibar, on board the H.E.I.C. Sloop of War, “*Elphinstone*.” They were warmly welcomed at Zanzibar by the British Consul, Colonel Hamerton; and were also well received by the Sultan Majid. As their arrival was during the dry season, they were unable, immediately, to commence their journey, and therefore they spent some time

in visiting different parts of the coast. They left Zanzibar at the end of June, 1857, in a vessel of war, lent by Sultan Majid, to convey them across to Kaole, a village on the mainland, a little south of the Kingani River. Their caravan consisted of an Arab, called Sheikh Said, who was the *Ras-casila*, or head of the caravan; some Belooch soldiers, lent them by the sultan; some porters of the Wanyamuezi tribe, negroes, who inhabit a large portion of Central Africa, and a host of donkeys, for riding and carrying their spare kit. Besides these, they hired a number of slaves, to carry muskets in the manner of guards, as well as to do odd jobs. They had also their private servants, Valentine and Gaetano, Goa men, who spoke Hindostanee, and a clever little liberated black slave, called Bombay, who had been captured from his native place to the east of Lake Nyanza, and sold to an Arab merchant, by whom he was taken to India. At the death of this master, he obtained his liberty, and made his way to Zanzibar. Here he engaged in the service of the sultan, and was so employed till he transferred himself to Speke.

Leaving Kaole, the expedition passed through a low hilly tract of coast-line, diversified with flats and terraces, well-peopled and cultivated, and rich in tree-forests and rich tropical vegetation. After travelling about one hundred and ten miles, they came to the first great elevation of Eastern Africa, a hilly district, about ninety miles broad, and composed chiefly of granite and sandstone. It is occupied by the Wasagara tribe—a people who live in lightly-constructed conical huts of grass and wicker-work, tend cattle, and cultivate extensively, when not disturbed by the slave-hunters, who live nearer the coast. On descending the western side of the hilly district, they found an elevated plateau of rather poor land, extending westward for two hundred miles, and of an average altitude of from two thousand five hundred to four thousand feet. Here live the Wagogo and the Wanyamuezi tribes, in huts of a very civilised appearance, and far more comfortable than those possessed by any other interior clans. The men are industrious, occupying their time mostly in trafficking with the coast, or tilling ground and tending cattle; while many of them are rope-makers, smiths, weavers, and carpenters. At Kazeh, an Arab depot, in the country of the latter tribe, their porters took their discharge, and dispersed to their homes. After waiting a month or so reforming their caravan, they proceeded westwards in the height of the monsoon, and passed through a highly cultivated country, which, by determining with the thermometer the temperature at which water boiled, Speke found gradually declined as they proceeded, and in a hundred and forty-five miles made a remarkable descent of eighteen hundred feet. In this region, rice, sugar-cane, and all Indian productions, grow in great profusion, and the people weave their cotton into loin cloths. After travelling along this decline about one hundred and fifty miles, they began to ascend at

the eastern horn of a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of Lake Tanganyika.

Their line of march, about six hundred rectilinear geographical miles, had been nearly due west from Zanzibar. Speke's condition was by this time distressing in the extreme, and his disappointment bitter, after toiling through so many miles of savage life, all the time emaciated by divers sicknesses, and weakened by great privations of food and rest, to find, on approaching the object of his ambition, nothing but mist and glare before his eyes. From the mountain crest, the Tanganyika Lake could be seen in all its glory by every body but himself. The fact was that fevers, and the influence of a vertical sun, had so reduced his system that inflammation, caught by sleeping on the ground in the rainy season, attacked his eyes, brought on an almost total blindness, and rendered every object before him enclouded as by a misty veil. Descending the western slopes of the hill, they soon arrived at the margin of the lake, and hired a canoe at a village called Ukaranga, to take them to Ujiji. Speke describes the Tanganyika Lake as lying between 3° and 8° south latitude, and in 29° east longitude, three hundred miles long, from thirty to forty feet broad in the centre, but tapering towards each end. It is sunk into the lap of the surrounding mountains, and drains all their waters into its bosom. Its waters are very sweet, and abound with a great variety of delicious fish. Numerous tribes of the true Negro breed thickly inhabit its shores, amongst which the most conspicuous are the Wabembe cannibals. The port Speke and his party finally arrived at was Kawele, a small village in the Ujiji district, the chief of which they found unfriendly and unreasonable, who made them pay a heavy price for his protection.

Their first object on arrival was to get boats for the survey of the lake; but this they found a difficult task. The border tribes were all at war with one another; and the small canoes were liable to be driven ashore by the slightest storm, and were of such limited capacity as to be of small service in carrying supplies. The sailors therefore would not undertake an extended voyage. At length, Speke and a motley crew set out, on the 3rd of March, 1858, in a long narrow canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree, leaving Burton behind, who was too ill to move. Almost immediately after starting, a storm came on, while they were encamped on the shore of the lake, waiting for some of the party who were behind to come up. All next day the storm continued. Even the hippopotami, to judge by the frequency of their snorts and grunts, as they indulged in their devastating excursions among the crops, seemed angry at the unusual severity of the weather. On the 5th, the sea subsided, they re-loaded their boat, and proceeded on their voyage.

Speke thus describes the arrangement of himself and the crew in the boat:—"To pack so many men together, with material, in so small a place

as the canoe affords, seems a difficulty almost insurmountable. Still it is effected. I litter down amidships, with my bedding spread on reeds, in so short a compass that my legs keep slipping off and dangling in the bilgewater. The cook and bailsman sit on the first bar, facing me; and behind them, to the stern, one-half of the sailors sit in couples; whilst on the first bar behind me are Bombay and one Belooch, and beyond them to the bow, also in couples, the remaining crew. The captain takes post in the bows, and all hands on both sides paddle in stroke together. Fuel, cooking apparatus, food, bag and baggage, are thrown promiscuously under the seats. But the sailors' blankets, in the shape of grass matting, are placed on the bars to render the sitting soft. Once all properly arranged, the seventeen paddles dash off with vigour, and, steering southwards, we soon cross the mouth of the Ruche."

They paddled on all night, and in the morning landed in a secluded nook, familiar to the men, for the purpose of having breakfast. Soon there was a busy scene. Some collecting fuel, others preparing their fishing-rods and nets, others searching for fungi (a favourite food), others kindling the fires, and others arranging the cooking-pots. The cook-boy got into trouble, by dipping his pot in the sea for water, greatly to the annoyance of the natives, who declared that the dregs from it would excite the appetites of the crocodiles, who would be sure to follow and, perhaps, board the boat. The sailors here have as great an aversion to being followed by a crocodile as British sailors have to be followed by a shark. After breakfast a cry of alarm arose, and all fled to the boat. Then breathless silence followed; and one after another, they leaped on shore again, and stealthily moved and crept among the bushes, till at last a single man was pounced upon, with an arrow poised in his hand. He was one of eight or ten men of a tribe whom the sailors declared to be the general plunderers of honest navigators. They therefore seized his weapons, broke them and let him go; though some of the crew advocated his death, and others proposed that the whole party should be chased down and slaughtered. The sailors then returned to the canoe, each boasting his part in this adventurous exploit. Starting again on their voyage, they gained the mouth of the Malagarazi, the largest river on the eastern shore of the lake. Here tall aquatic reeds diversified the surface; and crocodiles and hippopotami abounded, the latter grunting and snorting, as though much vexed at this intrusion on their privacy.

The deep blue waters of the lake contrasted with the verdure of the vegetation and the large brown rocks along the coast, and formed everywhere an object of immense attraction. On the morning of the 8th, they reached a group of islands on the western shore of the lake, three only of which were inhabited; and a watch-boat belonging to Sultan Kasanga, the reigning chief of the group, challenged them and asked their mission. When they landed,

the islanders, receiving intelligence of their arrival, came down the hill of which the island is formed in great numbers, and held a market; but as Speke was unprovided with what they wanted, little business could be done. The chief desideratum was flesh of fish or beast, next salt, then tobacco—in fact, anything but what he had brought as market money—cloth and glass beads. The day passed in rest and idleness; and at night there was a violent storm. When the storm subsided, a host of small black beetles appeared, evidently attracted by the glimmer of the candle, which had been lit to re-arrange the tent and its furniture. It seemed hopeless to try to brush them off the clothes or bedding. They crawled up our traveller's sleeves and into his hair, and down his back and legs. One of them penetrated his ear, and the result was most disastrous. "What to do," he says, "I knew not. Neither tobacco, oil, nor salt, could be found; I therefore tried melted butter; that failing, I applied the point of a penknife to his back, which did more harm than good; for though a few thrusts kept him quiet, the point also wounded my ear so badly that inflammation set in; severe suppuration took place, and all the facial glands, extending from that point down to the point of the shoulder, became contorted and drawn aside, and a string of bubos decorated the whole length of that region. It was the most painful thing I ever remember to have endured; but more annoying still, I could not open my mouth for several days, and had to feed on broth alone. For many months the tumour made me almost deaf, and ate a hole between that orifice and the nose, so that when I blew it, my ear whistled so audibly that those who heard it laughed. Six or seven months after this accident happened, bits of the beetle, a leg, a wing, or parts of its body, came away in the wax. It was not altogether an unmixed evil, for the excitement occasioned by the beetle's operations acted towards my blindness as a counter-irritant, by drawing the inflammation away from my eyes. Indeed, it operated far better than any other artificial appliance."

Kivira, where Speke was now encamped, is the largest island of the group, and consists of a massive, irregularly-shaped hill, about five miles long, by two or three broad. The mainland immediately west is a promontory at the southern end of the Uguhha mountains. "The population is considerable, and they live in mushroom huts, situated on the high flats and easier slopes, where they cultivate manioc, sweet potato, maize, millet, various kinds of pulse, and all the common vegetables in general use about the country. Poultry abounds in the villages. The dress of the people is simple, consisting of small black monkey-skins, cat-skins, and the furs of any vermin they can get. These are tucked under a waist-strap, and, according to the number they possess, go completely or only half-way round the body, the animals' heads hanging in front, and the tails always depending gracefully below. These monkeys are easily captured when the maize is ripe, by a number of people stealthily staking small square nets in contiguous line all round the fields

which these animals may be occupied in robbing, and then, with screams and yells, flinging sticks and stones, the hunters rush upon the affrighted thieves till, in their hurry and confusion to escape, they become irretrievably entangled in the meshes. But few of these islanders carry spear or bow, though I imagine all possess them."

Early on the morning of the 10th, they quitted Kivira, and paddled to the little island of Kabizia, reaching the famous fish-market there, just in time to breakfast on a fresh-caught fish, the celebrated *singa*—a large, ugly black-backed monster, with white belly, small fins, and long barbs, but no scales. In appearance it is a sluggish ground-fish; and though immoderately and grossly fat, yet it is highly esteemed by the natives. There is only one village, of twenty small huts, on the island. The inhabitants are chiefly fishermen, who live on their spoils, and dispose of what they cannot consume to the neighbouring islanders and the villagers on the mainland. The following day, Speke and his party re-embarked, and after paddling for about an hour and a half, arrived at the island of Kasenge, the place of his destination. Here Sheikh Hamed, with many attendants, and a host of natives, was waiting to receive him. This Arab merchant lived in a house built of good, substantial walls of mud, and roofed with rafters and brushwood, the rooms being conveniently partitioned off to separate his wife and other belongings, with an ante-room for general business. His object in coming to this remote district was to purchase ivory, slaves, and other commodities. His reception of our traveller was most generous and hospitable.

The island of Kasenge is about one mile long, a narrow high ridge of land lying nearly due north and south, devoid of trees, and only partly cultivated. The population is considerably more than that of the other ports. They are extremely filthy in their habits, very inquisitive, and, from having no industrial occupations, will stand for hours together, watching any strange object. In appearance, they are not much unlike the Caffre. The women are better dressed than the men, having a cloth round the body, fastened under the arms, and reaching below the knees, and generally beads, brass necklaces, or other ornaments; while the latter only wear a single goat-skin, slung game-bag fashion over the shoulder, or, when they possess it, a short cloth, tied kilt-fashion round the waist. "The mothers of these savage people," says Speke, "have infinitely less affection than many savage beasts of my acquaintance. I have seen a mother bear, galled by constant fire, obstinately meet her death, by repeatedly returning under a shower of bullets, endeavouring to rescue her young from the grasp of intruding men. But here, for a simple loin cloth or two, human mothers eagerly exchange their little offspring, delivering them into perpetual bondage to my Belooch soldiers." Speke found—what all African travellers have found—that the great curse of that land is slavery. The true prosperity of Africa will commence only with the

cessation of the traffic in human flesh. Let this be entirely suppressed, and the country will soon yield a hundredfold more than it has ever yet done.

Speke took his final departure from Kivira on the morning of the 27th, and crossed the broad lake again in fourteen hours, two of them, as before, being spent in smoking and rest. The following day he started early up the coast; but before noon was obliged to put in amongst some reeds opposite the Luguvu River, as the wind, rain, and waves, had very nearly swamped the boat, and drenched them all from head to foot. He pitched the tent in the canoe, to protect himself from the storm, but it only served to keep the wind from blowing on his wet clothes and giving him a chill, for wave after wave washed over the gunwale, and kept him constantly drenched. Three miserable hours were passed in this fashion; for there was no place to land in, and they could not venture forward. In the afternoon the sea abated, and they pursued their voyage. They arrived at Ujiji by breakfast-time on the 31st, and found Captain Burton somewhat recovered. Thus ended Speke's first independent travel in Central Africa.

Burton was still suffering much, yet as it was necessary that they should proceed at once with the investigation of the lake, he could not endure to be left behind. It was therefore settled that the party should go in two canoes—Burton, with Kannina, the chief who had some commercial transactions with the Sultan of Uvira, in a very large one, paddled by forty men; and Speke in another, much smaller. After arriving, however, at Uvira, nothing could induce Kannina to take them to the river at the end of the lake, although they could have accomplished the distance in six hours. His reason was, that the people resident there and his own people were hostile to each other. They learnt here, from the son of the Sultan of Uvira, that a large river, called Rusizi, drained the high mountains encircling the immediate north, and discharged its waters into the lake. On coming up the lake, they travelled the first half up the east coast, then crossed over to the end of a long island, called Ubwari, made for the western shore, and coasted up it to Uvira. It was very amusing to see the two canoes racing together. The naked savages were never tired of testing their respective strengths; and dashing up the water whenever they succeeded in coming near each other, delighted in drenching the travellers with the spray. Returning to Ujiji, after a rather protracted sojourn at Uvira, occasioned by Kannina's not completing his work so quickly as had been anticipated, they found their stock of beads and cloth, which had been left in charge of Sheikh Said, reduced so greatly, that they felt very anxious about their future movements. Just at this crisis, however, by great good fortune, some supplies were brought to them by an Arab, called Mohinna, an old friend whom they had left at Kazeh, and who had now followed them to Ujiji, to trade in ivory. This timely supply was one of the many strokes of good luck which befell them upon their journey. Speke's health was now much

improved, and carrying Burton, who was still unable to walk, in a hammock, he soon set out for Ujiji, in search of a lake said by the Arabs to be both broader and longer than Tanganyika, and to which they gave the name of Ukerewe, but which the negroes merely called Nyanza, or the lake. The weather was very fine, and they marched rapidly across the eastern horn of the mountains back to the ferry on the Malagarazi. They reached this river early in June; and, after crossing it, they hurried along, and reached Kazeh towards the end of that month. Here they were hospitably received by Sheikh Snay, the principal Arab merchant of the depot, and who, on their former visit, was the first to tell them of the Nyanza, or, as he called it, the unknown sea. He had travelled up its western flank to Kibuga, the capital of the kingdom of Uganda. His statements were corroborated by a Hindi merchant, called Musa, who also gave an interesting description of the country northward of the line, and the rivers which flowed out of the lake.

On the 9th of July, Speke, leaving Burton behind, left Kazeh, with his caravan, to explore Northern Unyamuezi, and discover Lake Nyanza, which he supposed was the fountain-head of the Nile. The caravan consisted of a Kirangozi, or leader, twenty Pagazis, ten Belooches as guard, Bombay, Mabruk, and Gaetano, escorting a kit sufficient for six weeks. The first day or two the journey was rendered unpleasant, both by the character of the road, and the discontent and grumbling of several members of the caravan. On the third day, they passed two Wasukumas caravans, one of ivory, destined for the coast, and the other conveying cattle to the Unyanyembe markets. Though the country through which they passed was wild and uninhabited, they saw no game but a troop of zebras, which were so wild that they could not get near them.

“Up to this point the villages, as is the case in all central Unyamuezi, are built on the most luxurious principles. They form a large hollow square, the walls of which are their huts, ranged on all sides of it in a sort of street consisting of two walls, the breadth of an ordinary room, which is partitioned off to a convenient size by interior walls, of the same earth-construction as the exterior ones, as our Sepoys’ lines are made in India. The roof is flat, and serves as a store place for keeping sticks to burn, drying grain, pumpkins, mushrooms, or any vegetables they may have. Most of these compartments contain the families of the villagers, together with their poultry, brewing utensils, cooking apparatus, stores of grain, and anything they possess. The remainder contain their flocks and herds, principally goats and cows, for sheep do not breed well in the country, and their flesh is not much approved of by the people. What few sheep there are appear to be an offshoot from the Persian stock. They have a scraggy appearance, and show but the slightest signs of the fat-rumped proportions of their ancestors. The cows, unlike the noble Tanganyika ones, are small and short-horned, and of various colours. They

carry a hump like the Brahminy bull, but give very little milk. In front of nearly every house you see large slabs of granite—the stones on which the jowari is ground by women, who, kneeling before them, rub the grain down to flour with a smaller stone, which they hold with both hands at once. Thus, rubbing and grinding away, their bodies sway monotonously to and fro, while they cheer the time by singing and droning in cadence to the motion of their bodies.”

Towards the close of their day's journey, on the 12th, a laughable scene took place between our traveller's caravan and an ivory caravan of Wasukumas. As they approached each other from opposite directions, the two leaders slowly advanced, marching in front, their heads awry, their eyes steadfastly fixed on each other, their bodies held motionless and strictly poised, like rams preparing for a fight. All at once they rushed in with their heads down, and kept butting one another till one gave way. The rest of the caravan then commenced a general melee. Speke, in his ignorance would have attempted to separate the contending parties, but, as they were all black together, he found it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Stopping to laugh at his excitement, they assured him that it was only a common custom of the country when two strange caravan-leaders meet, and each doubts who should take the supremacy in choice of side. In a minute or two they all separated amid loud laughter, and each went his way. On the morrow, Speke and his party entered a district governed by a sultana. She was the first and only female whom he had seen in that position, though she succeeded to it after the custom of the country. In the evening she sent a message to the traveller, having heard of his approach, to request the pleasure of his company at her house the next day. He wished to be allowed to go and see her at once; but the messenger replied that it would be impossible to reach her abode till after dark, and she would not have the pleasure of seeing him sufficiently well. The visit was therefore to be in the morning; and in the morning it took place.

After a walk of twelve miles, without breakfast, he had the satisfaction of seeing the palisadoed royal abode. On entering the yard, he found it full of cows, which were being milked at mid-day; but though he had tasted nothing, he was not able to get a drop. The negroes at once began beating a couple of large drums, half as tall as themselves, made something like a beer-barrel, covered on the top with a cow-skin stretched tightly over. This drumming, which was an announcement of their arrival and a mark of royal respect, lasted about ten minutes, when a body of slaves appeared, and requested the strangers to follow them. They were led through various passages into the centre of the sultana's establishment. A cow-skin was spread, and a wooden stool set for Speke, that he might sit upon it, having his suite squatted in a circle around him. The lady's-maid first appeared. She was lame and dirty,

but her happy-looking face encouraged the hungry and thirsty traveller to ask for eggs and milk. These provisions were speedily procured, and devoured with greediness. The maid, having retired, now re-appeared, bringing with her her mistress, a short, stumpy old dame, over whose head at least sixty summers must have passed. Her nose was short, squat, and flabby at the end, and her eyes were bald of brows and lashes; but her face beamed with smiles, and her manner was full of energy. Her dress was an old coloured cloth, dirtier even than her maid's. "The large joints of all her fingers were bound with small copper wire, her legs staggered under an immense accumulation of anklets made of brass wire wound round elephant's tail or zebra's hair; her arms were decorated with huge solid brass rings, and from other thin brass wire bracelets depended a great assortment of wooden, brazen, horn, and ivory ornaments, cut in every shape of talismanic peculiarity."

Squatting down by the traveller's side her royal highness at once shook hands with him, and then began to examine every part of his clothing—his shoes, his overalls, his waistcoat, more particularly the buttons, and then his coat. She so much admired this latter garment, that she wished he would present it to her that she might wear it herself. She then declared his hands to be as soft as a child's, and likened his hair to a lion's mane. After this, she withdrew into her privacy, and Speke retraced his steps, a good five hour's walk. Proceeding on his journey, he came to the district of Msalala. At this place he witnessed the odd operation of brother-making. It consists in the two men desirous of a blood-tie being seated face to face on a cow's hide, with their legs stretched out as wide to the front as their length will permit, one pair overlapping the other. They then place their bows and arrows across their thighs, and each holds a leaf; at the same time a third person, holding a pot of oil or butter, makes an incision above their knees, and requires each to put his blood on the other's leaf, and mix a little oil with it, when each anoints himself with the brother-salve. This operation over, the two brothers bawl forth the names and extent of their relatives, and swear by the blood to protect the other till death. The cattle of this district surpassed anything our traveller had seen in Africa. Large droves, tended by a few men each, were to be seen in every direction over the extensive plains, and at night every village was filled with them. The cultivation also was as abundant as the cattle were numerous, and the climate was delightful. The evenings and the mornings were particularly serene, but the middle of the day, though pleasant in a hut, was too warm to be agreeable under hard exertion.

By the 30th of the month, the caravan had reached a point from which, about four miles beyond, a sheet of water was discerned, which ultimately proved to be a creek, and the most southern point of the great Nyanza. Here the country had a mixed and large population of smiths, agriculturists, and

herdsmen, residing in the flats and depressions which lie between the scattered little hills. During the rainy season, when the lake swells, and the country becomes super-saturated, the inundations are so great that all travelling is suspended. Following down the creek, which, gradually increasing in breadth as it extended northwards, became very considerable in its dimensions, they saw many little islands, well-wooded elevations, standing boldly out of the waters, which, together with the hill-dotted country around afforded a most agreeable prospect. Their tract lay partly through jungly depressions, where they saw ostriches, florikans, and small antelopes, and partly between small hills, the valleys of which were thickly inhabited by both agricultural and pastoral people.

On the 3rd of August, the caravan, after quitting Isamiro, began winding up a long but gradually-inclined hill, until it reached the summit, when the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the Nyanza suddenly burst upon the traveller's gaze. "It was early morning," he says. "The distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and west points of the compass; but even this did not afford me any idea of the breadth of the lake, as an archipelago of islands, each consisting of a single hill, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet above the water, intersected the line of vision to the left; while, on the right the western horn of the Ukerewe Island cut off any further view of its distant waters to the eastward of north. A sheet of water—an elbow of the sea, however, at the base of the low range on which I stood, extended far away to the eastward, to where, in the dim distance, a hummock-like elevation of the mainland marked what I understood to be the south and east angle of the lake. The large and important islands of Ukerewe and Mzita, distant about twenty or thirty miles, formed the visible north shore of this firth. The name of the former of these islands was familiar to us as that by which this long-desired lake was usually known. It is reported by the natives to be of no great extent; and though of no considerable elevation, I could discover several spurs stretching down to the water's edge from its central ridge of hills. The other island, Mzita, is of greater elevation, of a hog-backed shape, but being more distant, its physical features were not so distiretly visible.

"In consequence of the northern islands before mentioned obstructing the view, the western shore of the lake could not be defined; a series of low hill-tops extended in this direction as far as the eye could reach; while below me, at no great distance, was the debouchure of the creek, which enters the lake from the south, and along the banks of which my last three days' journey had led me. This view was one which, even in a well-known and explored country, would have arrested the traveller by its peaceful beauty. The islands, each swelling in a gentle slope to a rounded summit, clothed with wood between the rugged, angular, closely-cropping rocks of granite, seemed mir-

rored in the calm surface of the lake, on which I here and there detected a small black speck, the tiny canoe of some Muanza fisherman. On the gently shelving plain below, me, blue smoke curled about the trees, which here and there partially concealed villages and hamlets, their brown thatched roofs contrasting with the emerald-green of the beautiful milk-bush, the coral branches of which cluster in such profusion round the cottages, and form alleys and hedgerows about the villages as ornamental as any garden-shrub in England. But the pleasure of the mere view vanished in the presence of those more intense and exciting emotions which are called up by the consideration of the commercial and geographical importance of the prospect before me. I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers.”*

Having named the magnificent sheet of water Victoria Nyanza, after our gracious sovereign, Speke descended to Muanza, on the shores of the lake, having altogether performed a journey of two hundred and twenty-six miles from Kazeh. Here he was kindly treated by the sultan of the village, and by an Arab merchant, named Mansur, who had retainers belonging to the country, who knew much about the lake, and were of very great assistance. The next morning, taking a walk of three miles along the shores of the lake, accompanied by Mansur and a native, the greatest traveller of the place, he ascended a hill whence he could obtain a good view across the expanse of water spread out before him. Several islands were seen, but some so far off as scarcely to be distinguishable. Facing to the west-north-west was an unbroken sea horizon, and he calculated that the breadth of the lake was over a hundred miles. The native, when asked its length, faced to the north, and began nodding his head at it, at the same time he kept throwing forward his right hand, and, making repeated snaps with his fingers, endeavoured to indicate something immeasurable; and added, that nobody knew, but he thought it probably extended to the end of the world. Speke proposed crossing the lake to the island of Ukerewé; but both the Sultan Mahaya and Mansur dissuaded him from making the attempt, and, as boats were not obtainable, he was compelled to give up his design. Having gained all the information he could, and regretting that he was unable to extend his explorations, he bade the sultan and his Arab friend adieu, and on the 6th of August commenced his return journey.

“The fauna of this country,” he says, “is most disappointing. Nearly all the animals that exist here, are also to be found in the south of Africa,

* In this conclusion Speke was wrong. It has since been proved, by the later discoveries of Baker and Livingstone, that Lake Nyanza is only one, and the least considerable of the Sources of the White Nile.

where they range in far greater numbers. But then we must remember that a caravan route usually takes the more fertile and prosperous tracks, and that many animals might be found in the recesses of the forest not far off, although there are so few on the line. The elephants are finer here than in any part of the world, and have been known, I hear, to carry tusks exceeding five hundred pounds the pair in weight. The principal wild animals besides these are the lion, leopard, hyena, fox, pig, Cape buffalo, gnu, kudu, harte-beest, pallah, steinboe, and the little madoka, or sultana gazella. The giraffe, zebra, quagga, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, are very common. The game-birds are the bustard, florikan, guinea-fowl, partridge, quail, snipe, various geese and ducks, and a very dark-coloured rock-pigeon or sand-grouse. The birds in general have very tame plumage, and are much more scarce, generally speaking, than one finds in most other countries." The inhabitants of these districts are mostly agricultural; and when a stranger comes among them, they at once hail his advent as a good omen, and allow him to do and see whatever he likes. They desire his settling amongst them, appreciate the benefits of commerce and civilisation, and are not suspicious, like the plundering pastorals, of every one coming towards them with evil intentions.

Our traveller left the low land on the 9th, and rose to the higher ground, where he had just gained a sight of the waters of the Nyanza, and now took his final view. He left the place with great regret, disappointed at not being able to push his investigations further northwards; this feeling, however, was not shared by his black attendants, the Belooches and the lazy Pagazis, who were in much better humour on the return journey, as they were now going home, and, since the country was well stocked with cattle, they could obtain as much meat as was required. Travelling through the Nindo wilderness, they were very much excited at the quantity of game they saw. Troops of zebras, the quagga, and giraffe, several varieties of antelopes roaming about in large herds, a buffalo, and one ostrich, were the chief visible tenants of this wild; but, though the party tried their best, they failed to kill any. Crossing a second wilderness to Kahama, they found the houses completely destitute of all domestic articles and commodities; and on asking the people the reason, they said they were afraid of the plundering Wamandas, and that they only came there during the day to look after their crops, retiring at night to a distant place of safe retreat in the jungles, where they stored all their goods and chattels. The country was full of sweet springs; no unpleasant exhalations polluted the atmosphere; there were no extremes of temperature; and wholesome food was everywhere obtainable. Flies and mosquitoes are scarcely known, and the tsetse of the south nowhere exists. "Of diseases," says Speke, "the more common are remittent and intermittent fevers, and these are the most important ones to avoid, since they bring so many bad effects after them. In the first place, they attack the brain, and often deprive

one of one's senses. Then there is no rallying from the weakness they produce. A little attack, which one would only laugh at in India, prostrates you for a week or more, and this weakness brings on other disorders—cramp, for instance, of the most painful kind, very often follows. When lying in bed, my toes have sometimes curled round and looked me in the face; at other times, when I have put my hand behind my back, it has stuck there until, with the other hand, I have seized the contracted muscles, and warmed the part affected with the natural heat, till, relaxation taking place, I was able to get it back."

On their arrival at Senagongo, they had a triumphal entry, which consisted of a sham fight. Spears were flourished, thrust, and withdrawn; arrows were pointed, huge shields were held up for protection, sticks and stones flew like hail; then there was a slight retreat, then another advance, bodies swaying here and bodies swaying there, until at length the whole fore-ground was a mass of moving objects, all springs and hops, like an army of frogs advancing to a pond, after the first burst of rain. Their great principle in warfare appeared to be, that no one should be still. As the imaginary slain fell, they were immediately trampled down and knelt upon, and repeatedly hacked with knives, whilst the slayer continued to show his savage wrath, by worrying his supposed victim with all the angry energy which dogs display when fighting. A similar scene was enacted a day or two after at Mgogwa. At this latter place, pombe-brewing is the chief occupation of the women, and is as regular as the revolution of day and night, and the drinking of it just as constant. "It is made of *bajeri* and *jowari* (common millets), and is at first prepared by malting in the same way as we do barley; then they range a double street of sticks, usually in the middle of the village, fill a number of pots with these grains mixed in water, which they place in continuous line down the street of sticks, and, setting fire to the whole at once, boil away until the mess is fit to put aside for refining; this they then do, leaving the pots standing three days, when fermentation takes place and the liquor is fit to drink. It has the strength of labourer's beer, and both sexes drink it alike. This fermented beverage resembles pig-wash, but is said to be so palatable and satisfying—for the dregs and all are drunk together—that many entirely subsist upon it. It is a great help to the slave-masters, for without it they could get nobody to till their ground; and when the slaves are required to turn the earth, the master always sits in judgment with lordly dignity, generally under a tree, watching to see who becomes entitled to a drop."

On the evening of the 25th of August, under the influence of a cool night and a bright full moon, our traveller entered Kazeh. As the caravan, according to its usual march of single file, moved along the serpentine foot-path which led to the place, firing muskets and singing "the return," the villagers—men, women, and children—came running out, piercing the air with loud shrill noises,

accompanied with the lullabooing which, once heard, can never be mistaken. The crowd was composed in great part of relatives of those who composed the caravan. The Arabs, one and all, came forth to meet them, and escort Speke into their depot. Their congratulations were extremely warm, for they had been anxious for the safety of the caravan, in consequence of sundry rumours abroad concerning the war-party which lay in its track. Captain Burton, who had remained at Kazei, was greatly restored in health, and had everything about him in a high state of preparation for the journey homewards. They set off, therefore, together for Zanzibar, whence they shortly afterwards returned to England. Thus ended Speke's second expedition to Africa.



KAFFIRS CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED FROM THE WAR

CHAPTER V.

Speke's Third Expedition—Accompanied by Captain Grant he arrives at Zanzibar—Organisation of the Expedition—They reach Uzaramo—Usagara—Ugogo—Ungamuezi and the People—Troubles in Uzinza—Driven back to Kazeh—Push on to Usui—Leave the Inhospitable Districts.

ON the 27th of April, 1860, Captain Speke started on the third expedition, which was avowedly for the purpose of proving that the Lake Victoria Nyanza, which he had discovered in 1858, was the source of the Nile. He was accompanied by Captain Grant, an old Indian brother-officer. The expedition was undertaken with the help of Government, and granted at the earnest solicitation of the Geographical Society. They sailed from Portsmouth in the new steam-frigate, "Forte," and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 4th of July. Here Sir George Grey, the Governor of the Colony, who had been an old explorer himself, manifested a warm and intelligent interest in the objects of the expedition. On the 16th of July, they sailed in the screw steam corvette, "Brisk," for Zanzibar; and after touching at East London, Delagoa Bay, and Mozambique, arrived at Zanzibar on the 17th of August. After spending some time in collecting a sufficient band of suitable followers, they left Zanzibar in a corvette placed at their disposal by the sultan, and crossed over to Bagamoyo on the mainland, on the 25th of September. Their party consisted, in addition to themselves, of ten men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who were Hottentots; Sheikh Said, the leader of Speke's former caravan, who was appointed to that post again; five old black sailors, who spoke Hindostanee; Bombay, Speke's former attendant, interpreter, and factotum; a party of seventy-five Wanguanas, emancipated from slavery; and one hundred negro porters. The two chief men, besides Said, were Bombay and Baraka, who commanded the Zanzibar men. Fifty carbines were distributed among the elder men of the party, and the sheikh was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, given to him by Captain Speke. The sultan also sent, as a guard of honour, twenty-five Beloochs, with an officer to escort them as far as Uzaramo, the country of the Wazaramo. They had also twelve mules to carry ammunition, asses for the sick, and twenty-two goats.

The procession, which commenced its march on the 2nd of October, was

in this fashion:—"The kirangozi or leader, with a load on his shoulder, led the way, flag in hand, followed by the pagazis, carrying spears or bows and arrows in their hands, and bearing their share of the baggage, in the shape either of bolster-shaped loads of cloth and beads covered with matting, each tied into the fork of a three pronged-stick, or else coils of brass or copper-wire, tied in even weights to each end of sticks, which they laid on the shoulder; then helter-skelter came the Wanguana, carrying carbines in their hands, and boxes, bundles, tents, cooking-pots—all the miscellaneous property on their heads; next the Hottentots, dragging the refractory mules, with ammunition-boxes, but very lightly, to save the animals for the future; and finally, Sheikh Said and the Belooch escort; while the goats, sick women, and stragglers, brought up the rear. From first to last, some of the sick Hottentots rode the hospital donkeys, allowing the negroes to tug their animals; for the smallest ailment threw them broadcast on their backs."

Speke thus describes the process of camp-forming, and the daily occupation of Grant, himself, and their private servants:—"After traversing fields of grass well clothed with green trees, we arrived at the little settlement of Bomani, where a camp was formed, and everybody fairly appointed to his place. The process of camp-forming would be thus:—Sheikh Said, with Bombay under him, issues cloths to the men for rations at the rate of one-fourth load a-day (about fifteen pounds), amongst one hundred and sixty five; the Hottentots cook our dinners and their own, or else lie rolling on the ground overcome with fatigue; the Beloochs are supposed to guard the camp, but prefer gossip and brightening their arms. Some men are told off to look after the mules, donkeys, and goats, whilst out grazing; the rest have to pack the kit, pitch our tents, cut boughs for our huts and for fencing in the camp—a thing rarely done, by the by. After cooking, when the night has set in, the everlasting dance begins, attended with clapping of hands and jingling small bells strapped to the leg. The whole being accompanied by a constant repetition of senseless words, which stand in place of the song to the negroes; for song they have none, being mentally incapacitated for musical composition, though as timists they are not to be surpassed.

"What remains to be told is the daily occupation of Captain Grant, myself, and our private servants. Beginning at the foot:—Rahan, a very peppery little negro, who had served in a British man-of-war at the taking of Rangoon, was my vallet; and Baraka, who had been trained much in the same manner, but had seen engagements at Mooltan, was Captain Grant's. They both knew Hindostanee; but while Rahan's services at sea had been short, Baraka had served nearly all his life with Englishmen—was the smartest and most intelligent negro I ever saw—was invaluable to Colonel Rigby as a detector of slave-traders, and enjoyed his confidence so completely that he said, on parting with him, that he did not know where he should be able to find another man to fill

his post. These two men had now charge of our tents and personal kit, while Baraka was considered the general of the Wanguana forces, and Rahan a captain of ten.

“ My first occupation was to map the country. This is done by timing the rate of march with a watch, taking compass-bearings along the road, or on any conspicuous marks—as, for instance, hills of it, and by noting the watershed—in short, all topographical objects. On arrival in camp, every day came the ascertaining, by boiling a thermometer, of the altitude of the station above the sea-level; of the latitude of the station by the meridian altitude of a star taken with a sextant; and of the compass variation by azimuth. Occasionally, there was the fixing of certain crucial stations, at intervals of sixty miles or so, by lunar observations, or distances of the moon, either from the sun, or from certain given stars, for determining the longitude, by which the original-timed course can be drawn out with certainty on the map by proportion. Should a date be lost, you can always discover it by taking a lunar distance and comparing it with the Nautical Almanac, by noting the time when a star passes the meridian, if your watch is right, or by observing the phases of the moon, or her rising or setting, as compared with the Nautical Almanac. The rest of my work, besides sketching and keeping a diary, which was the most troublesome of all, consisted in making geological and zoological collections. With Captain Grant rested the botanical collections and thermometrical registers. He also boiled one of the thermometers, kept the rain-gauge, and undertook the photography; but after a time I sent the instruments back, considering this work too severe for the climate, and he tried instead sketching with water-colours. The rest of our day went in breakfasting after the march was over—a pipe, to prepare us for rummaging the fields and villages, to discover their contents for scientific purposes—dinner close to sunset, and tea and pipe before turning in at night.”

They were now in Uzaramo, a country without hills, well covered with trees and large grasses, which, in the rainy season, are too thick, tall, and green, to be pleasant, though in the dry season, after the grasses have been burnt, it is agreeable enough. The villages are not large or numerous, but widely spread, consisting generally of conical grass huts, while others are gable-ended, after the coast-fashion; a small collection of ten or twenty comprising one village. The Warazamo, who people the district, are strictly agriculturists, having no cows, and but few goats. They are short and thick-set, and their nature tends to be boisterous. Nowhere in the interior are natives so well clad. They dress up their hair in fanciful styles, smear their bodies with clay, and adorn themselves with shells and other ornaments. They always keep their bows and arrows, which form their natural weapons, in excellent order, the latter well poisoned, and carried in quivers nicely carved. They profess to be the subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar; but often act with

an independence of all authority. They demand tribute of travellers, always demanding more than they expect to get, and generally using threats as a means of extortion, not disdaining to commit robbery, when they can, by open violence. Speke says, that the result of experience is, that, ardent as the traveller is to see the interior of Africa, no sooner has he dealings with the natives, than his whole thoughts tend to discovering some road where he wont be molested, or a short cut, but long march, to get over the ground. The men of this district have one good quality, not very general in Africa—they treat the women with much attention—among other things dressing their hair for them, and escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

On the 14th of October, the expedition reached Kidunda, from which, on the following day, the Belooch escort was sent back, with all the specimens of natural history collected on the way for the Royal Geographical Society. Proceeding along the Kingani River, they reached the country of Usagara, a district of hills and valleys, and exhibiting manifold traces of volcanic action. Granite and other igneous rocks are exposed in many places in the shape of massive blocks; while the hill-ranges are covered in the upper part with sandstone, and in the bottom with alluvial clay. Where the hill tops and sides are not cultivated, they are well covered with bush and small trees, amongst which the bamboo is conspicuous; whilst the bottoms, having a deeper and richer soil, produce large fig-trees of exceeding beauty, and various trees of other kinds. Cultivation would thrive abundantly, if wars and slave-hunts did not disturb the industry of the people. The inhabitants are poor, meagre-looking wretches, dingy in colour, spiritless, and shy. They generally fly to the hill-tops as soon as the noise of the advancing caravan is heard, and so much ground have they, from previous experience, to fear treachery, that no persuasions will bring them down again. Whilst passing through this district, Grant was seized with fever; and, although restored for the time, it kept recurring every fortnight until the journey ended. On the 30th, they reached the first settlements of Mbuiga, from which could be seen a curious blue mountain, standing up like a giant overlooking the rest of the hills. The scenery here formed a strong and very pleasing contrast to any they had seen since leaving the coast. The valleys, watered by little brooks, were far richer and prettier than the high lands above, being lined with fine trees and evergreen shrubs; while the general state of prosperity was such, that the people could afford, even at this late season of the year, to turn their corn into malt, to brew beer for sale; and goats and fowls were plentiful in the market.

After leaving the valley district, and marching for some time over elevated ground, covered with small trees and a rich variety of pretty bulbous flowers, they reached the habitations of Muhanda. No sooner did the poor

villagers espy them than they immediately dispersed in the jungles. By dint of great persuasion, however, they were induced to sell the travellers provisions, though at a monstrous rate. The scenery through which the caravan now passed was most interesting, with every variety of hill, plateau, and ravine, wild and prettily wooded; but they saw nothing of the people. Like frightened rats, as soon as they caught the sound of the strangers' advancing march, they buried themselves in the jungles, carrying off their grain with them. Towards sunset on the 8th, they arrived at New Mbuni, a fertile place, lying at the foot of a cluster of steep hills; and, as this was reported to be the only place where they could buy corn until they reached Ugogo, a space of a hundred and forty miles, they pitched camp for three days to lay in supplies for ten. The chief of the place was very affable, said he had often been to Zanzibar, and would do anything they desired to help them. He knew the power of the English, and that they were opposed to slavery, the terrible effects of which had led him to abandon Old Mbuni, and come to reside here.

By the 22nd of the month, they had left the hilly Usagara range quite behind them, and reached the more level lands of the interior. Ugogo, the region of country on which they had now entered, lies under the lee side of the Usagara hills, and is comparatively sterile and wild in its appearance. Granite here and there crops through the surface. There are numerous acacias, and large prairies of grass. Immediately after the rainy season, the country looks pleasant enough; but it is brown and desert-looking during the rest of the year. The appearance of the people is somewhat in keeping with that of the country. "The men, indeed, are never seen without their usual arms—the spear, the shield, and the assagai. They live in flat-topped, square, tembe villages, wherever springs of water are found, keep cattle in plenty, and farm enough generally to supply not only their own wants, but those of the thousands who annually pass in caravans. They are extremely fond of ornaments, the most common of which is an ugly tube of the gourd thrust through the lower lobe of the ear. Their colour is a soft ruddy brown, with a slight infusion of black, not unlike that of a rich plum. Impulsive by nature, and exceedingly avaricious, they pester travellers beyond all conception, by thronging the road, jeering, quizzing, and pointing at them; and, in camp, by intrusively forcing their way into the midst of the kit, and even into the stranger's tent. Caravans, in consequence, never enter their villages, but camp outside, generally under the big, gouty-limbed trees; encircling their entire camp with a ring-fence of thorns to prevent any sudden attack." Water was so scarce that they had to pay for it the same price as for the beer of the country; and cows, goats, sheep, and fowls, were all selling at high rates.

While encamping at Kanyenye, they heard that there were some bicornis rhinoceros in the neighbourhood. Being informed that the best time to find them was the night, when they came to visit certain pools not far off, Speke, with a guide, and two boys, each carrying a rifle, set out at ten o'clock, to arrive at the place before the rising of the full moon. While waiting, the moon at midnight arose, and shed her light on the desolate scene; the guide took fright, and bolted. Presently, a noble animal cautiously descended towards the water. Speke approached within eighty yards of him, when, seeing that the moon shone full on his flank, he raised himself upright, and planted a bullet behind his left shoulder, and thus killed his first rhinoceros. After waiting a couple of hours longer, two more approached in the same stealthy, fidgety way as the first. He at once planted a ball in the larger one, and brought him round with a roar, and was about to give him a second shot, when he found that the boys who were carrying the second rifle had made off in terror, and were scrambling like monkeys up a tree. Fortunately for Speke, the beast turned to the right-about, and made off also. The next morning the parties of the expedition and the native Wagogo gathered around the carcass of the rhinoceros like vultures. "A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but at the same time grotesque scene than that which followed, cannot be conceived. All fell to work, armed with swords, spears, knives, hatchets—cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, tumbling and wrestling, up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbour would seize and bear off the prize, in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might be afterwards seen, one by one, covered with blood, scampering home each with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with."

On their arrival at Khoko, the last district in Ugogo, which they reached on the 6th of December, the whole of the inhabitants, imagining that their visit was one of revenge, because the Wagogo had attacked and plundered an Arab camp a year ago, turned out to oppose them. As soon, however, as the mistake was discovered, they allowed the travellers to pass on, and encamp in the outskirts of the wilderness. Here they halted three days, which time was employed in obtaining fresh men in place of the sick, in laying in provisions, in settling the hongo, and in sport. Speke describes an animated scene which occurred here in connection with buffalo-stalking. He espied a large herd feeding. "They were quite unconscious," he says, "of my approach, so I took a shot at a cow, and wounded her; then, after reloading, put a ball in a bull, and staggered him also. This caused great confusion among them; but as none of the animals knew where the shots came from, they simply shifted

in a fidgety manner, allowing me to kill the first cow, and even fire a fourth shot, which sickened the great bull, and induced him to walk off, leaving the herd to their fate, who, considerably puzzled, began moving off also.

"I now called up the boys, and determined on following the herd down before either skinning the dead cow or following the bull, who I knew could not go far. Their footprints being well defined in the moist sandy soil, we soon found the herd again; but as they now knew they were pursued, they kept moving on in short runs at a time, when, occasionally gaining glimpses of their large dark bodies as they forced through the bush, I repeated my shots and struck a good number, some more and some less severely. This was very provoking; for all of them being stern shots were not likely to kill, and the jungle was so thick I could not get a front view of them. Presently, however, one with her hind leg broken pulled up on a white ant-hill, and tossing her horns came down with a charge the instant I showed myself close to her. One crack of the rifle rolled her over, and gave me free scope to improve the bag, which was very soon done; for, on following the spoors, the traces of blood led us up to another one as lame as the last. He then got a second bullet in the flank, and, after hobbling a little, evaded our sight and threw himself into a bush, where we no sooner arrived, than he plunged headlong at us from the ambush, just, and only just, giving me time to present my small 40-gauge Lancaster.

"It was a most ridiculous scene. Suliman by my side, with the instinct of a monkey, made a violent spring and swung himself by a bough immediately over the beast, whilst Faraj bolted away and left me single-gunned to polish him off. There was only one course to pursue, for in one instant more he would have been into me; so, quick as thought, I fired the gun, and, as luck would have it, my bullet, after passing through the edge of one of his horns, stuck in the spine of his neck, and rolled him over at my feet as dead as a rabbit." He now went in search of another, and fired, but without effect. "The great beast, from the thicket on the opposite side, charged down like a mad bull, full of ferocity—as ugly an antagonist as ever I saw, for the front of his head was all shielded with horn. A small mound fortunately stood between us, and as he rounded it, I jumped to one side and let fly at his flank, but without the effect of stopping him; for, as quick as thought, the huge monster was at my feet, battling with the impalpable smoke of my gun, which fortunately hung so thick on the ground at the height of his head that he could not see me, though I was so close that I might, had I been possessed of a hatchet, have chopped off his head. This was a predicament which looked very ugly, for my boys had both bolted, taking with them my guns; but suddenly the beast, evidently regarding the smoke as a phantom which could not be mastered, turned round in a bustle, to my intense relief, and galloped off at full speed, as if scared by some terrible apparition."

All along, the travellers had difficulties with their attendants. These difficulties now increased. Intrigues were originated and fostered by the native chiefs; many decamped, and there was the greatest trouble in getting their places supplied. Thefts were perpetrated by the runaways; and it became necessary to inflict severe punishment on one or two who were detected, in the hope of striking fear into the rest. It sometimes seemed as if supplies of food would fail. The weather towards the close of the year was at times most unpropitious, rain lasting for a fortnight together. The journey through the wilderness was very dreary. Altogether British courage, endurance, perseverance, and patience, were put to the test. Thus closed the year 1860.

Grant and Speke spent the New Year's Day of 1861 at Jiwa La Mkoa, or Round Rock—a village occupied by a few Wakimbu settlers, who, by their quiet, domestic manners, made them feel as though they were well out of the wood. Provisions were now obtained by sending men to distant villages; and they were able to supply the camp with their guns, killing rhinoceros, wild boar, antelope, and zebras. On the 9th of January, having bought two donkeys, and engaged several men, they left Round Rock and resumed their march. On the 23rd, they reached the large and fertile district of Unyanyembe, the centre of Unyamuezi—the land of the Moon, within five miles of Kazeh. Their losses up to this date were as follow:—One Hottentot dead and five returned; one freeman sent back with the Hottentots, and one flogged and turned off; twenty-five of Sultan Majid's gardeners deserted; ninety-eight of the original Wanyamuezi porters deserted; twelve mules and three donkeys dead. Besides which, half their property had been stolen; whilst the travelling expenses had been unprecedented, in consequence of the severity of the famine throughout the whole length of the march.

Unyamuezi is nearly as large as England, and very similar in shape. It ranges from three to four thousand feet above the sea-level—a high plateau, studded with small outcropping hills of granite, between which, in the valleys, there are numerous fertilising springs of fresh water. In some parts are found sandstone and rich iron-ore. The people, called Wanyamuezi, are generally industrious; they cultivate extensively, making cloth of cotton in their own looms, smelt iron and work it up very expertly, build tembe houses to live in over a large portion of their country, sometimes living in grass huts, and keep large flocks and herds. They are among the greatest traders in Africa. Their physical appearance is not very prepossessing, “though many of their men are handsome and their women pretty; neither are they well dressed or well armed, being wanting in pluck and gallantry. Their women, generally, are better dressed than the men. Cloths fastened round under the arm are their national costume, along with a necklace of beads, large brass or copper wire armlets, and a profusion of their circles, called Sambo, made of the giraffe's tail-hairs bound round by the thinnest iron or copper wire;

whilst the men at home wear loin-cloths, but in the field, or whilst travelling, simply hang a goat-skin over their shoulders, exposing at least three-fourths of their body in a rather indecorous manner. In all other respects they ornament themselves like the women, only, instead of a long coil of wire wound up the arm, they content themselves with having massive rings of copper or brass on the wrist; and they carry for arms a spear and bows and arrows. All extract more or less their lower incisors, and cut a V between their two upper incisors. The whole tribe are desperate smokers, and greatly given to drink."

On the 24th, escorted by Speke's old Arab friend Musa, who had come out to meet them, they marched into Kazeh. Here Musa treated them with the utmost courtesy and hospitality; and begged they would reside with him, until they could find men to carry their property on to Karague. They found here also Sheikh Snay, who, with other Arab merchants, came at once to call on them; and from whom they learnt that fierce hostilities existed between the Arabs and the natives throughout the district. Snay said that he had an army of four hundred slaves prepared to march against one of the chiefs, who was constantly attacking and robbing the caravans. Some time was necessarily spent at Kazeh, in making preparations for their onward journey; the two travellers employing themselves in gaining all the information they could concerning the country.

After waiting for nearly two months at Kazeh, the travellers set out on the 17th of March, and on the 24th, entered the rich district of Mininga, where the gingerbread-palm grows abundantly. Sirboko, an ivory merchant, the greatest man in the district, received them, and gave them a good hut to live in. Here they learnt that the continued hostilities between the Arabs and the natives, rendered their journeying very perilous. The Hottentots, too, continued to suffer so much from sickness that, as the only hope of saving their lives, it was necessary to send them back to Zanzibar. Speke therefore found it necessary to return to Kazeh, which he reached on the 2nd of May, leaving Grant, who was ill, behind at Mininga. Returning however, to Mininga, on the 15th, he was rejoiced to see Grant recovered. During his absence, three villagers had been attacked by two lions; two of them had escaped, but the third was seized as he was plunging into his hut, and was dragged off by the animals and devoured. The travellers' difficulties daily increased. Musa did not keep faith with them. Porters could not be obtained. A leader was at last secured, whose name was Ungurue, or the pig—who had taken several caravans to Karague, and knew all the languages well; but unfortunately he afterwards proved himself to be what his name betokened—a very obstinate and stupid fellow. They had the poor consolation of knowing that they had companions in adversity. A large Arab caravan following them, could not

advance for want of men. They told Speke that it was the first time they had come on that line, and they deeply regretted it; for they had lost five thousand dollars' worth of beads, by their porters running away with their loads, and now they did not know how to proceed.

At length having obtained a part of the number he required, a camp was formed at a place called Phunze, where Grant, with Bombay to attend on him, remained in charge of part of the baggage, while Speke, with Ungurue as his guide, and Baraka as his attendant, pushed on ahead. The chiefs of every district through which they passed demanded hongo or tribute, without payment of which they could not move forward. This caused numberless provoking delays, as the chiefs were seldom satisfied with what was offered them. We gather from their experience some knowledge of the difficulties of an African traveller. It is not only the caprices and disloyalty of his attendants that he has to encounter, he is subjected to numberless forced detentions on the route by the chiefs of the countries through which he has to pass. The hongo, or transit-tax—or blackmail, which is imposed by these despots on every traveller, is a cause of endless annoyance and delay. No sooner does any one of these petty chiefs become aware of the approach of a travelling party, then he forthwith considers how much he can make out of such an opportunity for plunder. Nor is it possible to evade this constantly-recurring tax. If a travelling party should betray an intention to pass by, instead of through, the territory of some black king, its leader speedily receives an invitation, which is to be interpreted as a command, to the palace; and if he should venture to decline the proffered attention, his porters and escort would speedily be assailed by a flight of arrows, from some well-arranged ambush, and he would find his further progress barred by a body of armed men.

On the 9th of June, Speke reached Msalala, a district governed by a chief called Myonga, notorious for his extortions and infamous conduct, in consequence of which no Arabs would pass that way. The inhabitants turned out and fired their arrows at the strangers, and the war-drums were beat in every village. Myonga demanded his tribute, and wished to see Speke, as he had never yet seen a white man. Speke declined personally attending on the chief, but sent Baraka to arrange the hongo. Baraka amused himself for some hours, firing off volleys of ammunition, and it was not till evening that the palace drums announced that the hongo had been settled. Speke immediately gave orders to commence the march; but two cows had been stolen from the caravan, and the men declared that they would not proceed without getting them back. Our traveller knew that if he remained, more tax would be demanded; as soon, therefore, as the cows were found he shot them, and gave them to the villagers. This raised a mutiny among his men; the leader would not show the way, nor would a single porter lift his load. Myonga learning that there was dissension in the camp, immediately increased his

demands, and fresh tribute had to be paid. Ultimately the caravan was able to make a fresh start. For the first few miles they passed through villages; after that there was a long tract of jungle, inhabited chiefly by antelopes and rhinoceros, and wilder in appearance than most parts of Unyamuezi. In this jungle they crossed the boundary-line between the great country of the Moon and the kingdom of Uzinza.

Uzinza, the country which they now entered, they found ruled by two Wahuma chieftains, of Abyssinian descent. "The dress of the Wahuma is very simple, composed chiefly of cow-hide tanned black, a few magic ornaments and charms, brass or copper bracelets, and immense numbers of sambo for stockings, which look very awkward on their long legs. They smear themselves with rancid butter instead of macassar, and are, in consequence, very offensive to all but the negro, who seems, rather than otherwise, to enjoy a sharp nose-tickler. For arms, they carry both bow and spear; more generally the latter. The Wazinza in the southern parts are so much like the Wanyamuezi, as not to require any special notice; but in the north, where the country is more hilly, they are much more energetic and actively built. All alike live in grass-hut villages, fenced round by bomas in the south, but open in the north. Their country rises in high rolls, increasing in altitude as it approaches the Mountains of the Moon." Our travellers had to encounter here greater difficulties than at any previous part of the journey. Ungurue, or the pig, continued his obstinacy and malicious tricks; they were heavily taxed, too, and robbed at every step. Their porters refused to advance, declaring that they should be murdered, as the Watuta, their great enemies, were out on a foray, and would be sure to meet with them. These Watuta, they said, were desperate fellows, who had invaded their country and killed their wives and children, and had despoiled them of everything they held dear. As a proof that they were afraid to encounter them, they finally ran away and hid themselves. Baraka also showed the white feather, and feared to proceed.

Speke, however, put on a bold front, and declared that he would return to Kazeh, and collect a sufficient number of men, who would not be afraid to accompany him to Usui. Without any delay, he put his plan into execution. Leaving Grant behind, he set out for Kazeh; and though suffering himself severely from a cough which troubled him by day, and would not allow him to lie or sleep on either side at night, he reached Kazeh on the 2nd of July. After much bother and many disappointments, he got two men as guides—one named Bui, a very small creature, with very high pretensions—the other, a steady old traveller, named Nasib. These two guides, both of whom knew all the chiefs and languages up to and including Uganda, promised him faithfully that they would go on to Usui, and bring back a sufficient number of porters for Grant and himself to go on together.

Makaka, one of the chiefs of Uzinza, proved himself one of the most arrogant and insolent of the native rulers the travellers encountered. He demanded as his due a royal salute from the escort, which was accordingly drawn up in line to fire a volley in his honour. "I never felt so degraded," says Speke, "as when I complied, and gave the word of command as he approached my tent." He was by no means awed by this military display, but made some remarks not very complimentary on the performance of the men. His attendants all fawned upon him, and snapped their fingers at him whenever he sneezed. He examined Speke's guns, clothes, and everything he had; and begged for them in the most importunate manner. The bull's-eye lantern he coveted so much that Speke had to pretend the hottest anger to stop his importunities. He begged hard for lucifer-matches to aid him in his magical rites; but was quieted by the gift of a pair of slippers, into which he had unceremoniously thrust his feet. From him, however, Speke obtained the first authentic geographical information respecting the existence of the Baringa Lake, supposed to be connected with the Victoria Nyanza.

On the 5th of July, Speke left Kazeh once more for the north. Marching slowly, as his men kept falling sick, he did not reach Grant again until the 11th. As they could not obtain a sufficient number of fresh porters to carry on their baggage, he was obliged to part from Grant once more, and urge his way forward. On entering the district under the rule of Lumeresi, that chief insisted on his coming to his village, as he wished very much to see a white man. Though our traveller knew what the invitation meant, and would gladly have declined it, he was bound to comply. Lumeresi was not in when he arrived, but on his return, at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket; in reply to which Speke fired three shots. Like all his royal brethren, though he pretended to be very kind, he soon began to beg for everything he saw. That very night, Speke was taken alarmingly ill. "The same night," he says, "whilst sitting out to make astronomical observations, I became deadly cold, so much so, that the instant I had taken the star, to fix my position, I turned into bed, but could not get up again; for the cough that had stuck to me for a month then became so violent, heightened by fever succeeding the cold fit, that before the next morning I was so reduced I could not stand. For the last month, too, I had not been able to sleep on either side, as interior pressure, caused by doing so, provoked the cough; but now I had, in addition, to be propped in position to get any repose whatever. The symptoms, altogether, were rather alarming, for the heart felt inflamed and ready to burst, pricking and twinging with every breath, which was exceedingly aggravated by constant coughing, when streams of phlegm and bile were ejected. The left arm felt half paralysed, the left nostril was choked with mucus, and on the centre of the left shoulder-blade I felt a pain as if some one was branding me with a hot iron;

and, in addition, I repeatedly felt severe pains—rather paroxysms of fearful twinges, in the spleen, liver, and lungs.”

He felt that his only chance of recovering from this severe illness was change of air. He therefore resolved to proceed on his journey, and ordered his men to prepare a hammock, in which he might be carried. Although he had already given the chief a number of presents, by way of hongo, no sooner did he begin to talk of proceeding than Lumeresi attempted to hinder him, and declared he could not bear the idea of his white friend going to die in the jungle. His real object, however, was to get a robe, which Speke had determined not to give him. Nevertheless, so persistent was the chief, that, rather than be detained, Speke presented him with the only one which he had preserved for the great chief Rumanika, into whose country he was about to proceed. Scarcely had the greedy prince received it, before he insisted on a further tribute—exactly double what had been previously given him. The traveller again yielded, and presented a number of brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths, and a hundred necklaces of coral beads, which were to pay for Grant as well as himself. He paid them down on the spot; the drums beat the “satisfaction;” and, with a mind much relieved, he ordered the march.

But now arose a fresh difficulty. Just as they were about to march, the two guides, Bui and Nasib, were not to be found. The shock nearly killed him. He had walked all the way to Kazeh and back again for these men; had treated them kindly and paid them well; and yet they chose to desert. In the weak state of his body and mind, he cried over the matter like a child. Here now for a season longer he was compelled to stop. On the 13th of August, a caravan arrived from Karague. One of the porters in it was an old acquaintance, of half-Arab breed. Like the rest of the porters in the caravan he wore a shirt of fig-tree bark, called *nbugu*; and he informed Speke that the people about the equator all wore this kind of covering, and made it up of numerous pieces of bark sewn together, which they stripped from the trees after cutting once round the trunk above and below, and then once more down the tree from the upper to the lower circular cutting. The way they softened the bark, to make it like cloth, was by immersion in water, and a good strong application of a mill-headed mallet, which ribbed it like corduroy. The operation of barking the trees did not kill them, because if the wound was well-covered over while fresh with plantain-leaves, shoots grew down from above, and a new bark came all over it.

All this time, the two travellers were separated from each other—Grant, in the jungles, near Myonga’s village; and Speke, who had gone on in advance, detained by Lumeresi. At midnight, on the 16th of September, while lying in a fearfully weak condition, reduced to almost a skeleton, Speke was startled out of his sleep, by hearing the hurried tramp of several men. They proved to be Grant’s porters, who, in short excited sentences,

told him that they had left Grant standing under a tree with nothing but a gun in his hand; that his Wanguana porters had been either killed or driven away, having been attacked by Myonga's men, who had fallen upon the caravan, and shot, speared, and plundered the whole of it. The next day, Speke received from Grant the following letter, narrating the whole of his catastrophes:—

IN THE JUNGLES, NEAR MYONGA'S,
16th Sept., 1861.

"MY DEAR SPEKE—The caravan was attacked, plundered, and the men driven to the winds, while marching this morning into Myonga's country. Awaking at cock-crow, I roused the camp, all anxious to rejoin you; and while the loads were being packed, my attention was drawn to an angry discussion between the head men and seven or eight armed fellows sent by Sultan Myonga, to insist on my putting up for the day in his village. They were summarily told that as *you* had already made him a present, he need not expect a visit from *me*. Adhering, I doubt not, to their master's instructions, they officiously constituted themselves our guides till we chose to strike off their path, when, quickly heading our party, they stopped the way, planted their spears, and *dared* our advance!

"This menace made us firmer in our determination, and we swept past the spears. After we had marched unmolested for some seven miles, a loud yelping from the woods excited our attention, and a sudden rush was made upon us by, say two hundred men, who came down *seemingly* in great glee. In an instant, at the caravan's centre, they fastened upon the poor porters. The struggle was short; and with the threat of an arrow or spear at their breasts, men were robbed of their cloths and ornaments, loads were yielded and run away with before resistance could be organised; only three men of a hundred stood by me, the others, whose only thought was their lives, fled into the woods, where I went shouting for them. One man, little Rahan—rip as he is—stood with cocked gun, defending his load against five savages, with uplifted spears. No one else could be seen. Two or three were reported killed; some were wounded. Beads, boxes, cloths, etc., lay strewed about the woods. In fact, I felt wrecked. My attempt to go and demand redress from the sultan was resisted, and, in utter despair, I seated myself among a mass of rascals jeering round me, and insolent after the success of the day. Several were dressed in the very cloths, etc., they had stolen from my men. In the afternoon, about fifteen men and loads were brought me, with a message from the sultan, that the attack had been a *mistake* of his subjects—that one man had had a hand cut off for it, and that all the property would be restored!

Yours sincerely,
"J. W. GRANT."

After numerous and great annoyances, the two travellers were again united. On the 26th, Speke was writing a letter to Grant, giving him in-

structions how to proceed, and urging him to resist the begging appeals of the scoundrels who were attempting to bleed him on all sides, when, to his inexpressible delight, Grant himself walked into the camp; and then they had a good laugh over all their misfortunes. With their united forces they now set out once more on their journey. On the 8th of October, they halted at Muamba. Before them now lay a wilderness of five marches' duration; and as the few villages that once lined it had all been depopulated by the Sorombo people and the Watuta, they had to lay in a large store of provisions. The next day, instead of the constantly-recurring outcrops of granite, as in Unyamuezi, with valleys between, they saw only two lines of small hills, a good way off; whilst the ground over which they travelled, instead of being confined like a valley, rose in long high swells of sandstone formation, covered with small forest-trees, among which flowers like primroses, only very much larger, and mostly of a pink colour, were frequently met with. On the 19th, they entered the province of Usui; and here they had to suffer from the chief of the province, Suwarora, and his officers, the same injustice as they had experienced all through their journey. Night after night, their camp was attacked by thieves. One night, as Speke was sitting out with his sextant observing the stars, to fix his position, a party of these marauders accosted two of the women of the camp, and ran away with their clothes. He now resolved to shoot any of them who came near; and that night one was shot, who turned out to be a magician, and was thought till then to be invulnerable. He was tracked by his blood, and died afterwards of his wound. The next day some of Speke's men were lured into the huts of the natives by an invitation to dinner; but when they got them inside, they stripped them naked, and let them go again. After this another thief was shot dead, and two wounded. In addition to all this, Bombay and Baraka, the two most reliable servants of the travellers, gave them, by their misconduct, much trouble.

Usui was a most convulsed-looking country, of well-rounded hills, composed of sandstone. In all the parts not under cultivation they were covered with bushwood. The little grass-hut villages were unfenced, and were hidden in large fields of plantains. Cattle were numerous, kept by the Wahuma, who would not sell milk to the strangers, because they ate fowls, and a bean called maharague. In this province they were detained nearly a month. On the 15th of November, they found themselves approaching its end. The population was thinly scattered in small groups of grass huts, where the scrub jungle had been cleared away. On the road they passed cairns, to which every passer-by contributed a stone. It struck Speke as curious that he should find these cairns in the first country they entered governed by the Wahuma, as he formerly saw the same thing in the Somali country, which, doubtless, in earlier days, was governed by a branch of the Abyssinians. The following day, they entered a fine forest. "We wended on through it," says Speke,

“at a stiff pace, until we arrived at the head of a deep valley, called Lohugati, which was so beautiful we instantly pulled up to admire it. Deep down its well-wooded side below us was a stream, of most inviting aspect for a trout-fisher, flowing towards the Nyanza. Just beyond it the valley was clothed with fine trees and luxuriant vegetation of all descriptions, amongst which was conspicuous the pretty pandana palm, and rich gardens of plantains; whilst thistles of extraordinary size, and wild indigo, were the more common weeds. The land beyond that again rolled back in high undulations, over which, in the far distance, we could see a line of cones, red and bare on their tops, guttered down with white streaks, looking for all the world like recent volcanoes; and in the far back-ground, rising higher than all, were the rich grassy hills of Karague and Kishakka. On resuming our march, a bird, called khongota, flew across our path; seeing which, old Nasib, beaming with joy in his superstitious belief, cried out with delight, ‘Ah, look at that good omen!—Now our journey will be sure to be prosperous!’ After fording the stream, we sat down to rest, and were visited by all the inhabitants, who were more naked than any people we had yet seen.”

From this valley they rose over a stony hill to the settlement of Vihembe, the last on the Usui frontier. The next day they passed out of Usui, and entered on the border-land—a district uninhabited, and considered neutral—which separates that country from Karague. Gradually descending from the spur which separates the Lohugati valley from the bed of the Lake of Urigi, the track led them first through a pleasant meadow, and then through a passage between the cones they had seen from the heights above Lohugati, where a new geological formation attracted Speke’s notice. He describes it thus:—“From the green slopes of the hill, set up at a slant, as if the central line of pressure on the dome top had weighed on the inside plates, protruded soft slabs of argillaceous sandstone, whose laminæ presented a beef-sandwich appearance, puce or purple alternating with creamy-white. Quartz, and other igneous rocks, were also scattered about, lying like superficial accumulations in the dips at the foot of the hills, and red sandstone conglomerates clearly indicated the presence of iron. The soil itself looked rich and red, not unlike our own fine country of Devon.” They had now left for a time their trials and sorrows behind.

CHAPTER VI.

Karague—Rumanika and his Court—History of the Wahuma—Uganda—Court Ceremonies and Life—Departure from Uganda for the Nile.

AFTER having passed through several countries, in all of which our travellers were more or less plundered by the chiefs, who refused to order their drums to "beat the satisfaction," and release them from their virtual imprisonment, until they had not only exhausted their patience, but provoked an attitude of defiance, a remarkable contrast now presented itself to the conduct to which they had hitherto been subjected. It was as great a change as could well be imagined. To their utter astonishment, they now reached a country conspicuous for the humanity, hospitality, and what may be justly termed good breeding, of both its sovereign and people. The territory of the king of Karague is situated in an elevated region two degrees south of the equator, to the west of the Victoria Nyanza, but separated from it by a small intervening kingdom. This prince, hearing of the approach of white travellers, sent officers with maces, the insignia of authority, which commanded universal respect, to welcome the strangers to his kingdom, and to escort them with all honour to his palace. Kachuchu, the chief officer of the escort, informed them that the village authorities were everywhere instructed to supply them with food at the king's expense, as there were no taxes gathered from strangers in the kingdom of Karague.

The country was hilly and picturesque, wild but verdant, dotted here and there on the higher slopes with thick bush of acacias, the haunts of both the white and black rhinoceros, whilst, in the valley, herds of hartebeests and fine cattle roamed about. The further they proceeded in this country the better they liked it; and the village chiefs were so civil that they could do what they liked. Game was very plentiful. Small antelopes occasionally sprang up from the grass. On several occasions the rhinoceros were so numerous and imprudent as to contest the right of the road with them, and Speke shot the first white rhinoceros he had ever seen. Sparrows were so abundant that the people, to save themselves from starvation, were obliged to grow a bitter corn, which the birds disliked. A beautiful lake which they espied, was at first supposed to be a portion of the Nyanza; but, on finding it a separate

sheet of water, Speke gave it the name of Little Windermere, because Grant thought it looked so like our English lake of that name. They now attained the height of between five and six thousand feet, and thence descended to the Rozoka valley, and pitched their tents in the village. Kachuchu here told them he had orders to precede them, and prepare the king for their coming, as he wished to know what place they would prefer to live at—the Arab depot at Kufro, on the direct line to Uganda, in his palace with himself, or outside his enclosures.

King Rumanika, though a barbarian, was a model of good manners and good taste, and, in the truest sense of the word, a gentleman, ruling his people with justice, mingled, perhaps, with a little African severity. Speke thus describes the first introduction of himself and his fellow traveller to this monarch:—"To do royal honours to the king of this charming land, I ordered my men to lay down their loads and fire a volley. This was no sooner done than, as we went to the palace gate, we received an invitation to come in at once, for the king wished to see us before attending to anything else. Now, leaving our traps outside, both Grant and myself, attended by Bombay and a few of the seniors of my Wanguana, entered the vestibule, and, walking through extensive enclosures, studded with huts of kingly dimensions, were escorted to a pent-roofed baraza, which the Arabs had built as a sort of government office, where the king might conduct his state affairs.

"Here, as we entered, we saw sitting cross-legged on the ground Rumanika, the king, and his brother, Nnanaji, both of them men of noble appearance and size. The king was plainly dressed in an Arab's black choga, and wore, for ornament, dress stockings of rich-coloured beads, and neatly-worked wrists of copper. Nnanaji, being a doctor of very high pretensions, in addition to a check-cloth wrapped round him, was covered with charms. At their sides lay huge pipes of black-clay. In their rear, squatting quiet as mice, were all the king's sons, some six or seven lads, who wore leathern middle-coverings, and little dream-charms tied under their chins. The first greetings of the king were warm and affecting, and in an instant we both felt and saw we were in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. Having shaken hands in true English style, which is the peculiar custom of the men of this country, the ever-smiling Rumanika begged us to be seated on the ground opposite to him, and at once wished to know what we thought of Karague, for it had struck him his mountains were the finest in the world; and the lake, too, did we not admire it? Then laughing, he inquired—for he knew all the story—what we thought of Suwarora, and the reception we had met with in Usui. When this was explained to him, I showed him that it was for the interest of his own kingdom

to keep a check on Suwarora, whose exorbitant taxations prevented the Arabs from coming to see him, and bringing things from all parts of the world. He made inquiries for the purpose of knowing how we found our way all over the world; for, on the former expedition, a letter had come to him for Musa, who no sooner read it than he said I had called him, and he must leave, as I was bound to Ujiji.

"This, of course, led to a long story, describing the world, the proportions of land and water, and the power of ships, which conveyed even elephants and rhinoceros—in fact, all the animals in the world—to fill our menageries at home, etc., etc.; as well as the strange announcement that we lived to the northward, and had only come this way because his friend Musa had assured me, without doubt, that he would give us the road on through Uganda. Time flew like magic, the king's mind was so quick and inquiring; but as the day was wasting away, he generously gave us our option to choose a place for our residence in or out of his palace, and allowed us time to select one. We found the view overlooking the lake to be so charming, that we preferred camping outside, and set our men at once to work cutting sticks and long grass to erect themselves sheds.

"One of the princes—for the king ordered them all to be constantly in attendance on us—happening to see me sit on an iron chair, rushed back to his father and told him about it. This set all the royals in the palace in a state of high wonder, and ended by my getting a summons to show off the white man sitting on his throne; for of course I could only be, as all of them called me, a king of great dignity, to indulge in such state. Rather reluctantly I did as I was bid, and allowed myself once more to be dragged into court. Rumanika, as gentle as ever, then burst into a fresh fit of merriment, and after making sundry enlightened remarks of inquiry, which of course were responded to with the greatest satisfaction, finished off by saying, with a very expressive shake of the head, 'Oh, these Wazungu, these Wazungu! they know and do everything!'"

Speke now informed the king that they had not been able to get a drop of milk for love or money; and wished to know what motive the Wahuma had for withholding it. He referred to the superstitious fears of which he had heard—that any one who ate the flesh of pigs, fish, or fowls, or the bean called maharague, if he tasted their milk or butter, would destroy their cattle. The king said, that it was only the poor who thought so, and he would set apart one of his cows expressly for their use. All their wants were now abundantly supplied, for the king gave orders to his officers throughout the country to bring in supplies for them. The cold winds which prevailed here were found trying to the men who had come up from the coast; they all shivered greatly, and suspected, in their ignorance, that they must be drawing near to England, the only cold place they had ever heard of.

The morning after his first introduction to the king, Speke called on him, taking his revolver, as he knew he had expressed a strong wish to see it. As he was greatly struck with it, and said he had never seen such a thing in his life, he was desired to accept it as a gift. They then adjourned to his private hut, which was kept in a state of surprising neatness. The roof was supported by several clean poles, to which he had fastened a large assortment of spears of excellent workmanship. A large standing-screen, of fine straw-plait work, in elegant devices, partitioned off one part of the room; and on the opposite side, as mere ornaments, were placed a number of grapnels, and small models of cows, made in iron, for his amusement, by the Arabs at Kufro.

On another visit, Speke told the king that if he would send two of his children with him to England, he would have them instructed there; for he admired his race, and believed them to have sprung from the Abyssinians, who were friends of the English; they were Christians, he said, like ourselves, and had the Wahuma not lost their knowledge of God, they would be so also. A long theological and historical discussion followed, which so pleased the king, that he said he would be delighted if Speke would take two of his sons to England. He then inquired what could induce them to leave their country and travel, when the traveller replied, that they had had their fill of the luxuries of life, and that their great delight was to observe and admire the beauties of creation; but it was especially their wish to pay a visit to the kings of Africa, and in particular his majesty. He then promised that he would supply them with boats, to convey them over the lake with musicians to play before them.

"In the afternoon," says Speke "as I had heard from Musa, that the wives of the kings and princes were fattened to such an extent that they could not stand upright, I paid my respects to Wazzeru, the king's eldest brother—who, having been born before his father ascended his throne, did not come in the line of succession—with the hope of being able to see for myself the truth of the story. There was no mistake about it. On entering the hut I found the old man and his chief wife, sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewn over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments, whilst in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk, and hanging from the poles that supported the beehive-shaped hut, a large collection of bows six feet in length, whilst below them were tied an even larger collection of spears, intermixed with a goodly assortment of heavy-headed assages. I was struck with no small surprise at the way he received me, as well as with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty, of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife. She could not rise; and so large were her arms that, between the joints, the flesh hung down like large, loose-stuffed puddings. Then in came their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They had heard of my picture-books

from the king, and all wished to see them; which they no sooner did, to their infinite delight, especially when they recognised any of the animals, than the subject was turned by my inquiring what they did with so many milk-pots. This was easily explained by Wazezeru himself, who, pointing to his wife, said, 'This is all the product of those pots: from early youth upwards we keep those pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives.'"

Rumanika was delighted with the liberal presents he received, above all with a coat of handsome scarlet broad-cloth, the finest thing, he said, he had ever seen. He confessed that he was alarmed beyond measure, when he heard the travellers were coming to visit him, thinking they might prove some fearful monsters that were not quite human; but now he was extremely delighted with what he saw of them. He told them they might visit every part of his country; that a messenger should be sent at once to the king of Uganda to inform him of their intention to visit him, with his own favourable report of them; and that, when the time arrived for them to proceed to that country, he would escort them to the boundary. Altogether Rumanika was the most intelligent and best-looking ruler the travellers met with in Africa. He had nothing of the African in his appearance, except that his hair was short and woolly. He was quite six feet two inches in height, and the expression of his countenance was mild and open. He was fully clothed in a robe made of small antelope-skins and another of dark cloth, always carrying, when walking, a long staff in his hand. His four sons were favourable specimens of their race, especially the eldest, named Chunderah. He was somewhat of a dandy, being more neat about his lion-skin covers and ornaments than his brothers. From the tuft of wool left unshaven on the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except where his arms and neck were decorated with charmed horns, strips of otter-skin, shells, and bands of wool. He was fond of introducing Friz, Speke's head man, into the palace, that he might amuse his sisters with his guitar, and in return the sisters, brothers, and followers, would sing Karague music. The youngest son was the greatest favourite, and on one occasion, the travellers having presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, were much amused with the dignified way in which he walked off, having coaxed them on to his fingers.

Contrary to the usual African custom, Rumanika was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely on milk and the juice of boiled beef. Although the people were generally excessively fond of plantain wine or beer, the peasants especially drinking it in large quantities, the king scarcely ever touched it, and had never been known to be intoxicated. He was not only king, but priest and prophet also; indeed, his elevation to the throne was due, as his friends asserted, to supernatural agency. After the death of his father, his two brothers and he claimed the throne. Their pretensions were to be settled by an ordeal. They possessed a small magic drum, and, it being placed on the

ground, he who could lift it was to take the crown. His brothers were unable to stir it, though exerting all their strength, but Rumanika raised it with his little finger. This test, however, not satisfying the chiefs, they insisted on Rumanika going through another trial. He was seated on the ground, and it was believed that, if he was the appointed king, the portion of soil on which he sat would rise up in the air, but if not, it would collapse, and he would be dashed to pieces. According to the belief of his subjects, no sooner had Rumanika taken his seat, than he was raised into the sky, and was therefore acknowledged king. One of the most curious customs which Rumanika holds, in his character of high priest, is his New-Moon Levee, which takes place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. Speke gives the following interesting description of the ceremony as he saw it performed :—

“In the afternoon, Rumanika invited Grant and myself to witness his New-Moon Levee, a ceremony which takes place every month with a view of ascertaining how many of his subjects are loyal. On entering his palace enclosure, the first thing we saw was a blaue boc’s horn, stuffed full of magic powder, with very imposing effect, by Kyengo, and stuck in the ground, with its mouth pointing in the direction of Rogero. In the second court, we found thirty-five drums ranged on the ground, with so many drummers standing behind them, and a knot of young princes and officers of high dignity waiting to escort us into the third enclosure, where, in his principal hut, we found Rumanika squatting on the ground, half-concealed by the portal, but showing his smiling face to welcome us in. His head was got up with a tiara of beads, from the centre of which, directly over the forehead, stood a plume of red feathers, and encircling the lower face with a fine large white beard, set in a stock or band of beads. We were beckoned to squat alongside Nnanaji, the master of ceremonies, and a large group of high officials outside the porch. The thirty-five drums all struck up together in very good harmony; and when their deafening noise was over, a smaller band of hand-drums and reed instruments was ordered in to amuse us.

“This second performance over, from want of breath only, district officers, one by one, came advancing on tip-toe, then pausing, contorting and quivering their bodies, advancing again with a springing gait and outspread arms, which they moved as if they wished to force them out of their joints, in all of which actions they held drum-sticks or twigs in their hands, swore with a maniacal voice an oath of their loyalty and devotion to their king, backed by the expression of a hope that he would cut off their heads if they ever turned from his enemies, and then, kneeling before him, they held out their sticks that he might touch them. With a constant reiteration of these scenes—the saluting at one time, the music at another—interrupted only once by a number of girls dancing something like a rough Highland fling, whilst the little band played, the day’s ceremonies ended.”

Civilised as the country is in some respects, marriage is a matter of barter between the father and the intended husband, the former receiving cows, slaves, sheep, for his daughter. Should, however, a bride not approve of her husband, she can regain her liberty, by returning the marriage gifts. The chief ceremony at marriages consists in tying up the bride in a skin, blackened all over, and carrying her, with a noisy procession, to her husband. The chief object of the ladies is to get as fat as possible; and, in consequence of their peculiar constitution, or from the nutritiousness of their food, many of them succeed wonderfully well. Five of Rumanika's wives were so enormous that they were unable to enter the door of any ordinary hut, or move about without being supported by a person on either side. One of his sisters-in-law was of even still greater proportions. Speke measured her, with the following results:—Round her arm, one foot eleven inches; chest, four feet four inches; thigh, two feet seven inches; calf, one foot eight inches; height, five feet eight inches. Meanwhile the daughter, a girl of sixteen, sat before them, sucking at a milk pot, on which the father kept her at work, by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod if necessary. The features of the damsel were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball. The women turn their obesity to good account; for, in exchanging food for beads, it is usual to purchase a certain quantity of food, which shall be paid for by a belt of beads that will go round the waist; therefore, the women being on an average twice as large round the waist as those of other districts, food practically rises a hundred per cent in price. Notwithstanding their fatness their features retain much beauty, the face being oval, and the eyes fine and intelligent. The higher class of women wear cow-skin petticoats, and a wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelope their whole bodies, merely allowing one hand to be seen.

Rumanika, like great men in other countries, had his private band. The instruments were of a somewhat primitive character. The most common are the drums, which vary greatly in size; one hung to the shoulder is about four feet long, and a foot wide, and is played with the fingers, like the Indian tom-tom. The drums used at the New-Moon Levee are of the same shape, but very much larger. The war-drum was beaten by women; and at its sound the men rush to arms, and repair to their several quarters. There are also several stringed instruments. One of these was played by an old woman; it had seven notes, one of which was a perfect scale; another, which had three strings, was played by a man; they were a full, harmonious chord. A third, formed of dark wood, in the shape of a tray, had three crosses in the bottom, and was laced with one string seven or eight times over bridges at either end. They have two wind instruments, one resembling a flageolet, and another a bugle. The latter is composed of several pieces of gourd, fitted one into

another, in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin. The royal band was composed of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles, and the other two hand-drums. On the march they form in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, swaying their bodies in time to the music, while the leader advances with a curiously active step, touching the ground alternately with each knee. When the king rested on a march, or when out hunting, they also played before him while he sat on the ground and smoked his pipe. The king sent the best player to be found to entertain his guests. The man entered, dressed in a strange costume, having a wild and excited look. After resting his spear against the roof of the hut, he took his instrument from under his arm and began playing, his wild yet gentle music and words attracting a number of admirers. It was about a favourite dog, and for days afterwards the people sang that dog song.

Although Rumanika displayed great intelligence in his inquiries relating to the European world and its wonders, yet the childishness of the African character was characteristically shown in eagerness for toys. He was transported with delight at a "jumping-jack," which Captain Grant had made for the amusement of his children, appropriated it to himself, and wished one made as large as life. He begged, above all things, that he might be supplied from England with an American clock, in the form of a man, made to wind up behind, and with eyes rolling at every beat of the pendulum. He wanted also a "jack-in-the-box," a china milk-pot in the form of a cow, carriages and horses, and—a railway. Having avowed that he had no idea of a God or a future state, he was pressed to state what advantage he expected from sacrificing a cow yearly at his father's grave. He laughingly replied that he did not know, but hoped to be favoured with better crops if he did so. He also placed pombe and grain, he said, before a large stone on the hill-side, although it could not eat or make any use of it. No one in Africa, as far as he knew, doubted the use of magic and spells.

The travellers were not only allowed to move about the country as they liked, the king also sent his sons to attend on them, that they might enjoy such sport as was to be found. They heard of no elephants in the district; harte-beests, rhinoceros, and hippopotami, were common. Several varieties of antelope and the mountain gazelle were seen bounding over the hills, and pigs abounded in the low grounds. One day Captain Grant saw two harte-beests engaged in a desperate combat, and halting calmly between each round to breathe. He could hear, even at a considerable distance, the force of every butt as their heads met, and as they fell on their knees, the impetus of the attack sending their bushy tails over their backs, till, one becoming the victor, chased the other out of the herd.

Describing one of their hunting excursions, Speke says—"On the 9th, I went out shooting, as Rumanika, with his usual politeness, on hearing my

desire to kill some rhinoceros, ordered his sons to conduct the field for me. Off we started by sunrise to the bottom of the hills overlooking the head of the little Windermere Lake. On arrival at the scene of action—a thicket of acacia shrubs—all the men in the neighbourhood were assembled to beat. Taking post myself, by a direction in the most likely place to catch a sight of the animals, the day's work began by the beaters driving the covers in my direction. In a very short time, a fine male was discovered making towards me, but not knowing exactly where he should bolt to. While he was in this perplexity, I stole along between the bushes, and caught sight of him standing as if anchored by the side of a tree, and gave him a broadsider with Blissett, which, too much for his constitution to stand, sent him off trotting, till, exhausted by bleeding, he lay down to die, and allowed me to give him a settler.

“In a minute or two afterwards, the good young princes, attracted by the sound of the gun, came to see what was done. Their surprise knew no bounds; they could scarcely believe what they saw; and then, on recovering, with the spirit of true gentlemen, they seized both my hands, congratulating me on the magnitude of my success, and pointed out, as an example of it, a bystander who showed fearful scars, both on his abdomen and the blade of his shoulder, who, they declared, had been run through by one of these animals. It was, therefore, wonderful to them, they observed, with what calmness I went up to such formidable beasts.

“Just at this time a distant cry was heard, that another rhinoceros was concealed in a thicket, and off we set to pursue her. Arriving at the place mentioned, I settled at once I would enter, with only two spare men carrying guns, for the acacia thorns were so thick that the only tracks into the thicket were runs made by these animals. Leading myself, bending down to steal in, I tracked up a run till half way through cover, when suddenly before me, like a pig from a hole, a large female, with her young one behind her, came straight down whoof-whoofing upon me. In this awkward fix I forced myself to one side, though pricked all over with thorns in doing so, and gave her one in the head, which knocked her out of my path, and induced her, for safety, to make for the open, where I followed her down and gave her another. She then took to the hills and crossed over a spur, when, following after her, in another dense thicket, near the head of a glen, I came upon three, who so soon sighted me, that all in line they charged down my way. Fortunately at the time my gun-bearers were with me; so, jumping to one side, I struck them all three in turn. One of them dropped dead a little way on; but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom. To please myself, now I had done quite enough, but, as the princes would have it, I went on with the chase. As one of the two, I could see, had one of his fore-legs broken, I went at the sounder one and gave him another shot, which simply induced him

to walk over the lower end of the hill. Then turning to the last one, which could not escape, I asked the Wanyambo to polish him off with their spears and arrows, that I might see their mode of sport. As we moved to the animal, he kept charging with such impetuous fury, they could not go into him; so I gave him a second ball, which brought him to anchor. In this helpless state the men set at him in earnest, and a more barbarous finale I never did witness. Every man sent his spear, assagai, or arrow, into his sides, until, completely exhausted, he sank like a porcupine covered with quills. The day's sport was now ended, so I went home to breakfast, leaving instructions that the heads should be cut off and sent to the king, as a trophy of what the white man could do.

"The next day, when I called on Rumanika, the spoils were brought into court, and in utter astonishment he said—'Well, this must have been done with something more potent than powder, for neither the Arabs nor Nnanaji, although they talk of their shooting powers, could have accomplished such a great feat as this. It is no wonder the English are the greatest men in the world.'"

The year 1861 closed and 1862 commenced, finding our travellers still the guests of this polite, enlightened, and generous king. On Christmas day, hearing that it was the custom of the English to celebrate the birth of our Saviour with a good dinner of beef, he sent them an ox. The new year was ushered in by the most exciting intelligence. News arrived which induced them to believe that Mr. Petherick was on his road up the Nile, endeavouring to reach them. Rumanika was highly delighted to hear this, since he was especially anxious that white men should visit his country from the north. On the night of January the 6th, as there was a partial eclipse of the moon, all the Wanguana marched up and down from Rumanika's to Nnanaji's huts, singing and beating their tin cooking-pots to frighten off the spirit of the sun from consuming entirely the chief object of reverence, the moon. At length, after nearly two months' residence with Rumanika, the sound of the Uganda drum called them to begin their journey to that country. Maula, a royal officer, with a large escort of smartly-dressed men, women, and boys, leading their dogs and playing their reeds, announced that their king had sent them to call the strangers. Maula said that his master had heard that the white men were coming to be his guests, and was delighted at the prospect; and had told his officers to supply them with everything they wanted whilst passing through the country, and that there would be nothing to pay.

There was now only one difficulty. Grant was worse, without hope of recovery for at least one or two months. To get on as fast as possible was the only chance of ever bringing the journey to a successful issue; the only course open for the travellers was once more to separate, Speke going forward, and Grant remaining till his health was better, in care of Rumanika.

Speke, having made all arrangements for his departure, went to the palace to bid adieu to Rumanika, who forthwith appointed Rozaro, one of his officers, to accompany him wherever he went in Uganda, to bring him safely back again ; the king never supposing that it would be possible for him to go north from Uganda.

Before accompanying Captain Speke to Uganda, we may advert briefly to his theory and account of the Wahuma, who so largely people and govern this part of the African continent. He is of opinion that they are an offshoot of the Abyssinian stock. They differ in feature and in character from the simple negro type, although there has been a considerable intermixture of races. Speke says that he founds his theory on the traditions of the several peoples, as checked by his own observation of what he saw when sojourning among them. It appears to him impossible to believe, judging from their physical appearance, that they can be of any other race than the semi-Shem-Hamitic of Ethiopia.

The story of the Wahuma nations is quaint and characteristic. Here is that of Uganda. Many generations ago, a great kingdom of negroes, ruled by Wahuma chiefs, was established in the country now divided among Karague, Uganda, and Unyoro. That portion which bordered Lake Nyanza, and is now called Uganda, was considered as the garden of the whole, and the agriculturists who tilled it, were treated as slaves. Then a man named Kimera, himself a Wahuma, who was also a great hunter, happened to frequent, for his sport, the Nile, near its outflow from the Nyanza. The negro natives flocked to him in crowds, to share the game he killed, and he became so popular that they ended by making him their king. They said their own sovereign lived far off, and was of no use to them. If any one sent him a cow as a tributary present, the way to his palace was so long that the cow had time to have a calf on the road, and the calf had time to grow into a cow and to have a calf of its own. They were therefore determined to establish a separate kingdom. Kimera became a powerful and magnificent king, and formed the kingdom of Uganda. He built himself a large enclosure of fine huts as a palace, and collected an enormous harem to fill them. He made highways across the country ; built boats for war purposes on the lake, organised an army ; legislated on ceremonies, behaviour, and dress ; and superintended *hygiene* so closely, that no house could be built in his country without its necessary appendages for cleanliness. In short, he was a model king, and established an order of things which has continued to the present day, through seven generations of successors, with little change. He was embalmed when he died, his memory is venerated, and his hunting outfit, the dog and the spear, continue to be the armorial insignia of Uganda.

By his large establishment of wives, Kimera left, at his death, a considerable number of sons and daughters. The boys were sumptuously housed and

fed, and when they grew up were royally wived; but they were strictly watched and kept asunder, lest they should intrigue. They chose from the number the one whom they thought best suited for the government of the country to be king. They were all to enjoy life until the prince-elect should arrive at the age of discretion and be crowned, when all but two of the princes would be burnt to death. The two being reserved in case of accident as long as the king wanted brother companions, when one would be banished to Unyoro, and the other pensioned, with suitable possessions, in Uganda. By this measure, the mother of the king became queen-dowager. She kept up a palace, only little inferior to her son's; possessed large estates; guarded him in the government of the country; and remained, until the end of his minority, the virtual ruler of the land. Under this strict system of artificial selection, the people have been well ruled in their way, and the three Wahuma kings, as Speke saw them, were every one of them more than six feet high.

Uganda is described as a most surprising country, in the order, neatness, civility, and politeness of its inhabitants. Its monarch's reign is, however, a reign of terror. It is an established custom that there should be one execution daily. The ceremonies and rules of precedence of the court are minutely defined, and are exacted under penalty of death. The first among the dignitaries of state is the lady who had the good fortune to have cut the umbilical cord at the king's birth. After her, follow the queen's sister and the king's barber. Then come governors of provinces, and naval and military commanders; then the guardian of the king's sisters, the executioners first and second class, and the superintendents of tombs; then the brewer and the cook. In a lower grade are juvenile pages, to look after the women, and to *run* on errands; they are killed if they dare to *walk*. In addition to these, is an effective band of musicians—drummers, pea-gourd rattlers, flute-players, players on wooden harmonicons and lap-harps, besides others who sing accompaniments, and others who whistle on their fingers.

Every person of distinction must attend court as constantly as possible, or his estates and wives are liable to be utterly confiscated. He must be decorously dressed in a sort of toga, made of mbugu, or the pounded bark of the fig-tree; neglect of this may ensure the loss of his head—certainly a heavy fine. These bark cloaks are beautifully made, and look like the best corduroy; they are worn under robes of small antelope skins sewn together with the best art of the furrier. Every courtier's language must be elegant, and his deportment modelled upon established custom. Even the king is not free; Wahuma taste exacts that whenever he walks he should imitate the gait of a vigilant lion, by ramping with his legs and turning from side to side. When he accepts a present from a man, or orders a man a whipping, the favoured individual must return thanks for the condescending attention, by floundering flat on the ground, and whining like a happy dog. Levees are held on most

days in the palace, which is a vast enclosure full of life. It occupies the brow of a hill, and consists of gigantic grass huts, beautifully thatched. The ground is strewn with mats and with rushes in patterns, and is kept with scrupulous care. Half-gorged vultures wheel over it, looking out for victims hurried aside to execution. The three or four hundred wives of the king inhabit the huts.

There is plenty to do at the court-levees, in real work and in ceremony. Orders are given, punishments are adjudged, presents are received. Military commanders bring in the cattle and plunder they have taken; artisans bring their pieces of workmanship; and, as Kimera, the first king, established a menagerie, hunters produce rare animals, dead and alive. "The master of the hunt," says Speke, "exposes his spoils—such as antelopes, cats, porcupines, curious rats, etc., all caught in nets, and placed in baskets—zebra, lion, and buffalo skins being added. The fishermen bring their spoils; also the gardeners. The cutlers show knives and forks made of iron, inlaid with brass and copper; the furriers, most beautifully-sewn patchwork of antelopes' skins; the habit maker, sheets of mbugu bark-cloth; the blacksmith, spears; the maker of shields, his productions, and so forth; but nothing is given without rubbing it down, then rubbing the face, and going through a long form of salutation for the gracious favour the king has shown in accepting it." When sitting in court holding a levee, the king invariably has in attendance several women, Wabandwa, evil-eye averters, or sorcerers. They talk in feigned voices, raised to a shrillness almost amounting to a scream. They wear dried lizards on their heads, small goat-skin aprons trimmed with little bells, diminutive shields and spears; and their functions in attendance are to administer cups of marwa, or plantain-wine.

No one dare stand before the king whilst he is either standing still or sitting; but must approach him with downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch his throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death. An officer observed to salute informally is ordered for execution, when everybody near him rises in an instant, the drums beat, drowning his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Another man, perhaps, exposes an inch of naked leg whilst squatting, or has his mbugu tied contrary to regulations, and is condemned to the same fate. Strict as is the discipline of the exterior court, that of the interior is no less severe. The pages all wear turbans of cord made from aloe fibres; and should a wife commit a trifling indiscretion, either by word or deed, she is condemned to execution on the spot, bound by the pages, and dragged out. When the king is tired of a levee, he rises, spear in hand, and leading his dog, walks off without a word or comment, leaving his company, like dogs, to take care of themselves.

His majesty has, however, some days for peace and enjoyment. On the first appearance of the new moon every month, he shuts himself up for two or three days, to attend to his religious ceremonies. He possesses a collection of magic horns, which at such times he arranges and contemplates, and thereby communicates with a spirit who lives deep in the waters of the Nyanza. He also indulges in the interpretation of dreams. He has his pilgrimages, too; spends occasionally a fortnight yachting on the lake; and at other times goes out on special excursions of pleasure with his numerous wives.

On the 10th of January, 1862, Speke crossed over the Weranhanje spur, and put up with the Arabs at Kufro. Here, for the first time in this part of the world, he found good English peas growing. The next day he encamped at Luandalo. On the 12th, he entered the rich plantain gardens of Kisaho. At this place, all the people were in a constant state of intoxication, drinking pombe all day and all night. He now descended from the Mountains of the Moon, and crossed a long alluvial plain to the settlement of Kitangule, where Rumanika keeps thousands upon thousands of cows. Formerly, the dense green forests which grow in swampy places about this plain, were said to have been stocked by vast herds of elephants; but since the increase of the ivory trade, these animals have been driven off to the distant hills. On the 16th, he reached the Kitangule River, which falls into the west side of the Victoria Nyanza. It was only after a long contest with the superstitious boatmen that they allowed him to cross in their canoe with his shoes on, as they thought the vessel would either upset, or else the river would dry up, in consequence of their Neptune taking offence at him. It was about eighty yards broad, was sunk down a considerable depth below the surface of the land, and was so deep that it could not be poled by the canoe-men; while it runs at a velocity of from three to four knots an hour.

The country, as they marched on, was a perfect garden of plantains; the soil was surpassingly rich; and as fast as the people sowed, they were sure of a crop without much trouble. Everywhere the huts and the gardens were in excellent order. The banks of the river, and the neighbouring forests, were alive with antelopes, principally harte-beests. On the 24th, they came to a village, where they were compelled to stay two or three days, and where drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing, went on the whole time, night and day, to drive the *phepo*, or devil, away. An old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of pombe in their laps, sat in front of a hut, whilst other people kept constantly bringing them baskets full of plaintain-squash, and more pots of pombe. Hundreds of people were collected in the court-yard, all perfectly drunk, and making the most terrific uproar. Mtesa, the king of Uganda, now sent messengers, urging the white man to make haste and come to him; and Speke sent back to Grant, earnestly press-

ing him to follow on, if he possibly could, as he had little doubt that they would be able to proceed across the country to the northward.

Speaking of the country through which they passed on the 31st, our traveller says—"After crossing more of those abominable rush-drains, whilst in sight of the Victoria Nyanza, we ascended the most beautiful hills, covered with verdure of all descriptions. At Meruka, where I put up, there resided some grandees, the chief of whom was the king's aunt. She sent me a goat, a hen, a basket of eggs, and some plantains, in return for which I sent her a wire and some beads. I felt inclined to stop here a month, everything was so pleasant. The temperature was perfect. The roads, as indeed they were everywhere, were as broad as our coach-roads, cut through the long grasses, straight over the hills and down through the woods in the dells—a strange contrast to the wretched tracks in all the adjacent countries. The huts were kept so clean and neat, not a fault could be found with them—the gardens the same. Wherever I strolled I saw nothing but richness, and what ought to be wealth. The whole land was a picture of quiescent beauty, with a boundless sea in the background. Looking over the hills, it struck the fancy at once that at one period the whole land must have been at a uniform level with their present tops, but that, by the constant denudation it was subjected to by frequent rains, it had been cut down and sloped into those beautiful hills and dales which now so much pleased the eye; for there were none of those quartz dykes I had seen protruding through the same kind of aqueous formations in Usui and Karague; nor were there any other sorts of volcanic disturbance to distort the calm quiet aspect of the scene. From this, the country being all hill and dale, with miry rush-drains in the bottoms, I walked, carrying my shoes and stockings in my hands, nearly all the way."

The rush-drains were so numerous that many of the men suffered fever from having so frequently to cross them. When they descended into the Katonga valley, where, from what the Arabs had told him, Speke expected to find a magnificent broad sheet of water, there was such a succession of them, divided one from the other by islands, that it took him two hours, with his clothes tucked up under his arms, to get through them all; and many of them were so matted with weeds, that his feet sank down as though he were in a bog. The Waganda said that, at certain seasons of the year, these drains were all so flooded that no one could ford them; though, strangely enough, they were always lowest when most rain fell in Uganda. No one could account for this singular fact.

After much weary travelling, Speke reached the neighbourhood of the palace of Mtesa, king of Uganda, on the 19th of February. He says it was a magnificent sight. The whole hill was covered with gigantic huts, such as he had never seen in Africa before. He expressed his wish to go at once to the palace; but the king's officers said this was against all rule and order.

"Draw up your men," said they, "and fire your guns off, to let the king know you are here. We will then show you your residence, and to-morrow you will doubtless be sent for." He was then shown some dirty huts for his accommodation, similar to those appropriated to the Arabs when they visited the place. In his indignation, he declared that, unless better quarters were provided for him, he would return; but the officer in attendance entreated him not to be so hasty, as the king did not yet know him; when he came to know who and what he was things would be different.

The next day the king sent his pages of honour to announce his intention of holding a levee in Speke's honour. "I prepared," he says, "for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks, resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper-cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope skins, which I observed were sewn together as well as any English gloves could have pieced them; whilst their head-dresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly-polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells; and on their necks, arms, and ankles, they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings, generally covered with snake-skin. The palace or entrance quite surprised me by its extraordinary dimensions, and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; whilst within the enclosure, the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop-doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

"The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashion. Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats, were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope-turbans, rushed about conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin-cloak tightly round him, lest his naked legs might by accident be shown."

Our traveller was now desired, by the chief officers in waiting, to sit down on the ground outside, in the sun, with his servants, till the pleasure of his majesty was known as to seeing him. Considering this an act of discourtesy, he refused to comply. After waiting five minutes, as the king did not appear, he thought it right to walk home again, giving Bombay directions to leave his present on the ground. Soon after, however, Bombay was requested

to follow him, with the information that he might bring his own chair, as the king was anxious to show him every respect, although no one but the monarch was allowed in Uganda to sit on an artificial seat. It was intimated to him that he would be expected to comply with the usual custom of prostration on presentation; but, following the example of Lord Amherst at the Court of Peking, he declined to be received unless in a manner conformable to the usages of his own country, and this point of etiquette was graciously waived.

He goes on to say—"After returning to the second tier of huts from which I had retired, everybody appeared to be in a hurried, confused state of excitement, not knowing what to make out of so unprecedented an exhibition of temper. In the most polite manner, the officers in waiting begged me to be seated on my iron stool, which I had brought with me, whilst others hurried in to announce my arrival. But for a few minutes only I was kept in suspense, when a band of music, the musicians wearing on their backs long-haired goat-skins, passed me, dancing as they went along, like bears in a fair, and playing on reed instruments, worked out with pretty beads in various patterns, from which depended leopard-cat skins, the time being regulated by the beating of long hand-drums.

"The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honour following, formed in 'open ranks,' who, in their turn, were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him, as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round from the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed in a new mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament, a large ring, of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternately brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece

of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman, the Uganda cognisance, were by his side, as also a knot of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of Wichwezi, or lady-sorcerers.

“I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of colour worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head, from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks; for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.”

At length his majesty got up, and walked away through the enclosure, into the fourth tier of huts. His gait, in retiring, was intended to be very majestic, and to represent the step of a lion; but the outward sweep of the legs looked only like a ludicrous waddle. He quickly returned from his breakfast, of which he had gone to partake, and Speke was again invited in, with his men. He found the king standing on a red blanket, talking and laughing to a hundred or more of his admiring wives, who were squatting on the ground outside, in two groups. Mtesa then entered into conversation with the traveller, but it was kept up with difficulty, as every answer had to be passed through the interpreter, and then delivered to the king's chief officer, and frequently another question was asked before the other was answered. The most important business had reference to opening up a passage across the country.

After a considerable lapse of time, Speke obtained a residence at what was considered the “west end” of the royal city. It was in a garden in view of the palace, so that he could hear the constant music, and see the throngs of people going to and fro. Having selected the best hut for himself, and given the other to his three officers, he ordered his men to build barracks for themselves, in the form of a street, from his hut to the main road. He could now visit the palace with more ease, and obtained better opportunities for seeing the king and endeavouring to gain the important ends he had in view. Speke won the royal favour by his medical skill, blis-

tering and doctoring the king to his great delight. He managed, at the same time, to keep up his own dignity, by refusing to render improper submission, or to receive any treatment other than was due to the representative of the British nation.

The young king's character was a mixture of childish frivolity and uncontrollable passion. It is a singular illustration of the state of society in this portion of Africa, that no regular provision was made by the king for the maintenance of his visitors. They were not even allowed to purchase provisions for their daily wants; but were told to help themselves from whatever Uganda contained. Speke was thus placed under the painful alternative; either of starving himself or his men, or of sanctioning acts which appeared to him like the plunder of a helpless population. The politeness of this young barbarian king was often exhibited in striking contrast to his ferocity. He even showed himself capable of friendship, and came to treat his guest with generosity and affection. Speke taught him to shoot, and under his guidance he became a skilful sportsman. Taking his first lessons on cows in the palace enclosure, he was able at length to bring down vultures on the wing. The possession of fire-arms seems to have almost deprived him of reason. At one of his levees, he loaded a carbine with his own hands, and, giving it to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court, which was no sooner done than the boy returned to announce his success with a smile of glee, such as might be reflected in the face of a boy who had just robbed a bird's nest, or caught a trout. On sending a bullet from a Whitworth rifle through sixteen of the country shields, arranged behind each other, a great idea was suddenly generated in the barbarian mind. "I shall not go to war again," he said, addressing his attendants, "with bows and arrows; I must have guns."

Savage life has probably never been seen in all its fantastical phases and terrible realities more completely than during the compulsory residence of Speke at the court of Uganda. In the midst of revelry, and while apparently at the height of enjoyment, he would, in a fit of sudden caprice, order a young and beautiful wife for instant execution. During an excursion to the Lake Nyanza, in which the king was accompanied by Speke, and as usual by a choice selection of his wives, a scene of this kind transpired. Having crossed over to a woody island some distance from the shore, the party sat down to a repast. They then took a walk among the trees, the ladies apparently enjoying themselves and picking fruit, till unhappily, one of the most attractive of them plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, probably, to please him. He took it, however, as a dreadful offence; and, declaring that it was the first time a woman had had the audacity to offer him food, ordered the pages to lead her off to execution. No sooner had the words been uttered than they rushed at her like a pack of beagles, slipping off their cord turbans and

throwing the ropes round her limbs. She, indignant at being touched, attempted to beat them off, but was soon overcome and dragged away, calling on Speke for help and protection. The other women clasped the king round the legs, imploring him to pardon their unhappy sister. His only reply was to belabour the miserable victim with a thick stick. Speke had carefully abstained hitherto from interfering with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty. On hearing, however, his own name imploringly pronounced, his English blood was up; and, rushing to the tyrant, he stayed his uplifted arm, and demanded the poor creature's life. He, of course, ran a great risk of losing his own; but the novelty of the event seemed to tickle the capricious chief, and he at once ordered the woman to be released.

After he had been some time in the palace, he obtained an introduction to the queen-dowager; and thus he describes it:—"To call upon the queen-mother respectfully, as it was the opening visit, I took, besides the medicine-chest, a present of eight brass and copper wires, thirty blue-egg beads, one bundle of diminutive beads, and sixteen cubits of chintz, a small guard, and my throne of royal grass. The palace to be visited lay half a mile beyond the king's, but the high road to it was forbidden me, as it is considered uncourteous to pass the king's gate without going in. So after winding through back-gardens, I struck upon the high road close to her majesty's, where everything looked like the royal palace on a miniature scale. The outer enclosures and courts were fenced with tiger-grass; and the huts, though neither so numerous nor so large, were constructed after the same fashion as the king's. Guards also kept the doors, on which large bells were hung to give alarm, and officers in waiting watched the throne-rooms. All the huts were full of women, save those kept as waiting-rooms, where drums and harmoniums were placed for amusement. On first entering, I was required to sit in a waiting-hut till my arrival was announced; but that did not take long, as the queen was prepared to receive me; and being of a more affable disposition than her son, she held rather a levee of amusement than a stiff court of show. I entered the throne-hut as the gate of that court was thrown open, with my hat off, but umbrella held over my head, and walked straight towards her, till ordered to sit upon my bundle of grass.

"Her majesty—fat, fair, and forty-five—was sitting, plainly garbed in mbugu, upon a carpet spread upon the ground, within a curtain of mbugu, her elbow resting on a pillow of the same bark material; the only ornaments on the person being an abrus necklace, and a piece of mbugu tied round her head, whilst a folding looking-glass, much the worse for wear, stood open by her side. An iron rod like a spit, with a cup on the top, charged with magic powder, and other magic wands, were placed before the entrance; and within the room four Mabandwa sorceresses or devil-drivers, fantastically dressed, and a mass of other women, formed the company. For a short while we sat

at a distance, exchanging inquiring glances at one another, when the women were dismissed, and a band of music, with a court full of Wakungu, was ordered in to change the scene. I also got orders to draw near and sit fronting her within the hut. Pombe, the best in Uganda, was then drunk by the queen, and handed to me and to all the high officers about her, when she smoked her pipe, and bade me smoke mine. The musicians, dressed in long-haired Usoga goat-skins, were now ordered to strike up, which they did with their bodies swaying or dancing like bears in a fair. A great variety of drums were then beat, and I was asked if I could distinguish their different tones."

The queen-dowager, like her royal son, required doctoring; and the effects of Speke's physic astonished her beyond measure. He had many opportunities of seeing her; and so completely won her regard that she insisted on presenting him with various presents, among others a couple of wives, greatly to his annoyance. She was a jovial and intelligent personage, fond of pombe and fun. On one occasion our traveller, when introduced, found her surrounded by her ministers, when a large wooden trough was brought in, and filled with the favourite beverage. The queen put her head in and drank like a pig from it, her ministers following her example. Musicians and dancers were then introduced, exhibiting their long, shaggy, goat-skin jackets, sometimes dancing upright, at others bending or striking the ground with their heels like horn-pipe dancers.

Speke's stay at the palace of Uganda, was prolonged from month to month, much to his disappointment and annoyance, as he wanted to be pushing on towards Nyanza and the Nile. On the 1st of April, Speke stayed at home all day, because the king and queen had set it apart for looking at and arranging their magical horns. This was something like an inquiry into the ecclesiastical condition of the country, while, at the same time, it was a religious ceremony, and, as such, was appropriate to the first day after the new moon appears. The king was much pleased with a portrait Speke made of him, but was still more delighted with some European clothes with which he was presented. He soon dressed himself in his new garments. The legs of the trousers, as well as the sleeves of the waistcoat, were much too short, so that his black feet and hands stuck out at the extremities as an organ-player's monkey's do, while the cock's comb on his head prevented a fez cap, which he wore, from sitting properly.

One day towards the end of May, Speke had an opportunity of seeing something like a military review. A battalion of the king's army arrived before the palace, under the command of Congow, his chief officer. The king came out with spear and shield in hand, and took post in front of the enclosure, encircled by his staff, all squatting. His troops were divided into three companies, each containing about two hundred men. After passing in single

file at a long trot, they re-formed at the other end of the square. Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued. The men, nearly naked, with goat or cat-skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war-colours according to the taste of each individual, one-half of the body red or black, the other blue, in irregular order; as, for instance, one leg would be red, the other black, whilst the other part would be the opposite colours, and so with the chest and arms. Each man carried two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy. They thus moved in three lines of simple rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent to give their strides the greater force. The captains of each company followed, even more fantastically dressed. The great Congow, with his long, white-haired goat-skins, fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with white hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and the helmet covered with rich beads of several colours, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, from the centre of which rose a stem, tufted with goat-hair. Finally, the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent protestations of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home.

Speke was now looking forward to the arrival of Grant. On the 27th of May, guns in the distance announced his coming; and, in a short time, the two travellers once more joined company. Speke says, "I was only too rejoiced to see that Grant could limp about a bit, and was able to laugh over the picturesque and amusing account he gave me of his own rough travels." Forthwith the travellers began to make arrangements for proceeding to Unyoro, a country governed by a chief named Kamrasi, a man of despicable character, and considered merciless and cruel, even among African potentates, scattering death and torture around at the mere whim of the moment; while he was inhospitable, covetous, and grasping, yet too cowardly to declare war against the king of the Waganda, who had deprived him of portions of his dominions. The Waganda people were therefore very unwilling to escort the travellers into his territory; and Congow declared that, if compelled to go, he was a dead man, for he was well known, as he had once led an army past Kamrasi's palace, and back again. Speke's great object was to reach the spot where he supposed the lake flowed out of Lake Nyanza, and proceed down the stream in boats; but the fleet-admiral put a veto on this plan, on the pretext that dangerous shallows impeded the navigation. The only course which then remained was to proceed by land to the banks of the supposed river, and then ascend to its point of departure from the lake. On the 28th of June, news came that white men were at Gani, inquiring for the travellers. Speke consequently informed the king, that all he required was a large escort to accompany them through Usogo and Kidi to Gani, as further

delay in communicating with Petherick and his companions at Gani might frustrate the chance of opening the Nile trade with Uganda.

In answer to this request, the king said that he would assemble all his officers in the morning and consult with them on the matter, as he wished to further the travellers' views; but when the next day came, although they waited upon him, they could not obtain any audience. The following day, as it was the time of the new moon, he spent in private, paying his devotions with his magic horns. While he was in the midst of his worship, hail fell with great violence, and lightning burnt down one of the palace huts; this was regarded as ominous of approaching evil. On the 1st of July, the travellers called by appointment on the queen-dowager. As usual, she kept them waiting some time, then appeared sitting by an open gate, and invited them to approach. They then entered into conversation with her majesty, and endeavoured to secure her influence in favour of their speedy departure from Uganda. She promised to send a message to the king concerning the matter. In a day or two after, she fulfilled her promise, and, at last, they obtained the royal consent to leave the country.

A few days before leaving, Speke and Grant called together on the king, and presented him with a Lancaster rifle, an iron chain, and some ammunition; and thanked him for the favour he had done them by granting them the road through Unyoro. Turning to Speke, he said, "So you really wish to go." Speke said, Yes; he had not seen his home for a long time; he had enjoyed his royal hospitality much; but he now wished to return to his own country. The king then asked them what provision they wanted; and when Grant replied that they would not be long in Uganda, and as it was not the custom of Englishmen, when they went visiting, to carry anything away with them, five cows and five goats would be sufficient for their needs, he said, "Well, I wish to give you much, but you won't have it." On their way home, one of the king's favourite women overtook them, walking, with her hands clasped at the back of her head, to execution, crying in the most pitiful manner. A man was preceding her, but did not touch her; for she loved to obey the orders of her king voluntarily, and, in consequence of previous attachment, was permitted, as a mark of distinction, to walk free.

The day of departure from Uganda at length arrived. By the 7th of July, all the arrangements for their journey were made. The king presented them with a herd of sixty cows, fourteen goats, ten loads of butter, a load of coffee and tobacco, for their provisions; and one hundred sheets of mbugu, as clothes for the men. "Early in the morning," says Speke, "the king bade us come to him to say farewell. Wishing to leave behind a favourable impression, I instantly complied. On the breast of my coat I suspended the necklace the queen had given me, as well as my knife, and my medals. I talked with him in as friendly and flattering a manner as I could, dwelling

on his shooting, the pleasant cruising on the lake, and our sundry pic-nics, as well as the grand prospect there was now of opening the country to trade, by which his guns, the best in the world, would be fed with powder, and other small matters of a like nature; to which he replied with great feeling and good taste. We then all rose, with an English bow, placing the hand on the heart whilst saying adieu; and there was a complete uniformity in the ceremonial, for whatever I did, Mtesa, in an instant, mimicked with the instinct of a monkey." They now exchanged their final farewells; the king retired to his harem, and the travellers proceeded on their way.

CHAPTER VII.

The Northern Slopes of Africa—Isamba Rapids—Ripon Falls—Unyoro—Kamrasi and his Court—March to Madi—Meeting with Baker and with Petherick—Return to England.

OUR travellers now commenced their march down the northern slopes of Africa, escorted by a band of Waganda troops, under the command of a young chief, called Kasoro, or the cat. After a march of five days, the whole distance accomplished being thirty miles from the capital, through a fine hilly country, with jungles and rich cultivation alternating, they reached a place which, in consequence of what afterwards happened there, they called Kari. A halt of some days was necessary at this place, when one of Speke's men, named Kari, was induced to accompany some of the Waganda escort on a plundering excursion. The inhabitants rushed out; the Waganda men took to flight and escaped. Kari, whose gun was unloaded, stood still, pointing it at the natives, who, however, speared him to death, and left him. From this circumstance the place was called Kari. On the 18th, as Grant's leg was considered too weak for travelling fast, the travellers took counsel together, and altered their plans. It was arranged that Grant should go to Kamrasi's direct, with the property, cattle, and women, taking Speke's letters and a map for immediate despatch to Petherick at Gani, whilst Speke should go up the river to its source or exit from the lake, and come down again, navigating as far as practicable.

On the 19th, they started all together; but, after the third mile, Grant turned west, to join the high road to Kamrasi's, whilst Speke went east for Urondogani, crossing the Luajerri, a large rush-drain three miles broad, fordable nearly to the right bank, where they had to ferry in boats, and the cows to be swam over with men holding on to their tails. It took no less than two hours to cross, mosquitoes in myriads biting their bare backs and legs all the while. On the right bank they found the country covered with a most inviting jungle for sport, with intermediate lays of fine grazing grass. Such is the nature of the country all the way to Urondogani, except in some favoured spots, kept as tidily as in any part of Uganda, where plantains grow in the utmost luxuriance. From want of proper guides, they lost their way continually, so that they did not reach the boat-station on the river until the morning of the 21st.

"Here at last," exclaims Speke, "I stood on the brink of the Nile! Most beautiful was the scene. Nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun; flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the back ground, where herds of the nsunnu and harte-beest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good.

"We were now confronting Usoga, a country which may be said to be the very counterpart of Uganda, in its richness and beauty. Here the people use such iron-headed spears with short handles, that, on seeing one to-day, my people remarked that they were better fitted for digging potatoes than piercing men. Elephants, as we had seen by their devastations during the last two marches, were very numerous in the neighbourhood. Lions were also described as very numerous and destructive to human life. Antelopes were common in the jungle; and the hippopotami, though frequenters of the plantain-garden and constantly heard, were seldom seen on land." Here was shot a remarkable specimen of the goatsucker (named afterwards by Dr. Selater, *Cosmetornis Spekii*); its peculiarity being the exceeding length of some of its feathers floating out far beyond the rest in both wings. The seventh pen feathers are double the length of the ordinaries, the eighth double that of the seventh, and the ninth twenty inches long.

Marching up the left bank of the river, at a considerable distance from the water, Speke came to the Isamba Rapids. The officer of the district, having refreshed them with a dish of plantain-squash and dried fish, and some pombe, accompanied them to see the nearest falls of the river—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire; there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks, as you look down, you see a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream; these divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. Altogether, the scene is fairy-like, wild, and romantic in the extreme.

Continuing their journey, they reached, on the 28th, the Ripon Falls. "We were well rewarded," Speke says, "for the 'stones,' as the Waganda

call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-book was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I had expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, above twelve feet deep, and four to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still, it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might—the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats, and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook—hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water—the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake—made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes, as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.” Our traveller spent two or three days in this delightful neighbourhood, and christened the “stones” Ripon Falls, after the nobleman who presided over the Royal Geographical Society when his expedition was got up. Here he had arrived at what he considered the source of the Nile—that is, the point from where it makes its exit from the Victoria Nyanza.

He now returned to Urondogani, which he reached on the 5th of August. There was a difficulty in obtaining boats to continue the journey. At length, with five boats of five planks each, tied together and caulked with mbugu rags, he started on the voyage to reach Kamrasi’s palace in Unyoro; taking with him twelve Wanguana, Kasoro and his page followers, a small crew, goats, dogs, and kit, besides grain and dried meat; but how many days it would take nobody knew. The river bore at once the character of river and lake, clear in the centre, but fringed on both sides in most places with tall rushes, above which the green banks sloped back like park-lands. The idle crew paddled slowly, amusing themselves by sometimes dashing forwards, and then resting. On the 14th they crossed the frontier line; and then both sides of the river, Usoga as well as Unyoro, belonged to Kamrasi. They had not proceeded far when they saw an enormous canoe, full of well-dressed and armed men, approaching them. It turned, as if those on board were afraid, and Speke’s party gave chase. At length, however, it turned again, and the shore was soon lined with armed men, threatening the expedition with destruction. Another canoe now appeared. It was getting dark; and the only hope of escaping seemed by retreating. Speke ordered his fleet to keep together, promising ammunition to the men if they would fight. One of the boats, however, got near shore, and was caught by grappling hooks. When those on board found their lives endangered, they fired at their assailants, who immediately fled, leaving one of their number killed and one wounded; and Speke and his party were allowed to retreat unmolested.

After proceeding up the river some distance, Speke determined to continue the journey by land, following the track Grant had taken. Two or three days were spent wandering about without guides, trying to keep Grant's track after leaving them; crossing at first a line of small hills, then traversing grass and jungle, like the *dak* of India. Plantain-gardens were frequently met, and the people seemed hospitably inclined. Buffaloes were about, but the villagers cautioned them not to shoot them, as they were held to be sacred animals. Grant's camp was reached on the 20th, and that very day a messenger arrived from Kamrasi, saying that he would be glad to see them; and so the following morning the march was ordered for Unyoro. Once more they passed the frontier, and the country changed greatly for the worse. The first march from this to the capital was a picture of the entire way—an interminable forest of small trees, bush, and tall grass, with scanty villages, low huts, and dirty-looking people clad in skins; the plantain, sweet potato, sesamum, and millet, forming the chief edibles, besides goats and fowls. No hills, except a few scattered cones, disturbed the level surface of the land, and no pretty views cheered the eye. Uganda was entirely left behind; they were increasing the distance from the equator and the rain-attracting influences of the Mountains of the Moon, and vegetation proportionately decreased.

At the first place where they halted, the Wanyoro, who are as squalid-looking as the Wanyamuezi, and almost as badly-dressed, came about them to hawk ivory ornaments, brass and copper twisted wristlets, tobacco, and salt, which they exchanged for cowries, with which they purchase cows from the Waganda. At several places the natives ran off as they approached, believing them to be cannibals; and in one instance, they supposed that the iron boxes, which the porters carried on their shoulders, each contained a couple of white dwarfs, which were allowed to fly off and eat people.

Their march on the 2nd of September was only of two hours' duration. On their arrival at the end, they heard that elephants had been seen close by. "Grant and I," says Speke, "then prepared our guns, and found a herd of about a hundred feeding upon a plain of long grass, dotted here and there by small mounds crowned with shrub. The animals appeared to be all females, much smaller than the Indian breed; yet, though ten were fired at, none were killed, and only one made an attempt to charge. I was with the little twin Manua at the time, when, stealing along under cover of the high grass, I got close to the batch and fired at the largest, which sent her round roaring. The whole of them then, greatly alarmed, packed together, and began sniffing the air with their uplifted trunks, till, ascertaining by the smell of the powder that their enemy was in front of them, they rolled up their trunks, and came close to the spot where I was lying under a mound. My scent was then striking across them; they pulled up short, lifted their heads high, and looked down sideways on us. This was a bad job. I could not get a proper front

shot at the boss of any of them, and if I had waited an instant we should both have been picked up or trodden to death ; so I let fly at their temples, and instead of killing, sent the whole of them rushing away at a much faster pace than they came. After this I gave up, because I never could separate the ones I had wounded from the rest, and thought it cruel to go on damaging more."

On the 8th, Kamrasi sent for them to visit his palace ; and the following day they set out for it. Passing the last bit of jungle, they sighted the Kidi hills, and, in a sea of swampy grass, they stood in front of, and overlooked the king's palace, on a low tongue of land between the Kafu and Victoria Nile rivers. It was a dumpy, large hut, surrounded by a host of smaller ones, and the worst royal residence they had seen since leaving Uzinza. Some dirty huts were offered to Speke for residence, but he insisted on being lodged in the palace. They were kept however, waiting several days, till Speke sent to say, that if the king did not wish to see the white men, they would proceed on their journey to Gani. This had the desired effect. Kamrasi sent immediately to say that he was busily engaged decorating his palace to give them a triumphant reception, for he was anxious to pay them more respect than anybody who had ever visited him before. He would not hear of their leaving the country without seeing him. The next day they were summoned to attend his levee ; and, in their usual style, the Union Jack floating above their heads, and leading the way, they set out to attend on his majesty. At the ferry, three shots were fired, when, stepping into large canoes, they all went across the Kafu together, and found, to their surprise, a small hut built for the reception, low down on the opposite bank, where no strange eyes could see them.

Here is a description of the interview :—" Within this, sitting on a low wooden stool placed upon a double matting of skins—cows' below and leopards' above, on an elevated platform of grass, was the great king Kamrasi, looking, enshrouded in his mbugu dress, for all the world like a pope in state—calm and actionless. One bracelet of fine-twisted brass wire adorned his left wrist, and his hair, half an inch long, was worked up into small pepper-corn-like knobs, by rubbing the hand circularly over the crown of the head. His eyes were long, face narrow, and nose prominent, after the true fashion of his breed. And though a finely-made man, considerably above six feet high, he was not so large as Rumanika. A cow-skin, stretched out and fastened to the roof, acted as a canopy to prevent dust falling, and a curtain of mbugu concealed the lower parts of the hut, in front of which, on both sides of the king, sat about a dozen head men.

" This was all. We entered and took seats on our own iron stools, whilst Bombay placed all the presents upon the ground before the throne. As no greetings were exchanged, and all at first remained as silent as death, I com-

menced, after asking about his health, by saying I had journeyed six long years, by the African computation of five months in the year, for the pleasure of this meeting. The purpose of my coming was to ascertain whether his majesty would like to trade with our country, exchanging ivory for articles of European manufacture; as, should he do so, merchants would come here in the same way as they went from Zanzibar to Karague. Kamrasi, in a very quiet mild manner, instead of answering the question, told us of the absurd stories he had heard from the Waganda, said he did not believe them, else his rivers, deprived of their fountains, would have run dry, and he thought, if we did eat hills and the tender parts of mankind, we should have had enough to satisfy our appetites before we reached Unyoro. Now, however, he was glad to see that, although our hair was straight and our faces white, we still possessed hands and feet like other men."

Kamrasi was as eager to obtain gifts as any of the other chiefs, and, having heard of their chronometer, which they had been observed using, he was especially desirous to possess it, believing it to be some magic instrument, and the means by which the travellers guided themselves about the country. Speke told him that it was not his guide, but a time-keeper, made for the purpose of knowing at what time to eat his dinner. He told him it was the only one he possessed; that if he would patiently wait, he would send him up one on his arrival at Gani. The king, however, was too eager to possess the wonderful instrument to consent to wait; and so the watch, gold chain and all, went into his possession.

One morning, soon after, they were informed that the king was about to pay them a visit. Accordingly they made their room as smart as possible for his reception—hanging it round with maps, horns, and skins of animals, and placing a large box, covered with a red blanket, as a throne for him to sit upon. Their guard of honour fired three shots on his approach, and the travellers received him, hat in hand, and, leading the way, showed him in. As soon as he entered, he began to beg, wanting everything he saw—first, their gauze mosquito curtains, then an iron camp-bed, next the sextant and thermometer. When some books of birds and animals were shown him he wanted them, and was much surprised when he found that he could not fleece them of everything.

Another morning they found that their rain-gauge had been removed, so they sent to say that they wished a magician to come at once and institute a search for it. The magician soon came. An old man, nearly blind, dressed in strips of old leather fastened to the waist, and carrying in one hand a cow's horn primed with magic powder, carefully covered on the mouth with leather, from which dangled an iron bell. The old creature jingled the bell, entered their hut, squatted on his hands, looked first at one, then at the other—inquired what the missing things were like, grunted, moved his skinny arm round his

head, as if desirous of catching air from all four sides of the hut, then dashed the accumulated air on the head of his horn, smelt it to see if all was going right, jingled the bell again close to his ear, and grunted his satisfaction; the missing articles must be found. To carry out the incantation more effectually, however, all my men were sent for to sit in the open before the hut, when the old doctor rose, shaking the horn and tinkling the bell close to his ear. He then, confronting one of the men, dashed the horn forward, as if intending to strike him on the face, then smelt the head, then dashed at another, and so on, till he became satisfied that Speke's men were not the thieves. He then walked into Grant's hut, inspected that, and finally went to the place where the bottle had been kept. There he walked about the grass with his arm up, and jingling the bell to his ear, first on one side, then on the other, till the track of a hyena gave him the clue, and in two or three more steps he found it. A hyena had carried it into the grass and dropped it, he said. But Speke knew that the king had taken it, and sent it back by the hands of his magician.

Kamarasi was a thorough tyrant, and, at the same time, an infamous coward. He kept up a most complete system of espionage, by which he knew everything going forward in the country. His guards, in order that they might be attached to his person, were allowed to plunder at will the rest of his unfortunate subjects, who, if they offended him, were put to death without mercy. If an officer failed to give him information, he was executed, or placed in the shoe—an instrument of torture not unlike the stocks. It consists of a heavy log of wood, with an oblong slit through it; the feet are placed in the slit, and a peg is then driven through the log between the ankles, so as to hold them tightly. Frequently the executioner drives the peg against the ankles, when the pain is so excessive that the victim generally dies through exhaustion. The king conducts all business himself, awarding punishments and seeing them carried out. The most severe instrument of torture is a knob-stick, sharpened at the back like that used in Uganda for breaking a man's neck before he was thrown into the Nyanza. His sisters were not allowed to marry; they lived and died virgins in the palace. Their only occupation in life consisted in drinking milk, of which each one consumed the produce daily of from ten to twenty cows, and hence they became so inordinately fat that they could not walk. When they wished to go outside the hut, it required eight men to lift any of them on a litter. The brothers, too, were not allowed to go out of the king's reach. This confinement of the palace family was considered a state necessity, as a preventive to civil wars, in the same way as the destruction of the Uganda princes, after a certain season, is thought necessary for the preservation of peace there.

The following curious customs in connection with the birth of twins, will be read with interest:—"I was told," says Speke, "how a negro

woman, who bore twins that died, now keeps two small pots in her house, as effigies of the children, into which she milks herself every evening, and will continue to do so five months, fulfilling the time appointed by nature for suckling children, lest the spirits of the dead should persecute her. The twins were not buried, as ordinary people are buried, underground, but placed in an earthenware pot, such as the Wanyoro used for holding pombe. They were taken to the jungle and placed by a tree, with the pot turned mouth downwards. Manua, one of my men, who is a twin, said, in Nguru, one of the sister provinces to Unyanyembe, twins are ordered to be killed and thrown into water the moment they are born, lest droughts and famines, or floods, should oppress the land. Should any one attempt to conceal twins, the whole family would be murdered by the chief; but, though a great traveller, this is the only instance of such brutality Manua had ever witnessed in any country.

“In the province of Unyanyembe, if a twin or twins die, they are thrown into water for the same reason as in Nguru; but, as their numbers increase the size of the family, their birth is hailed with delight. Still there is a source of fear there in connection with twins, as I have seen myself; for, when one dies, the mother ties a little gourd to her neck as a proxy, and puts into it a trifle of everything which she gives the living child, lest the jealousy of the dead spirit should torment her. Further, on the death of the child, she smears herself with butter and ashes, and runs frantically about, tearing her hair, and bewailing piteously; whilst the men of the place use towards her the foulest language, apparently as if in abuse of her person, but, in reality, to frighten away the demons who have robbed her nest.”

On the 29th of October, Speke presented Kamrasi with a Bible, explaining all he fancied he knew about the origin and present condition of the Wahuma branch of the Ethiopians, in which account the king was greatly interested. He then began counting the leaves of the book, an amusement that every negro who gets hold of a book indulges in; and, concluding in his mind that each page or leaf represented one year of time since the beginning of the creation, continued his labour till one quarter of the way through, and then only shut the book on being told that, if he desired to ascertain the number more closely, he could count the words.

The travellers were now in some anxiety about Bombay, whom they had sent forward to Gani six weeks before, with a letter for Petherick, and to make arrangements for their proceeding thither themselves. At length, on the 1st of November, he arrived in high glee, with his attendants, dressed in cotton jumpers and drawers—presents given them by Petherick's outpost. Petherick himself was not there. The journey to and fro was performed in thirteen days' actual travelling, the rest of the time being frittered away by



CROSSING A STREAM IN SOUTH AFRICA

the guides. Two hundred Turks, Speke was informed, were stationed at Gani, and their commander had orders to wait for Speke, without any limit as to time until he should arrive, when Petherick's name would be pointed out to him cut on a tree. The Turks were all armed with elephant-guns, and had killed sixteen elephants. Petherick had gone down the river, eight days' journey, but was expected to return shortly.

Receiving this intelligence, Speke sent a farewell present to Kamrasi, accompanied by a request to leave his country. The king, however, covetous and never satisfied, instead of returning thanks and granting the leave asked for, insisted on having something more, and even begged for the rings which he saw on Grant's fingers, but without success. At last he promised to give them a parting interview, and to send a large escort to accompany them to Petherick's boats. They had been kept the whole time of their stay in Unyoro almost as prisoners, without being allowed by the suspicious king to move about the neighbourhood, while no one had been permitted to visit them. They were, therefore, thankful when, at last, they persuaded the savage monarch to allow them to take their departure. Canoes had been provided, and, on the 9th of November, they embarked in one of them on the river Kafu. Crowds were collected on the banks to see them depart. After going a short distance, they emerged from the Kafu, and found themselves on what at first appeared a long lake, but which, was, in reality, the Victoria Nile, down which they floated to the falls of Karuma.

The river was in some places two hundred yards broad, while in others it spread to a thousand. Both sides were fringed with the huge papyrus rush. The left one was low and swampy, whilst the right one, in which the Kidi people and Wanzoro occasionally hunt, rose from the water in a gently sloping bank, covered with trees and beautiful convolvuli, which hung in festoons. Floating islands, composed of rush, grass, and ferns, were continually in motion, working their way slowly down the stream, which ran at the rate of a mile an hour. On the third day, a strong breeze coming on, these floating islands melted away, or were driven on shore. The travellers landed every evening to sleep, having to push their way between a wide belt of reeds, rushes, and convolvuli. The king having given his officers directions to supply them with food, they had some exciting chases after canoes. No sooner was one overtaken than their Wangoro escort robbed her of bark, cloth, liquor, beads, spears, and everything on board, the poor owners being utterly helpless.

Pursuing their journey partly by boat, and partly on land, they reached, on the 19th, the Karuma Falls. Nearing the falls, "the ground," says Speke, "on the line was highly cultivated, and intersected by a deep ravine of running water, whose sundry branches made the surface very irregular. The sand-paper tree, whose leaves resemble a cat's tongue in roughness, and which is used in

Uganda for polishing their clubs and spear handles, was conspicuous ; but at the end of the journey only, was there anything of much interest to be seen. There suddenly, in a deep ravine of one hundred yards below us, the formerly placid river, up which vessels of moderate size might steam two or three abreast, was now changed into a turbulent torrent. Beyond lay the land of Kidi, a forest of mimosa trees, rising gently away from the water in soft clouds of green. This, the governor of the place, Kija, described as a sporting-field, where elephants, hippopotami, and buffalo, are hunted by the occupants on both sides of the river. The elephant is killed with a new kind of spear, with a double-edged blade a yard long, and a handle, which, weighted in any way most easy, is pear-shaped. With these instruments some men climb into trees and wait for the herd to pass, whilst others drive them under. The hippopotami, however, are not hunted, but snared with lunda, the common tripping-trap with spike-drop, which is placed in the runs of this animal.

"The Karuma Falls, if such they may be called, are a mere sluice or rush of water between high syenitic stones, falling in a long slope down a ten-foot drop. There are others of minor importance, and one within ear-sound, down the river, said to be grand. The name given to these falls arose from the absurd belief that Karuma, the agent or familiar of a certain great spirit, placed the stones that break the waters in the river, and, for so doing, was applauded by his master, who, to reward his services by an appropriate distinction, allowed the stones to be called Karuma."

They were still in the territories of Kamrasi. The governor of the district, a great man, who sits on a throne only a little inferior to the king's, called upon them with a present, and said that he thought the white men were flocking this way to retake their lost country ; for tradition recorded that the Wahuma were once half-black and half-white, with half the hair straight and the other half curly ; and how was this to be accounted for, unless the country formerly belonged to white men with straight hair, but was subsequently taken by black men. Before starting to cross the Kidi wilderness, some of their party sacrificed two kids, one on either side of the river, flaying them with one long cut each down their breasts and bellies ; the animals were then spread eagle-fashion on the grass, that the travellers might step over them and obtain a prosperous journey. They continued their march through the wilderness for some days. At first they had to toil through dreadful swamps, but, at length, they found themselves unexpectedly standing on the edge of a plateau, on the west of which, for an interminable distance, the country opened out before them. Elephants and buffaloes were seen, and their guide, to make the journey propitious, plucked a twig, stripped off its leaves, and, waving it up the line of march and muttering some unintelligible words to himself, broke it in two and threw portions on either side of the path.

On the 29th they reached a collection of conical huts on the ridge of a small chain of granitic hills lying north-west. This was Koki in Gani. As they approached the southern extremity of this chain, knots of naked men, perched like monkeys on the granite blocks, were anxiously watching their arrival. A messenger was sent to Chongi, the governor, who despatched the principal people in the place to welcome the strangers. These people, covered with war paint, and looking something like clowns in a fair, rushed down the hill with their spears full tilt, and, performing various evolutions, conducted them to the governor. Chongi received them most cordially, and, taking a white hen by one leg, swayed it to and fro close to the ground in front of them; and then took a gourd of pombe, and with a little twig sprinkled the contents all over them. He then retired to the Uganda, or magic house, sprinkled pombe over it; and, finally, spreading a cow-skin under a tree, bade them sit down on it, and presented them with a bowl of pombe.

These people were entirely naked, their sole dress consisting of bead, iron, or brass ornaments, with some feathers or cowrie-beads on the head. Their hair was dressed in the most fantastic fashion; and, like the Kidi people, they carried diminutive stools to sit upon wherever they went. Their habitat extends from Koki to the Asua river. Their villages are composed of little conical huts of grass, on a frame-work of bamboo raised above low mud walls. Each village appoints its own chief. The granitic hills, like those of Unyamuezi, are extremely pretty, and clad with trees, contrasting strangely with the grassy downs of indefinite extent around.

From the Gani people, the travellers, without any visible change, passed into the country of Madi, who dress in the same naked fashion as their neighbours, and use bows and arrows. Their villages were all surrounded with fences, and the country, in its general aspect, resembled that of the Northern Unyamuezi. On the 3rd of December, having pushed on in spite of the friendly attempts made to detain them, they came in sight of what they supposed to be Petherick's outpost. They hastened on, when they saw three large flags heading a military procession, which marched out of the camp with drums and fifes playing. The travellers halted, and allowed them to draw near, when a very black man, named Mahamed, in full Egyptian regimentals, with a curved sword, hastened from the head of his regiment (a ragamuffin mixture of Nubians, Egyptians, and slaves of all sorts, about two hundred in number), and throwing himself into Speke's arms, began to hug and kiss him. Speke asked him who was his master? "Petrik," was the reply. "And where is Petherick now?" "Oh, he is coming." "How is it you have not got English colours, then?" "The colours are Debono's." "Who is Debono?" "The same as Petrik, but come along into my camp, and let us talk it out there." Mahamed then led them to his huts, situated in a village named Faloro, kept exactly in the same order as that of the natives. Giving

them two beds to sit upon, he ordered his wives to advance on their knees and give them coffee, whilst some of his men brought pombe, and prepared a dinner of bread and honey and mutton.

Their host, Mahamed, was little better than a land-pirate, who plundered and shot down the natives without compunction. Among his troops there was not one true Turk; they were adventurers, born from negro stock in the most southern Egyptian dominions. They were all married to the women of the country, whom they had dressed in cloths and beads. "Their children were many, with a prospect of more. Temporary marriages however, were more common than others; as, in addition to their slaves, they hired the daughters of the villagers, who remained with them whilst they were trading there, but went back to their parents when they marched to Gondokoro. They had also many hundreds of cattle, which it was said they had plundered from the natives, and now used for food, or to exchange for ivory, or other purposes. The scenery and situation were perfect for health and beauty. The settlement lay at the foot of small, well-wooded granitic hills, even prettier than the outcrops of Unyamuezi, and was intersected by clear streams."

Mahamed, like the native chiefs, wished to detain the travellers; being desirous that they and their party might guard his camp, while he went off on an expedition. He succeeded, by depriving them of their porters, and then marched out with his army—drums and fifes playing, colours flying, a hundred guns firing, officers riding, some on donkeys, others on cows. Speke afterwards learnt that Chongi, of Koki, had invited Mahamed to fight against an enemy of his, in whose territories immense stores of ivory were said to be buried, and the people had an endless number of cattle. On the last day of the year, Mahamed and his triumphant army, after having burned down and plundered three villages, returned laden with ivory, and driving in five slave girls, and thirty head of cattle. Two or three days afterwards, another specimen of Turkish barbarity came under Speke's notice. The head man of a village arrived with a large tusk of ivory, to ransom his daughter with; for she was one of those seized as a slave on this recent expedition. Fortunately for him, it had been considered by the Turks wise to keep on good terms with so influential a man, and therefore, on receiving the tusk, Mahamed gave back the damsel, adding a cow to seal their friendship.

Weary of Mahamed's procrastination, Speke, on the 11th of January, 1863, started forward himself, telling the Turk he would wait for him at the next place, provided he did not delay more than one day. Their march led them over long rolling downs of grass; and after going ten miles, they came to a village named Panyoro, where they tarried for the night. At first the villagers, thinking they were Turks, ran off with their cattle and what stores they could carry; but, after finding out who they were, they returned again, and gave them a good reception. The next day the van-

guard of Mahamed's party came up, and said they had orders to march on with Speke as far as Apuddo, where all were to stop for Mahamed. There was a certain tree near Apuddo, which was marked by an Englishman two years ago, and this Mahamed thought would keep them amused. The next march brought them to Paira, a collection of villages within sight of the Nile. In appearance it was a noble stream, flowing on a flat bed from west to east; and immediately beyond it was the Kuku Hills, rising up to a height of two thousand feet above the river. The next day they arrived at Jaifi, a group of huts close to a deep nullah which drains the central portions of Eastern Madi. At this place the Turks killed a crocodile, and ate him on the spot, much to the disgust of Speke's men.

When they reached Apuddo, Speke at once went to see the tree said to have been cut by an Englishman some time before. There, sure enough, was a mark, something like the letters M. J., on its bark, but not distinct enough to be ascertained, because the bark had healed up. When they reached Gondokoro, they learnt that the individual who had thus left his mark was an Italian, named Miani, who had gone further up the Nile than any one else, but who returned, because he was alarmed at the accounts the people gave of the countries to the southward, and he did not like the prospect of having to remain a whole rainy season with Mahamed at Faloro. They took up their quarters in the village as usual; but the Turks remained outside, and carried off all the tops of the villagers' huts to make a camp for themselves. There seemed nothing but misery in the place. Food was so scarce that the villagers sought for wild berries and fruits; whilst the Turks stole their cooking-pots, and helped themselves out of their half-filled bins—a small reserve store to last up to the far-distant harvest. Speke and Grant, however, provided for themselves by shooting antelopes and other game. On the 31st, Mahamed overtook them, and commenced to arrange for the march onwards. "This, however, was no easy matter, for the Turks alone required six hundred porters—half that number to carry their ivory, and the other half to carry their beds and bedding; whilst from fifty to sixty men was the most a village had to spare, and all the village chiefs were at enmity with one another. The plan adopted by Mahamed was, to summon the heads of all the villages to come to him, failing which, he would seize all their belongings. Then, having once got them together, he ordered them all to furnish him with so many porters a-head, saying he demanded it of them, for the great government's property could not be left on the ground. Their separate interests must now be sacrificed, and their feuds suspended; and if he heard, on his return again, that one village had taken advantage of the other's weakness caused by their employment in his service, he would then not spare his bullets—so they might look out for themselves."

On the 1st of February, they struck on the Nile, where it was running

like a fine Highland stream between the gneiss and mica-schist hills of Kuku, and followed it down to near where the Asua river joined it. Here they left it again as it arched round by the west, and forded the Asua river, a stiff rocky stream, deep enough to reach the breast when waded, but not very broad. On the 13th, they arrived at Marsan, in the Bari country. The whole company now was a thousand strong. Speke wished still to put up in the native villages, but Mahamed so terrified all his men, by saying the Bari would kill them in the night if they did not all sleep together in one large camp, that he was obliged to submit. The country was undulating and very prettily wooded. Villages were numerous; but as they passed them the inhabitants all fled, save a few men bolder than the rest. Both night and morning the Turks beat their drums; and whenever they stopped to eat, they sacked the villages.

At Doro, which they reached on the 14th, the natives turned out with their arms, and war drums were beaten as a sign that they intended to attack the camp. The Turks grew somewhat alarmed at this, and, as darkness began to set in, sent out patrols in addition to their nightly watches. The natives tried to steal into the camp, but were soon frightened off by the patrols cocking their guns. Seeing themselves defeated in this attempt, they collected in hundreds in front of the camp, set fire to the grass, and marching up and down, brandishing the burning grass in their hands, howled like demons, and swore they would annihilate their enemies in the morning.

The next morning, Speke and Grant walked in to Gondokoro, where Mahamed, after firing a salute, took them to see a Circassian merchant, named Kurshid Agha. Walking down the bank of the river, where a line of vessels was moored, and a brick-built house represented the late Austrian Mission establishment, they saw hurrying towards them the form of an Englishman, who, for one moment, they believed to be Petherick; greatly to their delight, they found themselves shaking hands with Mr., now Sir Samuel Baker, who had bravely come out in search of them. A little boy of his establishment had reported their arrival, and he in an instant came out to welcome them. "What joy this was," says Speke, "I can hardly tell. We could not talk fast enough, so overwhelmed were we both to meet again. Of course we were his guests in a moment, and learned everything that could be told. I now first heard of the death of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, which made me reflect on the inspiring words he made use of in compliment to myself, when I was introduced to him by Sir Roderick Murchison a short while before leaving England. Then there was the terrible war in America, and other events of a less startling nature, which came on us all by surprise, as years had now passed since we had received news from the civilised world."

The travellers waited at Gondokoro till the 26th, when they proceeded down the Nile, in Baker's boats (which he kindly lent them while he and his

devoted wife continued their journey southward,) to Khartoum. Before leaving Gondokoro, the travellers found Petherick, who offered Speke an explanation why he had failed in fulfilling his engagement to meet him, but which, however, Speke considered unsatisfactory. He had gone away on a trading expedition, and had made no attempt to succour his friends.

The voyage down the Nile to Khartoum took from the 26th of February to the 30th of March, and was performed in a *diabcah*, the usual Nile boat; the after-part being covered with a deck, on which was built a comfortable poop-cabin. They were hospitably entertained by Ali Bey, and by a number of European and Turkish inhabitants. "Among other interesting places they visited at Khartoum was a Coptic church. In the centre was a desk, at which a man was reading aloud to a number of other persons wearing large turbans, their shoes placed on one side, and several children, all sitting on a carpet, listening devoutly. On the walls were draperies and pictures of the Saviour; and within a doorway was a high altar, covered with a cloth, marked with the figure of a cross. The service was in Arabic. A handsome old man entered, bearing a staff surmounted by a golden cross. After kneeling at the altar he invited the strangers to his house to have coffee. Grant says that he never saw a finer face than that of this venerable Copt—Gabriel by name—who was at the head of the Coptic church at Khartoum."

They left Khartoum on the 15th of April, and continued their journey down to Berber by water. Here they landed, and had a fatiguing camel ride across the desert to a place called Korosko, whence they continued by water to Cairo. At Cairo, they called by invitation on the Viceroy at his Rhoda Island palace, and were much gratified with the reception; for, after hearing their story with marked intelligence, he most graciously offered to help in any other undertaking which would assist to open up and develop the interior of Africa. Here, they had to part from their "faithful children," for whose services they had no further occasion, and whom they had taken so far from their own country. Speke had them all photographed. He next appointed Bombay their captain, and gave him three photographs of all the eighteen men, and three more of the four women, to give one each to the British Consuls at Suez, Aden, and Zanzibar, by which they might be recognised. He also gave them increased wages, equal to three years' pay each, by orders on Zanzibar, which was one in addition to their time of service; an order for a freeman's garden to be purchased for them at Zanzibar; and another order that each one should receive ten dollars dowry-money as soon as he could find a wife. Ultimately, after many adventures, they all reached their destination.

The two brave men, whose adventures we have thus far followed, in a journey that involved a walk of thirteen hundred miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, embarked for England, on the 4th of June, on board the

“Pera,” and landed safely on their native shores, after an absence of eleven hundred and forty-six days. Captain Speke’s friends shortly afterwards had to mourn his untimely death, from his gun accidentally going off while out shooting. His gallant companion, now Colonel Grant, still survives. Although not, as he supposed, the discoverer of the remotest source of the Nile, Speke was undoubtedly the first European who saw the Victoria Nyanza; while the adventurous and dangerous journey he and Grant performed together entitles them to take place in the first rank of African travellers. They opened up an extensive and rich district hitherto totally unknown, which it is hoped will in a few years be enriched with the blessings of Christianity and civilization.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker—Their Arrival in Egypt—Cross the Nubian Desert—Berber—The Atbara—Cassala—Arab Tribes of Nubia—Junction of the Settat with the Atbara—The Abyssinian Frontier.

IN March, 1861, Samuel, then Mr. Baker, a private English gentleman, aided by no public resources, prompted by no public bodies, started in the exercise of his own discretion to attempt the solution of a problem which had baffled ages. He says—"In March, 1861, I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent by the English Government from the south, *via* Zanzibar, for that object. I had not the presumption to publish my intention, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto defied all explorers, but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task, or to die in the attempt."

As we have already seen, Mr. Baker met Speke and Grant almost at the outset of his journey, the subordinate motive, therefore, of affording help to them, ceased, but his greater object still lay before him. With a manliness of spirit equal to his own, they instantly placed at his disposal the results of their own explorations, and urged him to pursue the great task of perfecting what they had well begun. He had already devoted several years to the hardest feats of a great hunter and a keen shot in the jungles of Ceylon and the highlands of Abyssinia, which had nerved his frame and quickened his eye. To these qualifications he added two years of patient preparation for his great attempt—the acquisition of the power of scientific observation and the Arabic language—the purchase and adaptation of all the *material* necessary for so protracted a campaign, and the attempt to discipline a numerous band of followers. To the plots and treachery of these beings, who repeatedly broke out in open mutiny, and threatened him more than once with abandonment and death, he opposed an iron and commanding will, which at last moulded even these creatures to obey him. This moral authority was backed by a strength of arm that never failed to crush the offender by a timely blow, and to punish every insult and infraction of discipline. Yet in a land where blood is poured out like water, where inhuman tortures are ruthlessly inflicted by the strong on the weak, and where every man who is not a slave himself is

seeking to enslave some one else, Mr. Baker allowed no deed of violence to be committed which he could prevent; he rescued numberless victims from the lash of their tormenters, and, by a judicious and open-handed liberality, he taught the natives the unknown lesson, that an Englishman is not to be served by slaves, but by the fidelity of those whom he is ready to reward for their labour.

One trait remains, and it is the most singular incident in this remarkable narrative, which gives to the journey of Mr. Baker an unparalleled interest. Through these regions where no white woman had ever been seen, through these tribes where woman is degraded by the grossest sensuality to be something below the beast of burden and the household drudge, he was accompanied by his wife. This lady, born of a good Hungarian family, and married at an early age to the companion of her adventurous life, possessing uncommon personal attractions, and still in the bloom of youth, not only shared with her husband all the perils of this expedition, but by her quiet imperturbable courage, her tact and activity, contributed most powerfully to its success. On more than one occasion she said or did the thing that conquered the difficulty. And above all, the presence, in the midst of whole races to whom the idea of marriage in our sense of the term is unknown, of the one wife of the white man, so ennobled this pair of travellers, and distinguished it so effectually from the marauding columns of ivory traders and man-stealers, that even the savages of the White Nile acknowledged her influence.

Baker, accompanied by his wife, left Cairo on the 15th of April, and sailed up the Nile to Korosko, reaching there in twenty-six days. They started thence on camels across the Nubian deserts, a most fatiguing journey, through a wilderness of scorching sand and glowing basalt-rocks—the simoom being in full force, and the thermometer in the shade by the water-skins, standing at 114° Fahrenheit. “A few hours from Korosko,” Baker says, “the misery of the scene surpassed description. Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon. Rows of broken hills, all of volcanic origin, broke the flat plain. Conical tumuli of volcanic slag here and there rose to the height of several hundred feet, and in the far distance resembled the pyramids of Lower Egypt—doubtless they were the models for that ancient and everlasting architecture; hills of black basalt juttet out from the barren base of sand, and the molten air quivered on the overheated surface of the fearful desert. 114° Fahr. in the shade under the water skins; 137° in the sun. Noiselessly the spongy tread of the camels crept along the sand—the only sound was the rattle of some loosely secured baggage of their packs. The Arab drivers followed silently at intervals, and hour by hour we struck deeper into the solitude of the Nubian desert.

“We entered a dead level plain of orange-coloured sand, surrounded by pyramidal hills; the surface was strewn with objects resembling cannon shot

and grape of all sizes from a 32-pounder downwards—the spot looked like the old battle-field of some infernal region; rocks glowing with heat—not a vestige of vegetation—barren, withering desolation. The slow rocking step of the camels was most irksome, and, despite the heat, I dismounted to examine the Satanic bombs and cannon shot. Many of them were perfectly round as though cast in a mould, others were egg-shaped, and all were hollow. With some difficulty I broke them, and found them to contain a bright red sand; they were, in fact, volcanic bombs that had been formed by the ejection of molten lava to a great height from active volcanoes; these had become globular in falling, and, having cooled before they reached the earth, they retained their forms as hard spherical bodies, precisely resembling cannon shot. The exterior was brown, and appeared to be rich in iron. The smaller specimens were the more perfect spheres, as they had cooled quickly, but many of the heavier masses had evidently reached the earth when only half solidified, and had collapsed on falling. The sandy plain was covered with such vestiges of volcanic action, and the infernal bombs lay as imperishable relics of a hail-storm such as may have destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah.

“Passing through this wretched solitude, we entered upon a scene of surpassing desolation. Far as the eye could reach were waves like a stormy sea, grey cold-looking waves in the burning heat; but no drop of water; it appeared as though a sudden curse had turned a raging sea to stone. The simoom blew over this horrible wilderness and drifted the hot sand into the crevices of the rocks, and the camels drooped their heads before the suffocating wind; but still the caravan noiselessly crept along over the rocky undulations, until the stormy sea was passed; once more we were upon a boundless plain of sand and pebbles. Here every now and then we discovered withered melons (*Cucumis colcoynthis*); the leaves had long since disappeared and the shrivelled stalks were brittle as glass. They proved that even the desert had a season of life, however short; but the desert fruits were bitter. So intensely bitter was the dry white interior of these melons, that it exactly resembled quinine in taste; when rubbed between the fingers, it became a fine white powder. The Arabs use this medicinally; a small piece placed in a cup of milk, and allowed to stand for a few hours, rendered the draught a strong aperient. The sun—that relentless persecutor of the desert traveller, sank behind the western hills, and the long-wished-for night arrived; cool, delicious night! The thermometer 78° Fahr., a difference of 36° between the shade of day.”

After a march of two days, the travellers reached Moorahd, or, “the bitter well.” “This,” says Baker, “is a mournful spot, well known to the tired and thirsty camel, the hope of reaching which has urged him, fainting on his weary way, to drink one draught before he dies; this is the camel’s grave. Situated half way between Korosko and Abou Hammed, the well of

Moorahd is in an extinct crater, surrounded upon all sides but one by precipitous cliffs about three hundred feet high. The bottom is a dead flat, and forms a valley of sand, about two hundred and fifty yards wide. In this bosom of a crater, salt and bitter water is found at a depth of only six feet from the surface. To this our tired camels frantically rushed upon being unloaded. The valley was a valley of dry bones. Innumerable skeletons of camels lay in all directions; the ships of the desert thus stranded on their voyage. Withered heaps of parched skin and bone lay here and there, in the distinct forms in which the camels had gasped their last; the dry desert air had converted the hide into a coffin. There were no flies here, thus there were no worms to devour the carcases, but the usual sextons were the crows, although sometimes too few to perform their office. These were perched upon the overhanging cliffs; but no sooner had our overworked camels taken their long draught and laid down exhausted on the sand, than by common consent they descended from their high places and walked round and round each tired beast.

"As many wretched animals simply crawl to this spot and die, the crows, from long experience and constant practice, can form a pretty correct diagnosis upon the case of a sick camel; they had evidently paid a professional visit to my caravan, and were especially attentive in studying the case of one particular camel that was in a very weakly condition and had stretched itself full length upon the sand; nor would they leave it until it was driven forward." Throughout the route from Korosko, Baker counted the skeletons of camels at about eight per mile, with the exception of the immediate neighbourhood of Moorahd, where they were double that number. In some places six or eight were together in a heap; and yet the Bishareen Arabs who were with our travellers performed the entire journey on foot.

On the 23rd of May, the party reached Abou Hammed. The very sight of the Nile was delightful, after the dreadful desert through which they had passed. Having taken a day's rest, they started again. Their route lay along the margin of the Nile; marching one day ten hours, another fifteen, another, through Mrs. Baker's illness, only five. The intensity of the heat may be judged from two brief extracts:—"May 29th. The simoom is fearful, and the heat is so intense that it was impossible to draw the gun cases out of their leather covers, which it was necessary to cut open. All woodwork is warped; ivory-knife handles are split; paper breaks when crunched in the hand, and the very marrow seems to be dried out of the bones by this horrible simoom. One of our camels fell down to die."—"May 30th. The extreme dryness of the air induces an extraordinary amount of electricity in the hair, and in all woollen materials. A Scotch plaid laid upon a blanket for a few hours adheres to it, and upon being roughly withdrawn by night a sheet of flame is produced, accompanied by tolerably loud reports."

The following day, about 9.30 A.M., they reached Berber, a considerable town on the Nile, lying on the regular caravan route between Cairo and Khartoum. Here Baker, finding his need of a knowledge of Arabic, resolved to devote a year to the study of that language, and to spend the time in the comparatively known regions to the north of Abyssinia, and exploring the various confluences of the Blue Nile.

At Berber, they were kindly received by Halleem Effendi, the ex-governor, who gave them permission to pitch their tents in his gardens close to the Nile. The spot had been reclaimed from the sandy waste; and, irrigated by numerous water-wheels, had been transformed into a fruitful garden, thickly planted with lofty date-groves and shady citron and lemon-trees, in which countless birds sang their varied notes. In this charming place, they received visits from their host and the governor, as well as from other persons of note and official position, all of whom expressed their astonishment when they heard the travellers' intention of proceeding to the head of the Nile, and endeavoured to dissuade them from what was imagined to be so dangerous and absurd an enterprise. Their host sent them daily presents of fruit; and Mrs. Baker, her husband having been requested previously to withdraw, was visited one evening by a number of ladies so gaily dressed in silks of the brightest dyes of yellow, blue, and scarlet, that no bouquet of flowers could have been more gaudy. At this pleasant spot they spent about a week; and then, on the 11th of June, attended by a guard of Turkish soldiers, who were to act in the double capacity of escort and servants, they left Berber, and their explorations began.

Their dragoman was called Mahomet—a man who was of a most angry disposition, and very conceited—who spoke very bad English—and who, although he was almost black, declared his colour was light-brown. Their principal guide was named Achmet. They left Berber at sunset, mounted upon donkeys; while their Turkish attendants rode upon excellent dromedaries. Their way lay parallel with the Nile, and was marked by a fringe of bush and mimosa along the border of the desert. There was no object particularly noteworthy, and no sound but that of the bleating goats driven homeward by the Arab boys, and the sharp cry of the desert sand-grouse as they came in flocks to drink in the river. On the journey they frequently passed the *Asclepias gigantea*. Baker had frequently seen this plant in Ceylon, where the native doctors use it medicinally; but here it was ignored, except for the produce of a beautiful silky down, which is used for stuffing cushions and pillows. This vegetable silk is contained in a soft pod about the size of an orange. Both the leaves and the stem of this plant emit a highly poisonous milk, that exudes from the bark when cut or bruised, the least drop of which, should it come in contact with the eye, will cause total blindness. Although the poisonous qualities of the plant cause it to be shunned by all other animals,

yet goats greedily devour it, and suffer no harm. The wood is extremely light, and is frequently tied into faggots, and used by the Arabs as a support while swimming in lieu of cork.

In two days they reached the junction of the Atbara river with the Nile. Here, crossing a broad surface of white sand, which at that season formed the dry bed of the river, they encamped near a plantation of water-melons, with which they refreshed themselves and their tired donkeys. The Atbara was here never less than four hundred yards in width, while in many places this breadth was much exceeded. Its banks were from twenty-five to thirty feet deep; these had evidently been overflowed during floods; but at the present time not only was it partially dry, but so clear was the sandy bed, that the reflection of the sun was unbearable. The dome-palm grew in great numbers upon its banks. This tree is of great service to the Arabs. The leaves supply them with excellent material for mats and ropes; while the fruit, which grows in dense clusters, numbering several hundreds, of the size of an orange, is used both for man and beast, and is the chief support of both when in times of drought and scarcity the supply of corn has failed. It is hard and uninviting to the teeth; but the Arabs pound it between stones, and thus detach the edible portion in the form of a resinous powder, which is either eaten raw, or boiled into delicious porridge, with milk; this has a strong flavour of gingerbread. The rind of the nut which produces this powder is about a quarter of an inch thick, and covers a strong shell, which contains a nut of vegetable ivory, about the size of a large walnut. These nuts are soaked in water for about twenty-four hours, after which they are heaped in large piles upon a fire until nearly dry and thoroughly steamed; then they are broken into small pieces, and form excellent food for cattle.

The travellers pursued their way along the banks of the river for some days, stopping by the side of the pools which still remained. Many of these pools were of great size and depth, and were full of crocodiles, hippopotami, turtles, and large fish of various kinds. Gazelles, hyenas, wild asses, and the flocks of the Arabs, were obliged to resort to these crowded drinking-places. Innumerable birds of every variety were glad to escape from the burning desert and take up their abode in the poor but welcome bushes that fringe the Atbara river. Baker was able, in consequence of the abundance of game, to keep the whole camp well supplied with meat. At Collodabad, a place about a hundred and sixty miles, or seven days' march from the Nile junction, they pitched their tents among a large concourse of Bishareen Arabs, who had congregated there with their flocks and herds. Here Baker was introduced for the first time to the hippopotamus, and had the satisfaction of killing two. The dead monsters were quickly surrounded by Arabs, who hauled them on shore, and on receiving permission to take the meat, were soon at work with a hundred knives, fighting to obtain the most delicate morsels. He and his wife

breakfasted that morning on hippopotamus flesh, which was destined to be their general food during their journey among the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile.

Here he had an interesting adventure with a turtle, which he thus records:—"In a short time I had caught a respectable dish of fish, but hitherto no monster had paid me the slightest attention; accordingly I changed my bait, and upon a powerful hook, fitted upon treble-twisted wire, I fastened an enticing strip of boulti. The bait was about four ounces, and glistened like silver; the water was tolerably clear, but not too bright, and with such an attraction, I expected something heavy. My float was a large-sized pike-float for live bait, and this civilised sign had been only a few minutes in the wild waters of the Atbara, when, bob! and away it went! I had a very large reel, with nearly three hundred yards of line that had been specially made for monsters; down went the top of my rod as though a grindstone was suspended on it, and, as I recovered its position, away went the line, and the reel revolved, not with the sudden dash of a spirited fish, but with the steady determined pull of a trotting horse. What on earth have I got hold of? In a few minutes about a hundred yards of line were out, and as the creature was steadily, but slowly, travelling down the centre of the channel, I determined to cry halt, if possible, as my tackle was extremely strong, and my rod was a single bamboo. Accordingly, I put on a powerful strain, which was replied to by a sullen tug, a shake, and again my rod was pulled suddenly down to the water's edge. At length, after the roughest handling, I began to reel in slack line, as my unknown friend had doubled in upon me, and upon once more putting severe pressure upon him or her, as it might be, I perceived a great swirl in the water about twenty yards from the rod. The tackle would bear anything, and I strained so heavily upon my adversary that I soon reduced our distance; but the water was exceedingly deep, the bank precipitous, and he was still invisible.

"At length, after much tugging and counter tugging, he began to show. Eagerly I gazed into the water to examine my new acquaintance, when I made out something below, in shape between a coach-wheel and a sponging bath; in a few more moments I brought to the surface an enormous turtle, well hooked. I felt like the old lady who won an elephant in a lottery; that I had him was certain, but what was I to do with my prize! It was at the least a hundred pounds' weight, and the bank was steep and covered with bushes; thus, it was impossible to land the monster that now tugged and dived, with the determination of the grindstone, that his first pull had suggested. Once I attempted the gaff, but the trusty weapon that had landed many a fish in Scotland, broke in the hard shell of the turtle, and I was helpless. My Arab now came to my assistance, and at once terminated the struggle. Seizing the line with both hands, utterly regardless of all remon-

strance (which, being in English, he did not understand), he quickly hauled our turtle to the surface, and held it, struggling and gnashing its jaws, close to the steep bank. In a few moments the line slackened, and the turtle disappeared. The fight was over! The sharp horny jaws had bitten through treble-twisted brass wire as clean as though cut by shears. My visions of turtle-soup had faded."

Disappointed in turtle-fishing, he went out in the evening gazelle-shooting, and returned with five fine buck-gazelles. "These beautiful creatures," he says, "so exactly resemble the colour of the sandy deserts which they inhabit, that they are most difficult to distinguish, and their extreme shyness renders stalking upon foot very uncertain. I accordingly employed an Arab to lead a camel, under cover of which I could generally manage to approach within a hundred yards. A buck-gazelle weighs from sixty to seventy pounds, and is the perfection of muscular development. No person who has seen the gazelles in confinement in a temperate climate can form an idea of the beauty of the animal in its native desert. Born in the scorching sun, nursed on the burning sand of the treeless and shadowless wilderness, the gazelle is among the antelope tribe, as the Arab horse is among its brethren, the high-bred and superlative beauty of the race. The skin is as sleek as satin, of a colour difficult to describe, as it varies between the highest mauve and yellowish-brown; the belly is snow-white; the legs, from the knee downwards, are also white, and are as fine as though carved from ivory; the hoof is beautifully shaped, and tapers to a sharp point; the head of the buck is ornamented by gracefully-curved annulated horns, perfectly black, and generally from nine to twelve inches long in the bend; the eye is the well-known perfection—the full, large, soft, and jet-black eye of the gazelle.

"Although the desert appears incapable of supporting animal life, there are in the undulating surface numerous shallow sandy ravines, in which are tufts of a herbage so coarse, that, as a source of nourishment, it would be valueless to a domestic animal; nevertheless, upon this dry and wiry substance the delicate gazelles subsist; and, although they never fatten, they are exceedingly fleshy and in excellent condition. Entirely free from fat, and nevertheless a mass of muscle and sinew, the gazelle is the fastest of the antelope tribe. Proud of its strength, and confident in its agility, it will generally bound perpendicularly four or five feet from the ground several times before it starts at full speed, as though to test the quality of its sinews before the race. The Arabs course them with grey-hounds, and sometimes they are caught by running several days at the same time; but this result is from the folly of the gazelle, who, at first, distances his pursuers like the wind; but, secure in its speed, it halts and faces the dogs, exhausting itself by bounding exultingly in the air; in the meantime the grey-hounds are closing up, and diminishing the chance of escape. As a rule, notwithstanding

this absurdity of the gazelle, it has the best of the race, and the grey-hounds return crest-fallen and beaten. Altogether it is the most beautiful specimen of game that exists, far too lovely and harmless to be hunted and killed for the mere love of sport. But when dinner depends upon the rifle, beauty is no protection; accordingly, throughout our desert march, we lived upon gazelles, and I am sorry to confess that I became very expert at stalking these wary little animals. The flesh, although tolerably good, has a slight flavour of musk; this is not peculiar to the gazelle, as the odour is common to most of the small varieties of antelopes."

On the 23rd of June, they were nearly suffocated by a whirlwind that buried everything in the tents several inches in dust. The heat was intense; the night, however, was cool and pleasant. About half-past eight, as Baker lay asleep, he fancied that he heard a rumbling like distant thunder. The low uninterrupted roll increased in volume, till presently a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, as his men rushed through the darkness shouting, "The river! the river!" Mahomet explained that the river was coming down, and that the supposed distant sound was the approach of water. Many of the people who had been sleeping on the clean sand of the river's bed, were quickly awakened by the Arabs, who rushed down the steep bank to save the skulls of two hippopotami which were exposed to dry. The sound of the torrent, as it rushed by amid the darkness, and the men, dripping with wet, dragging their heavy burdens up the bank, told that the great event had occurred—that the river had arrived like a thief in the night. The next morning, instead of the barren sheet of clear white sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, cutting the yellow expanse of desert, a magnificent stream, the noble Atbara river, flowed by, some hundred yards in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. Not a drop of rain had fallen; but the current gave the traveller a clue to one portion of the Nile mystery. The rains were pouring down in Abyssinia—these were sources of the Nile.

The tracks of wild asses had been frequent, but hitherto Baker had not seen the animals, as their drinking hour was at night; however, on the morning of June the 29th, he saw three of these beautiful creatures—an ass, a female, and a foal. "They were," he says, "about half a mile distant when first observed, and upon our approach to within half that distance they halted and faced about; they were evidently on their return to the desert from the river. Those who have seen donkeys in their civilised state have no conception of the beauty of the wild and original animal. Far from the passive and subdued appearance of the English ass, the animal in its native desert is the perfection of activity and courage: there is a high-bred tone in the deportment, a high-actioned step when it trots freely over the rocks and sand, with the speed of a horse when it gallops over the boundless desert. No animal

is more difficult of approach ; and, although they are frequently captured by the Arabs, those taken are invariably the foals, which are ridden down by fast dromedaries, while the mothers escape.

“The colour of the wild ass is a reddish cream, tinged with the shade most prevalent of the ground that it inhabits; thus it much resembles the sand of the desert. I wished to obtain a specimen, and accordingly I exerted my uttermost knowledge of stalking to obtain a shot at the male. After at least an hour and a half I succeeded in obtaining a long shot with a single rifle, which passed through the shoulder, and I secured my first and last donkey. It was with extreme regret, that I saw my beautiful prize in the last gasp, and I resolved never to fire another shot at one of its race. This fine specimen was in excellent condition, although the miserable pasturage of the desert is confined to the wiry herbage of withered bush ; of this the stomach was full, chewed into morsels like chopped reeds. The height of this male ass was between thirteen and fourteen hands; the shoulder was far more sloping than that of the domestic ass ; the hoofs were remarkable for their size—they were wide, firm, and as broad as those of a horse of fifteen hands. I skinned this animal carefully, and the Arabs divided the flesh among them, while Hadji Achmet selected a choice piece for our own dinner. At the close of our march that evening, the morsel of wild ass was cooked in the form of *rissoles* ; the flavour resembled beef, but it was extremely tough.”

On the 30th of June, they reached Gozerajup, a large village on the south bank of the Atbara, and about two hundred and twenty miles from the junction of that river with the Nile. Here they remained for a few days to rest the donkeys, and to engage fresh camels. Their route now was to change. Hitherto they had followed the course of the Atbara ; now they were to leave that river on their right, and travel south-east about ninety miles to Cassala, the capital of the Taka country, on the confines of Abyssinia. Having procured fresh camels, they started on the 5th of July. In a short time they came to where the desert ceased ; and no longer travelled upon sand and stones, but stood upon a fertile loam, rendered soapy and adhesive by a recent shower. They passed the limits of the Bishareen Arabs, and entered upon the country of the Hadendowa tribe. As they approached the wells of Soojalup, they passed several large villages surrounded by fenced gardens of cotton and tobacco, both of which thrived exceedingly. Every village possessed a series of wells, with a simple contrivance for watering their cattle.

From Gozerajup to Cassala the entire country is a dead flat, without a solitary tree large enough to shade a full-sized tent. The land is fertile, and the Arabs grow cotton sufficient for the manufacture of their cloths. They weave these themselves, the weaver sitting in a hole excavated in the ground before his rude loom, shaded by a rough thatch about ten feet square, supported upon poles. The quality of cotton is the same as that of Lower Egypt,

and the cloths, though coarse, are remarkably soft. When they came within twenty-five miles of Cassala, they found the country in many places flooded; and Mrs. Baker was seized with a sudden and severe attack of fever. One evening several hundreds of Arabs arrived at their camp; and "no sooner was the bustle of arrangement completed, than a grey old man stepped forward, and, responding to his call, every man of the hundreds present, formed in line, three or four deep. At once there was total silence, disturbed only by the crackling of the fires, or by the cry of a child; and with faces turned to the east, in attitudes of profound devotion, the wild but fervent followers of Mahomet repeated their evening prayer." The next morning, Mrs. Baker had another attack of fever, and was obliged to rest for several hours under a tree, on a bed of dry sand, until the paroxysm passed.

The next place at which they arrived was Cassala, a walled town, surrounded by a ditch and flanking towers, situated on the confines of the Taka country, and containing about eight thousand inhabitants, exclusive of troops. The houses and walls were of unburnt brick, smeared with clay and cow dung. They had ridden about seven hundred and ten miles from Korosko, six hundred and thirty of which had been through scorching deserts during the hottest season; they were, therefore, thankful to exchange the intense heat of the tent for a solid roof, and to rest for a short time in the picturesque country of Taka. The bazaar here was poor, the articles for sale being of low price, and adapted to the wants of the Arabs who flock to the place. After a few days' halt at Cassala, they continued their march, bearing due west towards the Atbara. The country was an improvement on that through which they had passed; there were larger trees and vast plains of young grass, while herds of antelopes and gazelles offered abundant sport. No sooner had Baker shot one of these animals, than he heard a rushing sound like a strong wind, and down came a vulture with its wings collapsed, falling from an immense height direct to its prey. Before he was able to fasten the animal on the back of his camel, a number of vultures were sitting upon the ground at a few yards distance, while others were arriving every minute; though before he fired, not one was in sight.

In sixteen hours' actual marching from Cassala, they reached the valley of the Atbara. At the spot where they encamped the river was about three hundred yards wide, about the thickness of pea-soup, and of a very dark colour. In the stream, and on the oozy banks, were numerous crocodiles; they were of two kinds, one of a dark-brown colour, and much shorter and thicker in proportion than the other, which grows to an immense length, and is generally of a pale-greenish colour. The Arabs assert that the dark-coloured thick-bodied species is more to be dreaded than the other. Crossing the river, they pitched their tents at the village of Goorashee, and waited for fresh camels.

After leaving Goorashee, they found themselves upon the vast table-land that stretches from the Atbara to the Nile. Here the country was dotted with bushes, the hooked-thorn mimosas, in the young glory of their green leaf, tempting the hungry camels. "Unless a riding-camel is perfectly trained, it is the most tiresome animal to ride after the first green leaves appear; every bush tempts it from the path, and it is a perpetual fight between the rider and his beast throughout the journey." This Mr. Baker learnt by experience. "A magnificent specimen of a kittar," he says, "with a wide-spreading head, in the young glory of green leaf, tempted my hungry camel during our march; it was determined to procure a mouthful, and I was equally determined that it should keep to the straight path, and avoid the attraction of the green food. After some strong remonstrance upon my part, the perverse beast shook its ugly head, gave a roar, and started off in full trot straight at the thorny bush. I had not the slightest control over the animal, and in a few seconds it charged the bush with the mad intention of rushing either through or beneath it. To my disgust, I perceived that the wide-spreading branches were only just sufficiently high to permit the back of the camel to pass underneath. There was no time for further consideration; we charged the bush; I held my head doubled up between my arms, and the next moment I was on my back, half stunned by the fall. The camel-saddle lay upon the ground, my rifle, that had been slung behind, my coffee-pot, the water-skin burst, and a host of other *impedimenta*, lay around me in all directions; worst of all, my beautiful gold repeater lay at some distance from me, rendered entirely useless. I was as nearly naked as I could be; a few rags held together, but my shirt was gone, with the exception of some shreds that adhered to my arms. I was, of course, streaming with blood, and looked much more as though I had been clawed by a leopard, than as having simply charged a bush. The camel had fallen down with the shock after I had been swept off by the thorny branches. To this day I have the marks of the scratching."

In the course of their journey, they arrived at the camp of the great Sheikh Achmet Abou Sinn, to whom Baker had a letter of introduction. Having sent it forward by Mahomet, in a short time the sheikh appeared, attended by several of his principal people. As he approached through the green mimosas, mounted on a beautiful snow-white dromedary, his appearance was remarkably dignified and venerable. He was about six feet three inches high, with immense broad shoulders and chest; and, although, upwards of eighty years of age, was as erect as a lance. He had an arched nose, with eyes like an eagle, beneath large, shaggy, but perfectly white eyebrows; while a beard as white as snow, of great thickness, descended below the middle of the breast. He wore a large white turban, and a white cashmere robe reaching from the throat to the ankles. Altogether he was the perfect picture of a desert patri-

arch. With the most generous hospitality, he insisted on the travellers accompanying him to his camp, and would listen to no excuses. Ordering Mahomet to have their baggage re-packed, he requested them to mount two superb white dromedaries, with saddle-cloths of blue Persian sheepskins; and thus they accompanied their venerable host, followed by his wild and splendidly-mounted attendants. Declining Abou Sinn's invitation to spend two or three months at his camp, until travelling would be feasible farther south, the rainy season by that time being over, our travellers resolved to journey to the village of Sofi, about seventy-eight miles distant, where they purposed for a time to take up their abode.

From Korosko to this point Baker had passed through several Arab tribes—the Bedouins, Bishareens, Hadendowas, Hallongas, and now he was among the Shookeriyahs, one of the most powerful, and over which Abou Sinn ruled. On the west of them were the Jalyns, and to the south, near Sofi, the Dabainas. The customs of all the Arab tribes are nearly similar, one of their distinctions being in the mode of dressing the hair. A Bishareen Arab wears his hair in hundreds of minute plaits, which hang down to his shoulders, surmounted by a circular bushy top-knot upon the crown, about the size of a large breakfast cup, from the base of which the plaits descend. The great desire with all the tribes, except the Jalyn, is to have a vast quantity of hair, arranged in their own peculiar fashion, and covered with fat. A dandy will put at least half a pound of fat or butter on his head at once. Abou Sinn used daily, outside and in, two pounds of melted butter. Sheep's fat is what is most esteemed for hair-dressing.

The women bestow great attention on perfumery, various kinds of which are brought by the travelling native merchants from Cairo. Oil of roses, oil of sandal-wood, an essence from the blossom of a species of mimosa, essence of musk, and oil of cloves, are most in demand. They use a hot air-bath for the purpose of scenting both their persons and their clothes; and suspend from their necks a few pieces of the dried glands of the musk cat. In the Somali tribe, and that of the Nuehr, they use a pigment for turning the colour of the hair red. When an Arab lady's toilette is complete, her head is a little larger than the largest-sized English mop, and her perfume is something between the aroma of a perfumer's shop and the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens.

Although the tope or robe, loosely but gracefully arranged around the body, appears to be the whole of the costume, the women wear beneath this garment a thin blue cotton cloth, tightly bound round the loins, which descends to a little above the knee; beneath this is the last garment, the rahat, which is the only clothing of young girls. The Arab girls are remarkably good-looking till they become mothers. They generally marry at the age of thirteen or fourteen, but often earlier. Concubinage is not considered a breach

of morality ; neither is it regarded by the legitimate wives with jealousy. The Arabs are essentially a nomadic race, therefore their customs are what they were thousands of years ago. In the absence of a fixed home, without a city, or even a village that is permanent, there can be no change of custom. The unchangeable features of the Nile regions, and the unchangeable manners and customs of the people who inhabit them, invest that part of the world with a strange fascination.

On the 25th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Baker left the camp of Abou Sinn, and in a few rapid marches arrived at Tomat, the commencement of the Dabainas. Atalan Wat Said, the sheikh of that tribe, gave them a most cordial reception ; and, upon learning their plans, begged them to remain through the rainy season at Tomat. When he found they were resolved to proceed on their way the next morning, he promised them every assistance, and offered to act as their guide. Here the grand river Settite, which is the principal stream of Abyssinia, forms a junction with the Atbara. They had now come to the western frontier of Abyssinia, but since the annexation of the Nubian provinces to Egypt, there has been no safety for life or property upon the frontier ; thus a large tract of country, actually forming a portion of Abyssinia, is uninhabited.

CHAPTER IX.

Residence in Sofi—Aggageers, or Hamran Sword Hunters—Leave Sofi—End of the Rainy Season—Kalariff—Hunting Large Game.

ON the 29th of July, the travellers reached Sofi—a small village of about thirty straw huts, situated near the banks of the Atbara, on a plateau of about twenty acres, bordered on either side by two deep ravines, while below the steep cliff in front of the place flows the river. They were met by the sheikh of the village, and by a German who had been a resident there for some years. The name of this man was Florian; he was a stone-mason by trade, and had come out attached to the Austrian Mission at Khartoum, but, preferring a freer life, had become a great hunter. He had built himself a small circular stone-house, with a roof thatched according to Arab fashion; it was the only stone building in the country. This man was delighted to see Europeans, especially as they were conversant with his language. Subsequently, Baker engaged him as a hunter, and took his black servant, Richarn, into his employ; he also engaged a former companion of Florian, one Johann Schmidt, to act as his lieutenant in his proposed White Nile expedition. Unfortunately Florian was soon after killed by a lion. The animal had been wounded by a Tokroori hunter, one of his servants, and was under a bush licking the wound. Florian fired at him, and missed; the lion immediately crouched for a spring, Florian fired his remaining barrel; the ball merely grazed the lion, who almost in the same instant bounded forward, and struck him upon the head with a fearful blow of the paw, at the same time it seized him by the throat. The Tokroori hunter, instead of flying from the danger, placed the muzzle of his rifle to the lion's ear, and blew its brains out on the body of his master. The German had been struck dead, and great difficulty was found in extracting the claws of the lion, which had penetrated the skull.

Baker had two or three huts built on a pleasant spot just outside Sofi, and passed a season of enjoyment there for some time. He found an abundance of sport, sometimes catching enormous fish; at other times shooting birds to supply his larder; but more frequently hunting elephants, rhinoceros, giraffes, and other large game. Before his arrival at Sofi he had heard of the Hamrans, who are described as the most extraordinary hunters in the world. They

hunt and kill all wild animals, from the antelope to the elephant, with no other weapon than the sword. Four of these aggageers, as they are also called, are more than a match for the most savage elephant. He had intended taking some of these men with him during his exploration of the Abyssinian rivers, and his intentions having become known, a party waited on him to engage their services.

The Hamrans are distinguished from the other Arab tribes by an extra length of hair, worn parted down the centre, and arranged in long curls; in other respects there is no perceptible difference in their appearance. They are armed, as are all others, with swords and shields; the latter being circular, and generally formed by rhinoceros hide. The style of the shield, and the material of which it is made, differs among the several Arab tribes, but the form of the sword is invariably the same. The blade is long and straight, two-edged, with a simple cross handle, having no other guard for the hand than the plain bar, which, at right angles with the hilt, forms the cross. All these blades are made at Sollingen, and are exported to Egypt for the trade of the interior. The only respect in which the swords of the aggageers differ from those in general use, is that they are bound with cord very closely from the guard, for about nine inches along the blade, to enable them to be grasped by the right hand, while the hilt is held by the left; the weapon is thus converted into a two-handed sword.

"In a long conversation with these men," says Baker, "I found a corroboration of all that I had previously heard of their exploits, and they described the various methods of killing the elephant with the sword. Those hunters who could not afford to purchase horses hunted on foot, in parties not exceeding two persons. Their method was to follow the tracks of an elephant, so as to arrive at their game between the hours of 10 A.M. and noon, at which time the animal is either asleep or extremely listless, and easy to approach. Should they discover the animal asleep, one of the hunters would creep stealthily towards the head, and with one blow sever the trunk while stretched upon the ground; in which case, the elephant would start upon his feet, while the hunters escaped in the confusion of the moment. The trunk severed would cause a hæmorrhage sufficient to ensure the death of the elephant within about an hour. On the other hand, should the animal be awake upon their arrival, it would be impossible to approach the trunk; in such a case, they would creep up from behind, and give a tremendous cut at the back sinew of the hind leg, about a foot above the heel. Such a blow would disable the elephant at once, and would render comparatively easy a second cut to the remaining leg; the arteries being divided, the animal would quickly bleed to death. These were the methods adopted by poor hunters, until, by the sale of ivory, they could purchase horses for the higher branch of the art.

"Provided with horses, the party of hunters should not exceed four.

They start before daybreak, and ride slowly throughout the country in search of elephants, generally keeping along the course of a river until they come upon the tracks where a herd or single elephant may have drunk during the night. When once upon the tracks, they follow fast towards the retreating game. The elephants may be twenty miles distant, but it matters little to the aggageers. At length they discover them, and the hunt begins. The first step is to single out the bull with the largest tusks; this is the commencement of the fight. After a short hunt, the elephant turns upon his pursuers, who scatter and fly from his headlong charge until he gives up the pursuit; he at length turns to bay when again pressed by the hunters. It is the duty of one man in particular to ride up close to the head of the elephant, and thus to absorb its attention upon himself. This ensures a desperate charge. The greatest coolness and dexterity are then required by the hunter, who now, the *hunted*, must so adapt the speed of his horse to the pace of the elephant, that the enraged beast gains in the race until it almost reaches the tail of the horse. In this manner the race continues.

“In the meantime, two hunters gallop up behind the elephant, unseen by the animal, whose attention is completely directed to the horse almost within his grasp. With extreme agility, when close to the heels of the elephant, one of the hunters, while at full speed, springs to the ground with his drawn sword, as his companion seizes the bridle, and with one dexterous two-handed blow he severs the back sinew. He immediately jumps out of the way and remounts his horse; but if the blow is successful, the elephant becomes disabled by the first pressure of its foot upon the ground; the enormous weight of the animal dislocates the joint, and it is rendered helpless. The hunter who has hitherto led the elephant immediately turns, and, riding to within a few feet of the trunk, he induces the animal to attempt another charge. This, clumsily made, affords an easy opportunity for the aggageers behind to slash the sinew of the remaining leg, and the immense brute is reduced to a stand-still; it dies of loss of blood in a short time—*thus positively killed by one man with two strokes of the sword!*”

Baker accompanied these hunters on numerous expeditions, and witnessed with admiration their wonderful courage and dexterity. He grew thoroughly tired, however, of Sofi; and, after spending three months there, determined to cross with his party to the other side of the Atbara, and camp there. On the 15th of September, they crossed the river, Mrs. Baker performing the voyage on a raft formed of her husband's large circular sponging bath, supported by eight inflated skins secured to the bedstead, the whole towed over by hunters swimming in front. Shortly after they had completed their camp a heavy shower of rain fell; and this proved to be the last of the season. From that moment the burning sun rapidly dried up, not only the soil, but all vegetation. The grass soon began to turn yellow, and by the end of

October there was not a green spot to be seen. The climate now was exceedingly unhealthy; the camp, however, had no invalids save Mahomet, who had on one occasion so gorged himself with half-putrid fish, that he nearly died.

Their life in camp was charmingly independent. They were upon Abyssinian territory, but it was uninhabited, and no one interfered with them. Much of the time was spent in fishing, some of the fish weighing upwards of seventy pounds, and of fine flavour. Troops of baboons were numerous, being forced to the river in dry weather for water. These afforded much amusement. "It is very amusing to watch the great male baboons stalking majestically along, followed by a large herd of all ages, the mothers carrying their little ones upon their backs, the latter with a regular jockey seat riding most comfortably, while at other times they relieve the monotony of the position by sprawling at full length, and holding on by their mothers' back hair. Suddenly a sharp-eyed young ape discovers a bush well covered with berries, and his greedy munching being quickly observed, a general rush of youngsters takes place; and much squabbling for the best places ensues among the boys. This ends in great uproar, when down comes a great male, who cuffs one, pulls another by the hair, bites another on the hind quarters just as he thinks he has escaped, drags back a would-be deserter by the tail, and shakes him thoroughly, and thus he shortly restores order, preventing all further disputes by sitting under the bush, and quietly enjoying the berries himself.

On the 22nd of November, they prepared for their departure. It was necessary to go from Wat el Negur, their present halting-place, to Katariff, to engage men. Upon their arrival there, they were hospitably received by a Greek merchant. The town was a miserable place, composed simply of the usual straw huts of the Arabs. In the bazaar here are Manchester goods, all kinds of perfumery, glass beads, cowrie shells, various hardware articles of German manufacture, looking-glasses, slippers and sandals, camel ropes and bells, butter, groceries of all kinds, and saddlery. Camels, cattle, and donkeys, are also exposed for sale. Obtaining the necessary number of men, they left Katariff and returned to Wat el Negur. On the 17th of December they left Wat el Negur for Geera on the Settite, where they bivouacked on the sandy bed of the river. Exactly opposite were extensive encampments of the Hamrans, who were congregated in thousands between this point and the Atbara junction.

The first day of the New year (1862) was set apart to the sports of the field. With four gun-bearers, and two camels, both of which carried water, a powerful body of hunters started in search of elephants. The immediate neighbourhood was a perfect exhibition of gum arabic-bearing mimosas. The gum was in perfection, and the finest quality abounded in beautiful amber-coloured

masses upon the stems and branches, varying from the size of a nutmeg to that of an orange. They gathered a large quantity, but threw it away again, to follow, in a most exciting but unsuccessful chase, two rhinoceros. Moving on, they encamped at a spot, known to the Arabs as Delladilla, and beyond which no European had ever been. Through this romantic wilderness, the Settite flowed on a clear and beautiful stream, sometimes contracted between cliffs to a width of a hundred yards, at others stretching to three times that distance. The hippopotami were in great numbers; many were lying beneath the shady trees upon the banks, and splashed into the water on the approach of the travellers; others were basking in large herds upon the shallows; while the young calves, supported upon the backs of their mothers, sailed about upon their animated rafts in perfect security. The plentifulness of this large game furnished opportunity for the most adventurous sport, as the following description proves:—

“A little before sunrise I accompanied the howartis, or hippopotamus hunters, for a day’s sport. There were numbers of hippos in this part of the river, and we were not long before we found a herd. The hunters failed in several attempts to harpoon them, but they succeeded in stalking a crocodile after a most peculiar fashion. This large beast was lying upon a sandbank on the opposite margin of the river, close to a bed of rushes.

“The howartis, having studied the wind, ascended for about a quarter of a mile, and then swam across the river, harpoon in hand. The two men reached the opposite bank, beneath which they alternately waded or swam down the stream towards the spot upon which the crocodile was lying. Thus advancing under cover of the steep bank, or floating with the stream in deep places, and crawling like crocodiles across the shallows, the two hunters at length arrived at the bank of rushes on the other side of which the monster was basking asleep upon the sand. They were now about waist-deep, and they kept close to the rushes, with their harpoons raised, ready to cast, the moment they should pass the rush-bed and come in view of the crocodile. Thus steadily advancing, they had just arrived at the corner within about eight yards of the crocodile, when the creature either saw them, or obtained their wind; in an instant it rushed to the water; at the same moment, the two harpoons were launched with great rapidity by the hunters. One glanced obliquely from the scales; the other stuck fairly in the tough hide, and the iron, detached from the bamboo, held fast, while the ambatch float, running on the surface of the water, marked the course of the reptile beneath.

“The hunters chose a convenient place and recrossed the stream to our side, apparently not heeding the crocodile more than we should fear a pike when bathing in England. They would not waste their time by securing the crocodile at present, as they wished to kill a hippopotamus; the float would mark the position, and they would be certain to find it later. We

accordingly continued our search for hippopotami. These animals appeared to be on the *qui vive*, and, as the hunters once more failed in an attempt, I made a clean shot behind the ear of one and killed her dead. At length we arrived at a large pool in which were several sandbanks covered with rushes, and many rocky islands. Among these rocks was a herd of hippopotami, consisting of an old bull and several cows; a young hippo was standing, like an ugly little statue, on a protruding rock, while another infant stood upon its mother's back that listlessly floated on the water.

"This was an admirable place for the hunters. They desired me to lie down, and then crept into the jungle out of view of the river; I presently observed them stealthily descending the dry bed about two hundred paces above the spot where the hippos were basking behind the rocks. They entered the river, and swam down the centre of the stream towards the rock. This was highly exciting—the hippos were quite unconscious of the approaching danger, as, steadily and rapidly, the hunters floated down the strong current; they neared the rock, and both heads disappeared as they purposely sank out of view; in a few seconds later they re-appeared at the edge of the rock upon which the young hippo stood. It would be difficult to say which started first, the astonished young hippo into the water, or the harpoons from the hands of the howartis! It was the affair of a moment; the hunters dived directly they had hurled the harpoons, and, swimming for some distance under water, they came to the surface, and hastened to the shore lest an infuriated hippopotamus should follow them. One harpoon had missed; the other had fixed the bull of the herd, at which it had been surely aimed. This was grand sport! The bull was in the greatest fury, and rose to the surface, snorting and blowing in his impotent rage; but as the ambatch float was exceedingly large, and this naturally accompanied his movements, he tried to escape from his imaginary persecutor, and dived constantly, only to find his pertinacious attendant close to him on regaining the surface. This was not to last long; the howartis were in earnest, and they at once called their party, who, with two of the aggageers, Abou Do and Suleiman, were near at hand; these men arrived with long ropes that form a portion of the outfit for hippo hunting.

"The whole party halted on the edge of the river, while two men swam across with one end of the rope. Upon gaining the opposite bank, I observed that a second rope was made fast to the middle of the main line; thus upon our side we held the ends of two ropes, while on the opposite side they had only one; accordingly, the point of junction of the two ropes in the centre formed an acute angle. The object of this was soon practically explained. Two men upon our side now each held a rope, and one of these walked about ten yards before the other. Upon both sides of the river the people now advanced, dragging the rope on the surface of the water until they reached

the ambatch float that was swimming to and fro, according to the movements of the hippopotamus below. By a dexterous jerk of the main line, the float was now placed between the two ropes, and it was immediately secured in the acute angle by bringing together the ends of these ropes on our side.

"The men on the opposite bank now dropped their line, and our men hauled in upon the ambatch float that was held fast between the ropes. Thus cleverly made sure, we quickly brought a strain upon the hippo, and, although I have had some experience in handling big fish, I never knew one pull so lustily as the amphibious animal that we now alternately coaxed and bullied. He sprang out of the water, and gnashed his huge jaws, snorted with tremendous rage, and lashed the river into foam; he then dived and foolishly approached us beneath the water. We quickly gathered in the slack line, and took a round turn upon a large rock, within a few feet of the river. The hippo now rose to the surface, about ten yards from the hunters, and, jumping half out of the water, he snapped his great jaws together, endeavouring to catch the rope, but at the same instant two harpoons were launched into his side. Disdaining retreat, and maddened with rage, the furious animal charged from the depths of the river, and, gaining a footing, he reared his bulky form from the surface, came boldly upon the sandbank, and attacked the hunters open-mouthed. He little knew his enemy; they were not the men to fear a pair of gaping jaws, armed with a deadly array of tusks; but half a dozen lances were hurled at him, some entering his mouth from a distance of five or six paces, at the same time several men threw handfuls of sand into his enormous eyes. This baffled him more than the lances; he crunched them between his powerful jaws like straws, but he was beaten by the sand, and, shaking his huge head, he retreated to the river. During his sally upon the shore, two of the hunters had secured the ropes of the harpoons that had been fastened in his body just before his charge; he was now fixed with three of these deadly instruments, but suddenly one rope gave way, having been bitten through by the enraged beast, who was still beneath the water.

"Immediately after this he appeared on the surface, and, without a moment's hesitation, he once more charged furiously from the water straight at the hunters, with his huge mouth open to such an extent that he could have accommodated two inside passengers. Suleiman was wild with delight, and springing forward lance in hand, he drove it against the head of the formidable animal, but without effect. At the same time Abou Do met the hippo sword in hand, reminding me of Perseus slaying the sea-monster that would devour Andromeda, but the sword made a harmless gash, and the lance, already blunted against the rock, refused to penetrate the rough hide; once more handfuls of sand were pelted upon his face, and again repulsed by this blinding attack, he was forced to retire to his deep hole and wash it from his eyes. Six times during the fight the valiant bull hippo quitted his watery fortress

and charged resolutely at his pursuers; he had broken several of their lances in his jaws, other lances had been hurled, and, falling upon the rock, they were blunted, and would not penetrate. The fight had continued for three hours, and the sun was about to set, accordingly the hunters begged me to give him the *coup de grace*, as they had hauled him close to the shore, and they feared he would sever the rope with his teeth. I waited for a good opportunity, when he boldly raised his head from the water about three yards from the rifle, and a bullet from the little Fletcher between the eyes closed the last act. This spot was not far from the pyramidal hill beneath which I had fixed our camp, to which I returned after an amusing day's sport." The following day the howartis secured the crocodile.

Out of the many descriptions of exciting sport, we select one or two more:—"The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain. Having abundance of meat, I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired; and as the sun had nearly set, I wandered slowly towards home. Passing through alternate open glades of a few yards width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder, as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar, just before me, at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me; he had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but at the same moment I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound, but rolled over backwards; before he could recover himself, I fired the left-hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me sword in hand.

"The lion in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristled in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavoured to charge upon us; but he dragged his hind-quarters on the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack, he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors-de-combat*, I took it coolly, as it was already dusk; and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would be dead before morning.

"On the following morning, before sunrise, I started with nearly all my

people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I rode my horse Tetel, who had frequently shown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of a lion. Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy, interspersed with thick jungle of green nabbuk; we accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out—‘There he lies, dead!’ and I immediately rode up to the spot, together with the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet, and with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture; he looked like a true lord of the forest; but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless, and although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralysed by a broken back.

“It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar, the camel had bolted with its rider; the horse had for a moment started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tetel up, and I now rode straight towards the lion, which courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. I halted exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, who, seeing me in advance of the party, increased his rage, and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I now petted Tetel on the neck, and spoke to him coaxingly; he gazed intently at the lion, erected his mane and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. ‘Bravo! old boy!’ I said, and encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I touched his flank gently with my heel; I let him just feel my hand upon the rein, and with a ‘Come along, old lad,’ Tetel slowly, but resolutely advanced step by step towards the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse several times snorted loudly and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but as I constantly patted and coaxed him, he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when about six yards from the lion.

“This would have been a magnificent picture, as the horse, with an astonishing courage, faced the lion at bay; both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough. I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tetel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was about to fire. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tetel never flinched at a shot. I now dismounted, and having petted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head, and

sniffed the mane of the dead lion : he then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes. My Arabs were perfectly delighted with this extraordinary instance of courage exhibited by the horse. I had known that the beast was disabled, but Tetel had advanced boldly towards the angry jaws of a lion that appeared about to spring. The camel was now brought to the spot and blindfolded, while we endeavoured to get the lion upon its back. As the camel knelt, it required the united exertions of eight men, including myself, to raise the ponderous animal, and to secure it across the saddle.

"Although so active and cat-like in its movements, a full-grown lion weighs about five hundred and fifty pounds. Having secured it we shortly arrived in camp; the *coup d' œil* was beautiful, as the camel entered the enclosure with the shaggy head and massive paws of the dead lion hanging upon one flank, while the tail nearly descended to the ground upon the opposite side. It was laid at full length before my wife, to whom the claws were dedicated as a trophy to be worn round the neck as a talisman. Not only are the claws prized by the Arabs, but the moustache of the lion is carefully preserved and sewn in a leather envelope, to be worn as an amulet: such a charm is supposed to protect the wearer from the attacks of wild animals."

On another occasion, a large bull elephant was discovered drinking. The country around was partly woody, and the ground strewn with fragments of rocks, ill adapted for riding. The elephant had made a desperate charge, scattering the hunters in all directions, and very nearly overtaking Mr. Baker. The animal then retreated into a stronghold composed of rocks and uneven ground, with a few small leafless trees growing in it. "Here the elephant stood facing the party like a statue, not moving a muscle beyond the quick and restless action of the eyes, which were watching on all sides. Two of the aggageers getting into its rear by a wide circuit, two others, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sherref, mounted on a thoroughly-trained bay mare, rode slowly towards the animal. Coolly the mare advanced towards her wary antagonist until about nine yards of its head. The elephant never moved. Not a word was spoken. The perfect stillness was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack. Rodur coolly sat with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant.

"With a shrill scream the enormous creature then suddenly dashed on him like an avalanche. Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle, with the monkey-like form of Rodur Sherref leaning forward and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him. For a moment it appeared as if the mare must be caught. Had she stumbled all would have been lost, but she gained in the race after a few quick bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him,

kept his distance, so close, however, to the creature, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare's tail.

"The two aggageers who had kept in the rear, now dashed forward close to the hind quarters of the furious elephant, who, maddened with the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare. When close to the tail of the elephant, the sword of one of the aggageers flashed from its sheath as, grasping his trusty blade, he leaped nimbly to the ground, while his companion caught the reins of his horse. Two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant. A bright glance shone like lightning as the sun struck on the descending steel. This was followed by a dull crack, the sword cutting through skin and sinew, and sinking deep into the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride, the elephant halted dead short in the midst of his tremendous charge. The aggageer who had struck the blow, vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment Rodur turned sharp round, and, again facing the elephant, stooped quickly from the saddle, to pick up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible; the foot was dislocated, and turned up in front like an old shoe. In an instant the other aggageer leaped to the ground, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg. The great bull-elephant could not move! The first cut with the sword had utterly disabled it; the second was its death-blow; the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds. We were obliged to return immediately to our distant camp, and the hunters resolved to accompany their camels to the spot upon the following day. We turned our horses' heads, and rode direct towards home, which we did not reach until nearly midnight, having ridden upwards of sixty miles during the day."

The hunting of these men was beautiful; and it was difficult to decide which most to admire, the coolness and courage of him who led the elephant, or the extraordinary skill and activity of the aggalir who dealt the fatal blow. The following day, the hunters started with camels and sacks to where they left the dead elephant, but returned at night thoroughly disgusted. Some of the natives had been before them, probably attracted to the carcase by the cloud of vultures that had gathered in the air. Nothing remained but the bones and skull, the flesh and the ivory had been stolen. The tracks of a great number of men were left upon the ground, and the aggageers were fortunate to return without an attack from overwhelming numbers.

These hunting excursions sometimes exposed them to danger from other animals than those of which they were in pursuit. Baker tells us how on one occasion he determined to watch for elephants, as their tracks were numerous throughout the bed of the river. His wife and two gun-bearers accompanied

him, and they sat behind an immense tree that grew on the bank, exactly above the drinking-place. He watched for hours, until he and his men fell asleep. His wife alone was awake, and a sudden tug at his sleeve attracted his attention. The moon was bright, and she had heard a noise among the branches of the tree above them; there were no leaves, so that he quickly observed some large animal upon a thick bough. The men awoke and declared it was a baboon; but he knew this to be impossible, as the baboon is never solitary. He was just preparing to fire, when down jumped a large leopard within a few feet of them, and vanished before he had time to shoot. It must have caught scent of the party, and quietly ascended the tree to reconnoitre. Another night he received an audacious visit. He was asleep in his tent, when he was suddenly awakened by a slight pull at his sleeve, which was always the signal of his wife if anything was wrong. She whispered that a hyena had been within the tent, but that it had just bolted out, as these animals are so wary that they detect the slightest movement or noise. As a rule, he never shot at hyenas, but, as he feared it might eat their saddles, he just lay in bed with his rifle to his shoulder, pointed towards the tent-door, through which the moon was shining brightly. In a few minutes a grey-looking object stood like an apparition at the entrance, peering into the tent to see if all was right before it entered. He touched the trigger, and the hyena fell dead, with the bullet through its head. It was a regular veteran, as the body was covered with old scars from continual conflicts with other hyenas.

CHAPTER X.

*The River Royan—County of Mek Nimmur—Vultures—Gallabat—The Tokrooris
—Rivers Rahad and Dinder—Arrival at Khartoum.*

HAVING explored the Settite into the gorge of the mountain chain of Abyssinia, Baker turned south, and, at a distance of twelve miles, reached the River Royan. During the rainy season, this river is a terrific torrent, and supplies a large body of water to the Settite; but it runs dry almost immediately upon the cessation of the rains. Descending the bank, the travellers arrived at the margin of the river, and continued their course up the stream along the sandy bed, which formed an excellent road. They camped in a forest of the largest trees they had as yet seen in Africa, and joined themselves to a party of hunters who were scouring the country for game. After hunting and exploring for some days in company with this party, Baker determined to follow the bed of the Royan to its junction with the Settite. He started at daybreak, and, after a long march, arrived at the spot. The entire course of the Royan was extremely rapid, but, at this extremity, it entered a rocky pass between two hills, and leapt, in a succession of grand falls, into a circular basin of about four hundred yards diameter. This peculiar basin was surrounded by high cliffs, covered with trees; to the left was an island, formed by a rock about sixty feet high; and at the foot was a deep and narrow gorge, through which the Settite River made its exit from the circle. From this point he traversed the country in all directions, penetrating, upon one occasion, into the very heart of the Base, half-way between the Settite and the River Gash. He visited the country of Mek Nimmur, a powerful chief, whose stronghold was upon a lofty table mountain, about five thousand feet high. Continuing his journey in a south-westerly direction, he passed through a country ornamented by extensive cultivation, and numerous villages, till he came to the junction of the two great rivers, Angrab and Salaam. In this beautiful country he remained from the 29th of March to the 14th April, during which time he was always in the saddle, or on foot.

While hunting he had frequent opportunities of watching the habits of the vulture and other birds of prey. "Throughout all the countries," he

remarks, "that I had traversed, these birds were in enormous numbers. A question has been frequently discussed whether the vulture is directed to his prey by the sense of smell, or by keenness of vision; I have paid much attention to their habits, and, although, there can be no question that their power of scent is great, I feel convinced that all birds of prey are attracted to their food principally by their acuteness of sight. If a vulture were blind, it would starve; but were the nostrils plugged up with some foreign substance, to destroy its power of smell, it would not materially interfere with its usual mode of hunting. If birds of prey trusted to their nostrils, they would keep as near the ground as possible, like the carrion crow, which I believe is the exception which proves the rule. It is an astounding sight to witness the sudden arrival of vultures at the death of an animal when a few moments before not a bird has been in sight in the cloudless sky.

"I have frequently lain down beneath a bush, after having shot an animal, to watch the arrival of various species of birds in regular succession. They invariably appear in the following order:—No. 1, the black and white crow; this knowing individual is most industrious in seeking for his food, and is generally to be seen either perched upon rocks, or upon trees; I believe he trusts much to his sense of smell, as he is never far from the ground, at the same time he keeps a vigilant look-out with a very sharp pair of eyes. No. 2, is the common buzzard; this bird, so well known for its extreme daring, is omnipresent, and trusts generally to sight, as it will stoop at a piece of red cloth in mistake for flesh; thus proving that it depends more upon vision than smell. No. 3, is the red-faced small vulture. No. 4, is the large bare-throated vulture. No. 5, the marabou stork, sometimes accompanied by the adjutant."

"When employed in watching the habits of these birds, it is interesting to make the experiment of concealing a dead animal beneath a dense bush. This I have frequently done; in which case the vultures never find it unless they have witnessed its death; if so, they will already have pounced in their descent while you have been engaged in concealing the body; they will then, upon near approach, discover it by the smell. But, if an animal is killed in thick grass, eight or ten feet high, the vultures will seldom discover it. I have frequently known the bodies of large animals, such as elephants and buffaloes, to lie for days beneath the shade of the dense nabbuk bushes, unattended by a single vulture; whereas, if visible, they would have been visited by these birds in thousands. Vultures and the marabou stork fly at enormous altitudes. I believe that every species keeps to its own particular elevation, and that the atmosphere contains regular strata of birds of prey, who, invisible to the human eye at their enormous height, are constantly resting upon their wide-spread wings, and soaring in circles, watching with telescopic sight the world beneath.

"If an animal be skinned, the red surface will attract the vultures in an instant; this proves that their sight, and not their scent, has been attracted by an object that suggests blood. I have frequently watched them when I have shot an animal, and my people have commenced the process of skinning. At first, not a bird has been in sight, as I have lain on my back and gazed into the spotless blue sky; but hardly has the skin been half withdrawn, than specks have appeared in the heavens, rapidly increasing. 'Caw, caw,' has been heard several times from the neighbouring bushes; the buzzards have swept down close to my people, and have snatched a morsel of clotted blood from the ground. The specks have increased to winged creatures, at the great height resembling flies, when presently a rushing sound behind me, like a whirlwind, has been followed by the pounce of a red-faced vulture, that has fallen from the heavens in haste with closed wings, to the bloody feast, followed quickly by many of his brethren. The sky has become alive with black specks in the far-distant blue, with wings hurrying from all quarters. At length a coronet of steady, soaring vultures, forms a wide circle far above, as they hesitate to descend, but continue to revolve around the object of attraction. The great bare-necked vulture suddenly appears.

"The animal has been skinned, and the required flesh secured by the men; we withdraw a hundred paces from the scene. A general rush and descent takes place; hundreds of hungry beaks are tearing at the offal. The great bare-necked vulture claims respect among the crowd; but another form has appeared in the blue sky, and rapidly descends. A pair of long ungainly legs, hanging down beneath the enormous wings, now touch the ground, and Abou Seen (father of the teeth or beak—the Arab name for the marabou) has arrived, and he stalks proudly towards the crowds, pecking his way with his long bill through the struggling vultures, and swallowing the lion's share of the repast. Abou Seen—last, but not least—had arrived from the highest region, while others had the advantage of the start. This bird is very numerous through the whole tributaries of Abyssinia, and may generally be seen perched upon the rocks of the waterside, watching for small fish, or any reptile that may chance to come within his reach. The well-known feathers are situated in a plume beneath the tail."

On the afternoon of the 14th of April, Mr. and Mrs. Baker quitted their camping ground, and in a few days reached Gallabat, the frontier market-town of Abyssinia, in the bottom of a valley surrounded by hills. The day of their arrival was market-day, and crowds of people were in and about the town. As the party descended the hill and arrived on the scene below, with their nine camels heavily laden, with the heads and horns of a multitude of different beasts, they were beset by the throng, who were curious to know whence so strange a caravan had come. Among their visitors was an Abyssinian merchant—an agreeable and well-informed man, who had been to

Paris and London, and spoke French and English. The principal trade of Gallabat is in cotton, coffee, bees-wax, and hides; it is the great centre of commerce between Abyssinia and the Egyptian provinces. Here they met an Italian merchant from Khartoum, who had come to purchase coffee and bees-wax. Two German missionaries arrived also soon after, on their way to preach the gospel in Abyssinia; one of them having, for his special object, the conversion of the Abyssinian Jews to Christianity.

In Gallabat and the neighbourhood, there is a large colony of the Tokrooris, whose ancestors were natives of Darfur, converted to the Mahomedan faith after the conquest of Northern Africa by the Arabs. The colony was first formed by pilgrims to Mecca, and has rapidly increased in the same manner. As the number of settlers multiplied, permission was granted by the King of Abyssinia that they should occupy this portion of his territory, upon payment of taxes as his subjects. The Tokrooris are a fine, powerful race, very black, and of the negro type. They are great drunkards, very quarrelsome, and bad servants; but when they work for themselves, are exceedingly industrious. They are very independent. They have cultivated cotton to a considerable extent, notwithstanding the double taxes enforced by both Abyssinians and Egyptians; and keep their gardens with extreme neatness. They inhabit a district about forty miles long, and number about twenty thousand. They arm themselves with lances of various patterns; their favourite weapon being a horrible instrument, barbed with a diabolical intention, as it can neither be withdrawn nor pushed completely through the body, but, if once in the flesh, there it must remain. Another curious weapon used by them, is the trombash, somewhat resembling the Australian boomerang. It is a piece of flat, hard wood, about two feet in length, the end of which turns sharply at an angle of about 30°. They throw this with great dexterity, and inflict severe wounds with the hard and sharp edge; but, unlike the boomerang, the weapon does not return to the thrower. The women are very powerful, but very plain. They are good workers, rarely idle, and remarkably clean.

Several slave merchants had their establishments at Gallabat. They were arranged under large tents made of matting, and contained many young girls of extreme beauty, ranging from nine to seventeen years of age. Their features were delicately formed, of a rich brown tint, with eyes like those of the gazelle. They were natives of the Galla, on the borders of Abyssinia, from which country they were brought by the Abyssinian traders to be sold for the Turkish harems. They are very elegant and graceful in form; the hands and feet are exquisitely delicate; the nose aquiline, with large and finely-shaped nostrils; the hair black and glossy, reaching to about the middle of the back, but rather coarse in texture. They are remarkably quick at learning; proud and high-spirited; but most captivating in their manners,

and very affectionate and true. Several Europeans of high standing at Khartoum have married these Abyssinian girls, and have invariably found them devoted and faithful wives. The price of one of these beauties of nature at Gallabat was from twenty-five to forty dollars.

From Gallabat our travellers pushed on to the River Rahad. At the place where they struck upon it, it did not exceed eighty or ninety yards in breadth. Its banks are in many places perpendicular, and are about forty-five feet above the bed. This river flows through rich alluvial soil; the course is extremely circuitous; it is free from rocks and shoals; the stream is gentle, and admirably adapted for small steamers. On the 16th of May, they arrived at the river Dinder, a river similar to the Rahad, but larger, the average breadth being about a hundred and ten yards. The banks are about fifty feet high. It is very deep in some places, though the bed in other parts is almost dry; and the many trunks of fallen trees are serious obstacles to navigation. They continued their journey along the banks of the Dinder for some days, when they made a direct cut across the flat country to cross the Rahad, and reach Abou Harraz on the Blue Nile.

"During the march," says Baker, "over a portion of the country that had been cleared by burning, we met a remarkably curious hunting-party. A number of the common black and white stork were hunting for grasshoppers and other insects, but mounted on the back of each stork was a large copper-coloured fly-catcher, which, perched like a rider on his horse, kept a bright look-out for insects, which, from its elevated position, it could easily discover upon the ground. I watched them for some time; whenever the storks perceived a grasshopper or other winged insect, they chased them on foot, but, if they missed their game, the fly-catchers darted from their backs and flew after the insects like falcons, catching them in their beaks, and then returning to their steeds, to look out for another opportunity."

On the 23rd of May they arrived at the Rahad, close to its junction with the Blue Nile. Upon arrival at Abou Harraz, four miles to the north of the junction of the two rivers, they had marched two hundred and eighty miles from Gallabat. They were now about one hundred and fifteen miles from Khartoum, and stood upon the banks of the magnificent Blue Nile—the last of the Abyssinian affluents. At Abou Harraz, Baker discharged his camels, and endeavoured to engage a boat to convey Mrs. Baker and himself and party to Khartoum, intending thus to avoid the dusty and uninteresting ride of upwards of a hundred miles along the flat banks of the river. There was not, however, a vessel of any kind to be seen, except one miserable affair, for which the owner demanded fourteen hundred piastres for a passage. He accordingly procured fresh camels, and started, intending to march as rapidly as possible. It was intensely hot, and whenever they felt a breeze it was accompanied by a suffocating dust; but the sight of the broad river was cool

and refreshing. During the dry season the Blue Nile is clear, and its broad surface reflects the colour of the blue sky—hence the appellation; but at that time it is extremely shallow, and in many places is fordable at a depth of three feet.

Throughout the route from Abou Harraz to Khartoum there is no object of interest; it is the same vast flat, decreasing rapidly in fertility until it mingles with the desert; and once more, as our travellers journeyed to the north, they left the fertile lands behind, and entered upon sterility. The glare of barren plains, and the heat of the summer's sun, were fearful. On the 11th of June, they arrived opposite to Khartoum. As the morning sun shone upon the capital of the Soudan provinces, they were delighted with the view; the groves of date-trees shaded the numerous buildings, contrasting their dark-green foliage with the many coloured houses on the margin of the beautiful river; long lines of vessels and masts gave life to the scene, and they felt that once more, after twelve months of utterly wild life, they had reached civilisation. Crossing in the large ferry-boat which plied regularly to the town on the south bank, they landed at Khartoum, and, having climbed up the steep bank, inquired the way to the British Consulate. In the centre of a long mud wall, ventilated by frameless windows, they perceived a large archway, with closed doors; above this entrance was a shield, with a device that gladdened their eyes—there was the British lion, and the unicorn! This was the English Consulate. Mr. Petherick, the consul, had started from Khartoum in the preceding March, expecting to meet Speke and Grant in the upper portion of the Nile regions, on their road from Zanzibar, and had begged Mr. Baker to occupy some rooms in the Consulate during his absence.

Mr. Baker gives an amusing account of the state of matters within the English Consulate, which was more like a menagerie than a civilised European's house. "We entered," he says, "a large courtyard, and were immediately received by two ostriches that came to meet us. These birds entertained us by an impromptu race, as hard as they could go round the courtyard, as though performing in a circus. When this little *divertissement* was finished we turned to the right, and were shown by a servant up a flight of steps into a large airy room, that was to be our residence, which, being well protected from the sun, was cool and agreeable. Shortly after our arrival, a vessel arrived from Mr. Petherick's party with unfavourable accounts. They had started too late in the season, owing to some difficulties in procuring boats; and the change of the wind to the south, with violent rain, had caused great suffering, and had retarded their progress. This same boat had brought two leopards that were to be sent to England: these animals were led into the courtyard, and, having been secured by chains, they formed a valuable addition to the menagerie, which consisted of two wild boars, two leopards, one hyena, two ostriches, and a *cyprocephalus*, or dog-

faced baboon, who won my heart by taking an especial fancy to me, because I had a beard like his master.

“Although I take a great interest in wild animals, I confess to having an objection to sleep in the Zoological Gardens should all the wild beasts be turned loose. I do not believe that even the Secretary of that learned Society would volunteer to sleep with the lions; but as the leopards of the Khartoum Consulate constantly broke their chains, and attacked the dogs and a cow; and as the hyena occasionally got loose, and the wild boars destroyed their mud wall, and nearly killed one of my Tokrooris during the night, by carving him like a scored leg of pork with their tusks—the fact of sleeping in the open air in the verandah, with the simple protection of a mosquito-netting, was full of pleasant excitement, and was a *piquante* entertainment that prevented a reaction of *ennui* after twelve months passed in constant watchfulness. The shield over the Consulate door, with the lion and the unicorn, was but a sign of the life within; as the grand picture outside the showman’s wagon may exemplify the nature of his exhibition. I enjoyed myself extremely with these creatures, especially when the ostriches invited themselves to tea, and swallowed our slices of water-melons and the greater portion of the bread from the table a few moments before we were seated. These birds appeared to enjoy life amazingly: one kind of food was as sweet as another. They attacked a basket of white porcelain beads that had been returned by Mr. Petherick’s men, and swallowed them in great numbers in mistake for dhurra, until they were driven off: they were the scavengers of the courtyard, that consumed the dung of the camels and horses, together with all other impurities.”

For some months they resided at Khartoum, as it was necessary to make extensive preparations for the White Nile expedition, and to await the arrival of the north wind, which would enable them to start early in December. Upon their first arrival in Khartoum, from 11th June until early in October, the heat was very oppressive, the thermometer seldom below 95° Fahr. in the shade, and frequently 100°, while the nights were 82° Fahr. In the winter, the temperature was agreeable, the shade 80°, the night 62° Fahr. But the chilliness of the north wind was exceedingly dangerous, as the sudden gusts checked perspiration and produced various maladies, more especially fever. They had been extremely fortunate, for although exposed for more than a year in the burning sun, they had had remarkably good health, with the exception of one severe attack which Mrs. Baker had at Sofi.

The first portion of their task was completed. They had visited all the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia—the Atbara, Settite, Salaam, Angrab, Rahad, Dinder, and the great Blue Nile, that had been traced to its source by Bruce. The difficult task still lay before them, of penetrating the unknown regions in the distant south, to discover the White Nile source. Speke and Grant were

on their road from Zanzibar, making their way across untrodden ground, towards Gondokoro. Petherick's expedition to assist them had met with misfortune, and been greatly delayed; and Mr. Baker therefore hoped to reach the equator, and perhaps to meet the Zanzibar explorers somewhere about the sources of the Nile.

CHAPTER XI.

Khartoum—The White Nile Trade—Departure from Khartoum—The Shillooks—Sobat River—Bahr El Gazal—Native Tribes—Arrival at Gondokoro—Meeting with Speke and Grant.

KHARTOUM is the capital of the Soudan provinces, and is situated in lat. $15^{\circ} 29'$, on the point of land forming the angle between the White and Blue Niles at their junction. It has a population of thirty thousand inhabitants. The dwellings are mostly huts of sun-burnt bricks. It extends over a flat hardly above the level of the river at high water, and is occasionally flooded. It has neither drains nor cesspools; the streets are full of all sorts of nuisances, and abound in offensive smells. It is impossible to imagine a more wretched, filthy, and unhealthy spot. There are some respectable houses, occupied by the traders of the country; a few of whom are French, German, and Italian. The general population is made up of Greeks, Copts, Syrians, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians. In spite of its unhealthiness, it is the general emporium for the trade of the Soudan, from which the productions of the country, such as ivory, hides, senna, gum arabic, and beeswax, are transported to Lower Egypt. These exports are all natural productions; and have nothing in them to exhibit or promote the industry or capacity of the natives of the Soudan.

Khartoum lives on what is called the White Nile trade. "Without the White Nile trade," says Baker, "Khartoum would almost cease to exist; and that trade is kidnapping and murder. The character of the Khartoumers needs no further comment. The amount of ivory brought down from the White Nile is a mere bagatelle as an export, the annual value being £40,000. The people for the most part engaged in the nefarious traffic of the White Nile are Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and some few *Europeans*. So closely connected with the difficulties of my expedition is that accursed slave-trade, that the so-called ivory trade of the White Nile requires an explanation.

"Throughout the Soudan money is exceedingly scarce, and the rate of interest exorbitant, varying, according to the securities, from thirty-six to eighty per cent.; this fact proves general poverty and dishonesty, and acts as a preventive to all improvement. So high and fatal a rate deters all honest enterprise, and the country must lie in ruin under such a system. The wild

speculator borrows upon such terms, to rise suddenly like a rocket, or to fall like its exhausted stick. Thus, honest enterprise being impossible, dishonesty takes the lead, and a successful expedition to the White Nile is supposed to overcome all charges. There are two classes of White Nile traders, the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers; the same system of operations is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

"A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at 100 per cent. after this fashion. He agrees to repay the lender in ivory at one half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels, and engages from one hundred to three hundred men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have found an asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes, at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written by the clerk of the expedition the amount he has received, both in goods and money; and this paper he must produce at the final settlement.

"The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality, the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack, about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives, and quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within their kraal or 'zareeba,' are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing, as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured by an instrument called a sheba, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitting into the fork, secured by a cross piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the

women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the head-quarters in company with the captured herds.

“This is the commencement of business; should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by the fire, it is appropriated; a general plunder takes place. The traders’ party dig up the floors of the huts, to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed, as the greatest treasure of the negroes; the granaries are overturned and wantonly destroyed, and the hands are cut off the bodies of the slain, the more easily to detach the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty, the *traders* return to their negro ally; they have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy, and a present of a pretty little captive girl, of about fourteen, completes his happiness.

“But business is only commenced. The negro covets cattle, and the trader has now captured, perhaps, two thousand head. They are to be had for ivory, and shortly the tusks appear. Ivory is daily brought into camp in exchange for cattle, a tusk for a cow, according to size—a profitable business, as the cows have cost nothing. The trade proves brisk, but still there remain some little customs to be observed—some slight formalities, well understood by the White Nile trade. The slaves, and two-thirds of the captured cattle, belong to the trader, but his men claim, as their perquisite, one-third of the stolen animals. These having been divided, the slaves are put up to public auction among the men, who purchase such as they require; the amount being entered on the papers (*serki*) of the purchasers, to be reckoned against their wages. To avoid the exposure, should the document fall into the hands of the government or European consuls, the amount is not entered as for the purchase of a slave, but is divided for fictitious supplies. Thus, should a slave be purchased for one thousand piastres, that amount would appear on the document somewhat as follows:—

“ Soap.....	50	Piastres
Tarboash (cap).....	100	“
Araki.....	500	“
Shoes.....	200	“
Cotton cloth.....	150	“
	1,000	“

“The slaves sold to the men are constantly being changed and resold among themselves; but should the relatives of the kidnapped women and children wish to ransom them, the trader takes them from his men, cancels the amount of purchase, and restores them to their relations for a certain

number of elephants' tusks, as may be agreed upon. Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot, or hanged, as a warning to others. An attack, or *razzia*, such as described, generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who, in his turn, is murdered and plundered by the trader—his women and children naturally becoming slaves. A good season for a party of a hundred and fifty men should produce about two hundred cantars (twenty thousand lbs.) of ivory, valued at Khartoum at four thousand pounds. The men being paid in slaves, the wages should be *nil*, and there should be a surplus of four or five hundred slaves for the trader's own profit—worth, on an average, five to six pounds each.

“The boats are accordingly packed with a human cargo, and a portion of the trader's men accompany them to the Soudan, while the remainder of the party form a camp or settlement in the country they have adopted, and industriously plunder, massacre, and enslave, until their master's return with boats from Khartoum in the following season, by which time they are supposed to have a cargo of slaves and ivory ready for shipment. The business thus thoroughly established, the slaves are landed at various points within a few days' journey of Khartoum, at which places are agents, or purchasers, waiting to receive them with dollars prepared for cash payments. The purchasers and dealers are, for the most part, Arabs. The slaves are then marched across the country to different places; many to Sennaar, where they are sold to other dealers, who sell them to the Arabs and Turks. Others are taken immense distances to ports on the Red Sea, Souakim, and Masowa, there to be shipped for Arabia and Persia. Many are sent to Cairo; and, in fact, they are disseminated throughout the slave-dealing East, the White Nile being the great nursery for the supply. The amiable trader returns from the White Nile to Khartoum; hands over to his creditor sufficient ivory to liquidate the original loan of £1,000, and, already a man of capital, he commences as an independent trader.”

Such was the White Nile trade when Baker prepared to start from Khartoum on his expedition to the Nile sources. The place was a nest of slave-traders, who looked with jealous eyes upon every stranger venturing within the precincts of their holy land, sacred, as Mr. Baker observes, to slavery and to every abomination and villany that man can commit. The Turkish officers pretended to discountenance slavery; yet every house was full of slaves, and Egyptian officers received part of their pay in slaves. The authorities, therefore, looked upon the proposed exploration of the White Nile by a European traveller as likely to interfere with their perquisites, and so threw every obstacle in his way. As the government of Soudan refused to comply with his request for an escort of properly-trained soldiers, the only men he could get were the miserable cut-throats of Khartoum, who had been accus-

tomed all their lives to murder and robbery in the White Nile trade. On the 18th December, 1862, Thursday, one of the most lucky days for starting, according to Arab superstition, Mr. Baker and his wife left Khartoum. Three vessels had been engaged, and were laden with large quantities of stores, with four hundred bushels of corn, and twenty-nine transport animals, camels, horses, and donkeys. Their party consisted of ninety-six souls, including Johann Schmidt and the faithful black, Richarn, and fifty-nine well-armed men.

On the 30th, poor Johann Schmidt, who was ill at starting, departed this life. Mr. Baker's entry concerning his death is very touching:—"30th Dec. Johann is in a dying state, but sensible; all his hopes, poor fellow, of saving money in my service, and returning to Bavaria, are past. I sat by his bed for some hours; there was not a ray of hope; he could speak with difficulty, and the flies walked across his glazed eyeballs without his knowledge. Gently bathing his face and hands, I asked him if I could deliver any message to his relatives. He faintly uttered, 'I am prepared to die; I have neither parents or relations; but there is one—she'—. He faltered; he could not finish his sentence; but his dying thoughts were with one he loved—far, far away from this wild and miserable land, his spirit was transported to his native village, and to the object that made life dear to him."

New Year's day, 1863, saw them at the village of Mahomed Her, in the Shillook country. The Shillooks are the largest and most powerful black tribe on the banks of the White Nile. They are wealthy, and possess immense herds of cattle. Their dwellings are mud-huts, thatched, having a very small entrance, looking at a distance like rows of button mushrooms. They navigate the river on their raft-like canoes, formed of the ambatch-wood, which is so light that they can very easily carry their vessels about. The ambatch-tree is about the thickness of a man's waist, and tapers to a point; it is therefore easily cut down; and several of them being lashed parallel to each other, and the ends tied together, the raft is made.

The voyagers reached the junction of the Sobat with the Nile on Jan. 3rd. This river is not more than a hundred and twenty yards in breadth; its stream is about two miles and a half an hour. The quality of the water is superior, and suggests a mountain origin. Within a few days' sail of the junction it divides into seven branches, all shallow, and with a rapid current. At the junction the depth is from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet. Gliding along the dead water of the White Nile, they came to the Bahr el Gazal. The junction of this river with the Nile has the appearance of a lake about three miles long by one broad. There is no stream from the Bahr el Gazal, and it has the appearance of a backwater formed by the Nile. The water is perfectly clear and dead. It extends due west for a great distance, and is a system of marshes, stagnant water overgrown by rushes and ambatch-wood,

through which a channel requires to be cleared to permit the passage of a boat.

As they ascended the Nile, the general appearance of the banks of the river was uninteresting in the extreme. Sometimes they could see nothing but vast marshes, and at others an immense expanse of sandy desert, with huge ant-hills ten feet high rising above them. They stopped on the 13th, near a village on the right bank, and here they saw the first natives. They belonged to the Nuehr tribe. They were most unearthly-looking, naked as they came into the world. Even the young women were destitute of clothing, though the married had a fringe made of grass round their loins. The men wore heavy coils of beads about their necks, two heavy bracelets of ivory on the upper portions of their arms, copper rings upon the wrists, and a horrible kind of bracelet of massive iron, armed with spikes about an inch in length, like leopards' claws. The women perforate the upper lip, and wear an ornament about four inches long of beads upon an iron wire, which projects like the horn of a rhinoceros. To show the use of the spiked iron bracelet, the chief exhibited his wife's arms and back, covered with jagged scars. The men are tall and powerful, armed with lances. They carry pipes that contain nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco, in which, when they have no tobacco, they smoke simple charcoal, the carbonic acid gas of which produces a slight feeling of intoxication that delights them. The chief's forehead was tattooed in horizontal lines, and the hair was drawn back from the face.

At the Zareeba, or station of a White Nile trader, named Binder, an Austrian subject, they were visited by the chief of the Kytch tribe and his daughter, a girl of about sixteen, better-looking than most of her race. The father wore a leopard-skin across his shoulder, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of white ostrich feathers. This was his entire clothing. The daughter's clothing consisted only of a piece of dressed hide hanging over one shoulder, evidently more for ornament than use. The men, though tall, were wretchedly thin; the children were mere skeletons; and the whole tribe appeared thoroughly starved. Their misery is beyond description. They will not kill their cattle, nor taste meat, unless an animal dies of sickness. They will not work, existing only upon rats, lizards, snakes, and such fish as they can spear. They will spend hours in digging out field-mice from their burrows. They devour both the skins and bones of dead animals; pounding the bones between stones till they are reduced to powder, and then boiling them into a kind of porridge. In every herd of cattle, they have a sacred bull, who is supposed to have an influence over the prosperity of the rest. His horns are ornamented with tufts of feathers, and frequently with small bells, and he invariably leads the great herd to pasture.

Passing Aboukooka, the establishment of a French trader, and the Austrian mission-station of St. Croix, they arrived, on the 30th, at the country



TRAVELLING ON A LITTER

of the Shir tribe. The men of this tribe arm themselves with well-made ebony clubs, two lances, a bow (always strung), and a bundle of arrows; their hands are completely full of weapons; and they carry a neatly-made miniature stool slung upon their backs, in addition to an immense pipe. "The women carry their children very conveniently in a skin, slung from their shoulders across the back, and secured by a thong round the waist; in this the young savage sits delightfully. The huts throughout all tribes are circular, with entrances so low that the natives creep both in and out on their hands and knees. The men wear tufts of cocks' feathers on the crown of the head; and the favourite attitude, when standing, is on one leg while leaning on a spear, the foot of the raised leg resting on the inside of the other knee. Their arrows are about three feet long, without feathers, and pointed with hard wood instead of iron, that metal being scarce among the Shir tribe. The most valuable article of barter for this tribe is the iron hoe generally used among the White Nile negroes. The finery most prized by the women are polished iron-anklets, which they wear in such numbers that they reach nearly half way up the calf of the leg: the tinkling of these rings is considered to be very enticing. but the sound reminds one of the clanking of convicts' fetters." The women are very clever in making baskets and mats of the leaf of the dome-palm, and girdles and necklaces of minute pieces of mussel-shells, threaded upon the hair of the giraffe's tail. They gather the ripe pods of the lotus, and, grinding the seed into flour, make it into a kind of porridge.

After a most uninteresting and wearisome voyage, our travellers reached Gondokoro. Here Baker found a number of men belonging to the various traders, who looked upon him with the greatest suspicion. They would not believe that his object was simply travel and discovery, but regarded him as a spy upon their nefarious ivory business and slave-hunting. He found Gondokoro a great improvement upon the interminable marshes through which he had been sailing. Formerly it was a mission-station, and the ruins of the brick establishment and church still remain, together with the wreck of what was once a garden. Now, however, a few miserable grass huts are all that give the place a name. The climate is hot and unhealthy, and it is merely occupied about two months in the year as a station by the ivory traders.

As Baker heard that a party were expected there from the interior with ivory in a few days, he determined to await their arrival, in the hope that their porters would be ready to carry his baggage. He housed his corn, and gave an order to deliver one-half to Speke and Grant, should they arrive during his absence in the interior; as he thought they might arrive by some route without his knowledge, while he was penetrating south. While waiting for the party from the interior, he rode about the neighbourhood, studying

the place and people. "The native dwellings," he says, "are the perfection of cleanliness; the domicile of each family is surrounded by a hedge of the impenetrable euphorbia, and the interior of the enclosure generally consists of a yard neatly plastered with a cement of ashes, cow-dung, and sand. Upon this cleanly-swept surface are one or more huts, surrounded by granaries of neat wicker-work, thatched, resting upon raised platforms. The huts have projecting roofs in order to afford a shade, and the entrance is usually about two feet high.

"When a member of the family dies he is buried in the yard; a few ox-horns and skulls are suspended on a pole above the spot, while the top of the pole is ornamented with a bunch of cocks' feathers. Every man carries his weapons, pipe, and stool, the whole (except the stool) being held between his legs when standing. These natives of Gondokoro are the Bari: the men are well grown, the women are not prepossessing, but the negro type of thick lips and flat nose is wanting; their features are good, and the woolly hair alone denotes the trace of negro blood. They are tattooed upon the stomach, sides, and back so closely, that it has the appearance of a broad belt of fish-scales, more especially when they are rubbed with red ochre, which is the prevailing fashion. This pigment is made of a peculiar clay, rich in oxide of iron, which, when burnt, is reduced to powder, and then formed into lumps like pieces of soap; both sexes anoint themselves with this ochre, formed into a paste by the admixture of grease, giving themselves the appearance of new red bricks. The only hair upon their persons is a small tuft upon the crown of the head, in which they stick one or more feathers. The women are generally free from hair, their heads being shaved. They wear a neat little lappet, about six inches long, of beads, or of small iron rings, worked like a coat of mail, in lieu of a fig-leaf, and the usual tail of fine shreds of leather or twine, spun from indigenous cotton, pendant behind. Both the lappet and tail are fastened on a belt which is worn round the loins, like those in the Shir tribe; thus, the toilette is completed at once. It would be highly useful, could they only wag their tails to whisk off the flies, which are torments in this country."

"The cattle are very small; the goats and sheep are quite Lilliputian, but they generally give three at a birth, and thus multiply quickly. The people of the country were formerly friendly, but the Khartoumers pillage and murder them at discretion in all directions; thus, in revenge, they will shoot a poisoned arrow at a stranger unless he is powerfully escorted. The effect of the poison used for the arrow-heads is very extraordinary. A man came to me for medical aid; five months ago he had been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the leg, below the calf, and the entire foot had been eaten away by the action of the poison. The bone rotted through just above the ankle, and the foot dropped off. The most violent poison is the produce of

the root of a tree, whose milky juice yields a resin that is smeared upon the arrow. It is brought from a great distance, from some country far west of Gondokoro. The juice of the species of euphorbia, common in these countries, is also used for poisoning arrows. Boiled to the consistence of tar, it is then smeared upon the blade. The action of the poison is to corrode the flesh, which loses its fibre, and drops away like jelly, after severe inflammation and swelling."

"The arrows are barbed with diabolical ingenuity; some are arranged with poisoned heads that fit into sockets; these detach from the arrow on an attempt to withdraw them; thus the barbed blade, thickly smeared with poison, remains in the wound, and before it can be cut out, the poison is absorbed into the system. Fortunately, the natives are bad archers. The bows are invariably made of the male bamboo, and are kept perpetually strung; they are exceedingly stiff, but not very elastic, and the arrows are devoid of feathers, being simple reeds or other light wood, about three feet long, and slightly knobbed at the base as a hold for the finger and thumb; the string is never drawn with the two fore-fingers, as in most countries, but is simply pulled by holding the arrow between the middle joint of the fore-finger and the thumb. A stiff bow drawn in this manner has very little power; accordingly, the extreme range seldom exceeds a hundred and ten yards."

Gondokoro was a perfect hell—a mere colony of cut-throats. The Egyptians might easily have sent a few officers and two or three hundred men from Khartoum to form a military government, and thus impede the slave-trade; but a bribe from the traders to the authorities was sufficient to ensure an uninterrupted asylum for any amount of villany. The camps were full of slaves, and the Bari natives assured Mr. Baker that there was a large depot of slaves in the interior, belonging to the traders, that would be marched to Gondokoro for shipment a few hours after his departure. He was looked upon as a stumbling-block to the trade. Several attempts were made to shoot him, and a boy was killed, by a shot from the shore, on board his vessel. His men were immediately tampered with by the traders, and signs of discontent soon appeared among them. They declared that they had not enough of meat, and requested to be allowed to make a *razzia* upon the cattle of the natives, that they might procure oxen. This demand being refused, they became more insolent, and, accordingly, Mr. Baker ordered the ringleader, an Arab, to be seized, and to receive twenty-five lashes. Upon Saat, his *vakeel*, advancing to seize him, there was a general mutiny. Many of the men threw down their guns, and, taking up sticks, rushed to the Arab's rescue. Mr. Baker, on this, sprang forward, sent the leader by a blow of his fist into their midst, and then, grasping him by the throat, called to Saat for a rope to bind him. The men, still intent on their object, surrounded Mr. Baker,

when his wife, landing from the vessel, made her way to the spot. Her sudden appearance caused the mutineers to hesitate, when Mr. Baker, seizing the moment of indecision, shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum, and then ordered the men to fall in. Two-thirds obeyed, and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with their ringleader. At this critical moment Mrs. Baker implored her husband to forgive the mutineer, if he would kiss his hand and beg his pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who now called upon their ringleader to apologise, and all would be right. This he did, and Baker, having made them rather a bitter speech, dismissed them. It was now, however, apparent that his escort would give him more trouble than the open hostility of the native tribes.

A few days afterwards, on the 15th of February, guns were heard in the distance, and news came that two white men had arrived from the sea! They proved to be Speke and Grant, who had just come from the Victoria Nyanza. Both looked travel-worn. Speke was excessively lean, but in reality in good condition. Grant's garments were well-nigh worn out; but both of them had that fire in the eye which showed the spirit that had led them through many dangers. They wished to leave Gondokoro as soon as possible, but delayed their departure until the moon should be in a position for an observation for determining the latitude. The travellers had much pleasant talk together; Speke and Grant relating what they had discovered, and what they thought remained to be done, and giving to Baker all the help in their power; and Baker congratulating them on their achievements, and expressing a hope that he might be able to complete the work. On the 20th of February, Mr. and Mrs. Petherick arrived, with their people and ivory, at Gondokoro, from the Niambara, a trading station seventy miles to the west, and were surprised to see so large a party of English in so desolate a spot. Six days afterwards, Speke and Grant sailed. "Our hearts," says Baker, "were too full to say more than a short, 'God bless you!' They had won their victory; my work lay all before me. I watched their boat until it turned the corner, and wished them, in my heart, all honour for their great achievement. I trusted to sustain the name they had won for English perseverance, and I looked forward to meeting them again in dear old England, when I should have completed the work we had so warmly planned together."

CHAPTER XII.

Further Stay at Gondokoro—A Plot among the Khartoum Escort—Start from Gondokoro—Pass through Tollogo and Ellyria—The Latookas—Camels and Elephants—Enter the Obbo Country.

AFTER the departure of Speke and Grant, Baker moved his tent to the high ground above the river; the effluvium from the filth of some thousands of people was disgusting, and fever was prevalent in all quarters. His animals were all healthy; "but the donkeys and camels," he says, "were attacked by a bird, about the size of a thrush, which caused them great uneasiness. The bird is a greenish-brown colour, with a powerful red beak, and excessively strong claws. It is a perfect pest to the animals, and positively eats them into holes. The original object of the bird in settling upon the animal is to search for vermin, but it is not contented with the mere insects, and industriously pecks holes in all parts of the animal, more especially on the back. A wound once established, adds to the attraction, and the unfortunate animal is so pestered that it has no time to eat. I was obliged to hire some little boys to watch the donkeys, and to drive off these plagues; but so determined and bold were the birds, that I have constantly seen them run under the body of the donkey, clinging to the belly with their feet, and thus retreating to the opposite side of the animal when chased by the watch-boys. In a few days my animals were full of wounds, excepting the horses, whose long tails were effectual whisks."

Notwithstanding the lesson Baker's men had received, they still exhibited a mutinous disposition, and in every way neglected their duties. The donkeys and camels were allowed to stray, were daily missing, and recovered with difficulty; the luggage was overrun with white ants instead of being attended to every morning; the men absented themselves without leave, and were constantly in the camps of the different traders. Happily for him, he had among his attendants a little black boy, named Saat, who, having been brought as a slave from the interior, had been for a time in the Austrian mission, from which, with many other slaves, he was finally turned away. He used to describe his capture as a child very vividly. He was about six years old, minding his father's goats, when he was stolen by the Baggara Arabs. He was forcibly seized and thrust into a large gum sack, and slung upon the

back of a camel. Upon screaming for help, the sack was opened and an Arab threatened him with a knife should he make the slightest noise. Thus quieted, he was carried hundreds of miles through Kordofan to Dongola on the Nile, at which place he was sold to slave-dealers, and taken to Cairo to be sold to the Egyptian government as a drummer-boy. Being too young, he was rejected. He then escaped from his master, and having heard from another boy of the Austrian mission at Cairo, he sought and found an asylum there. After he was turned out from that mission, because the authorities determined to be rid of all the children they had received on account of the apparent impossibility of improving them, he heard of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and making his way to their house, threw himself at the lady's feet and implored to be allowed to follow them. Hearing at the mission that he was superior to his companions, they accepted him into their service. From that time he considered himself as belonging entirely to Mrs. Baker, and to serve her was his greatest pride. She, in return, instructed him in general knowledge and the Christian religion.

Through this young Saat, Mr. Baker heard of a plot, on the part of his escort, to desert him, and to fire at him should he attempt to disarm them. The result of his discovery is thus given:—"One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the presence of the vakeel (headman). There was something in her manner so different to her usual calm, that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, 'Whether the men were willing to march?' 'Perfectly ready,' was the reply. 'Then order them to strike the tent, and load the animals; we start this moment.' The man appeared somewhat confused, but not more than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him, that, 'during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them.' At first this charge was indignantly denied, until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward, and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at day-break, the boy had reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery, and murder, were thus deliberately determined.

"I immediately ordered an angarep (travelling bedstead) to be placed outside the tent under a large tree; upon this I laid five double-barrelled guns, loaded with buck-shot, a revolver, and naked sabre as sharp as a razor. A sixth rifle I kept in my hands while I sat upon the angarep, with Richarn

and Saat, both with double-barrelled guns, behind me. Formerly, I had supplied each of my men with a piece of Mackintosh waterproof, to be tied over the locks of their guns during the march. I now ordered the drum to be beat, and all the men to form in line in marching order, with their locks *tied up in the waterproof*. I requested Mrs. Baker to stand behind me, and to point out any man who should attempt to uncover his lock, when I should give the order to lay down their arms. The act of uncovering the locks would prove his intention, in which event I intended to shoot him immediately, and take my chance with the rest of the conspirators.

“Upon assembling in line, I ordered them immediately to lay down their arms. This, with insolent looks of defiance, they refused to do. ‘Down with your guns this moment,’ I shouted, ‘sons of dogs!’ And at the sharp click of the locks, as I quickly cocked the rifle that I held in my hands, the cowardly mutineers widened their line, and wavered. Some retreated a few paces to the rear; others sat down, and laid their guns on the ground; while the remainder slowly dispersed, and sat in twos, or singly, under the various trees about eighty paces distant. Taking advantage of their indecision, I immediately rose and ordered my vakeel and Richarn to disarm them as they were thus scattered. Foreseeing that the time had arrived for actual physical force, the cowards capitulated, agreeing to give up their arms and ammunition if I would give them their written discharge. I disarmed them immediately, and the vakeel having written a discharge for the fifteen men present, I wrote upon each paper the word *mutineer*, above my signature. None of them being able to read, and this being written in English, they unconsciously carried the evidence of their own guilt, which I resolved to punish, should I ever find them on my return to Khartoum.

“The boy Saat and Richarn now assured me that the men had intended to fire at me, but that they were frightened at seeing us thus prepared, but that I must not expect one man of the Dongolowas to be any more faithful than the Jalyns. I ordered the vakeel to hunt up the men, and to bring me their guns, threatening that if they refused I would shoot any man that I found with one of my guns in his hands. There was no time for mild measures. I had only Saat (a mere child), and Richarn, upon whom I could depend; and I resolved with them alone to accompany Mahommed’s people to the interior, and to trust to good fortune for a chance of proceeding.”

All, however, seemed in vain; nearly the whole of the escort deserted, taking service with the traders, and the party was reduced to a very small band of faithful adherents. A party of traders who had lately arrived from Latooka and were about to return, not only refused to allow the travellers to accompany them, but declared their intention of forcibly driving them back, should they attempt to advance by their route. Baker was utterly helpless; for himself personally he had no anxiety, but the fact of Mrs. Baker being with him

was a source of much concern. He dared not think of her position in the event of his death among savages such as those around her. These thoughts were shared by her; but she, knowing her husband had resolved to succeed, never once hinted an advice for retreat. A plan was formed to make a dash through the Bari tribe on swift dromedaries, but it proved to be impracticable. The faithful Saat soon discovered another plot hatched by some of the disaffected escort who still hung about the place:—They were to consent to march forward, with the intention of deserting Baker at the station of a trader named Chenooda, seven days' march from Gondokoro, in the Latooka country, whose men were like themselves Dongolowas; here they were to mutiny and desert with their arms and ammunition, and shoot Baker should he attempt to disarm them.

Nothing remained but to leave Gondokoro on a venture, to march eastward through the mountains of Ellyria to the Latooka country, and to attach the small European party by force or bribery to a band of Turkish traders who were about to march into the interior in search of ivory, although Ibrahim, the chief of the gang, had previously refused to have anything to do with the European travellers. Resolved to accomplish their purpose, and with dauntless courage Mr. and Mrs. Baker started without a guide on this most unpromising adventure. "The day arrived," he says, "for the departure of Koorshid's people. They commenced firing their usual signals; the drums beat; the Turkish ensign led the way; and they marched at 2 o'clock P.M., sending a polite message, *daring* me to follow them.

"I immediately ordered the tent to be struck, the luggage to be arranged, the animals to be collected, and everything to be ready for the march. Richarn and Saat were in high spirits; even my unwilling men were obliged to work, and by 7 P.M. we were all ready. The camels were too heavily loaded, carrying about seven hundred pounds each. The donkeys were also overloaded, but there was no help for it. Mrs. Baker was well mounted on my good old Abyssinian hunter, 'Tetel,' and was carrying several leather bags slung to the pommel, while I was equally loaded upon my horse 'Filfil;' in fact, we were all carrying as much as we could stow.

"We had neither guide, nor interpreter. Not one native was procurable, all being under the influence of the traders, who had determined to render our advance utterly impossible, by preventing the natives from assisting us. All had been threatened, and we, perfectly helpless, commenced the desperate journey in darkness about an hour after sunset. 'Where shall we go?' said the men, just as the order was given to start. 'Who can travel without a guide? No one knows the road.' The moon was up, and the mountain of Belignan was distinctly visible, about ten miles distant. Knowing that the route lay on the east side of that mountain, I led the way, Mrs. Baker riding by my side, and the British flag following close behind us as a guide for the

caravan of heavily-laden camels and donkeys. We shook hands warmly with Dr. Murie, who had come to see us off, and thus we started on our march in Central Africa on the 26th of March, 1863."

After a silent march of two hours, they saw the watch-fires of the trader's party blazing in the distance. As they passed them they were roughly challenged by their sentries, and told not to remain in the neighbourhood. Accordingly they passed on for about half a mile in advance, and bivouacked on some rising ground above a slight hollow, in which they found water. The next morning was clear, and the mountain of Belignan, three or four miles distant, was a fine object to direct their course. They started early, and pushed on as fast as they could, hoping to reach Ellyria before the trader's party could arrive, and poison the minds of the people there against them. The men refused at first to load the camels, but at length reluctantly complied. They had not gone far, led by a Bari guide, engaged at Belignan, when they were joined by two Latookas, who at once undertook to conduct them the whole way to Latooka, about ninety miles distant. The country was exceedingly difficult to pass through, especially for the camels, being full of thick thorny jungles; and at last they were compelled to lighten the loads of both camels and donkeys, leaving much valuable merchandise and provisions on the road, before they could proceed at all.

When they reached the eminence that looks down upon the valley of Tollogo, the view was extremely picturesque. An abrupt wall of grey granite rose on the east side of the valley to a height of about a thousand feet; from this perpendicular wall huge blocks had fallen, strewing the base with a confused mass of granite lumps ten to forty feet in diameter; and among these natural fortresses of disjointed masses were numerous villages. The bottom of the valley was a meadow, in which grew several enormous fig-trees by the side of a sluggish, and in some places, stagnant brook. The valley was not more than half a mile wide, and was also walled in by mountains on the west, having the appearance of a vast street. Here some five or six hundred natives gathered around them; and one, a curiously ugly, humped-back dwarf, addressed them in broken Arabic. He acted as interpreter, and insisted that Mrs. Baker was Mr. Baker's son. The chief proved to be a man the travellers had seen at Gondokoro, and to whom they had shown kindness. He received them cordially, and brought them a present of native beer, honey, and ivory.

They were now within six miles of Ellyria. Starting afresh on their journey, they threaded their way through a difficult pass. The mountain of Ellyria, between two and three thousand feet high, rose abruptly on their left, while the base was entirely choked with enormous fragments of grey granite. The path was not only thus obstructed, but was broken by deep ravines; and to increase the difficulties, many trees and bushes were growing from the interstices of the rocks, and the loads became jammed between them.

After turning a sharp angle of the mountain, they reached a spot whence they commanded a lovely view. The valley of Ellyria was about four hundred feet below, at about a mile distant. Beautiful mountains, some two or three thousand feet high, of grey granite, walled in the narrow vale; while the landscape of forest and plains was bounded at about fifty or sixty miles distance to the east by the blue mountains of Latooka. The whole country was a series of natural forts, occupied by a large population.

In spite of his forced march, Baker found that the Turkish trading party had kept up with him, and were likely to enter Ellyria before him. Just at the entrance to the place they passed him. As they were passing, Mrs. Baker advised her husband to call Ibrahim, the leader, and make another attempt to secure his friendship. He hearkened to the suggestion; and, assisted by the clever and earnest pleadings of Mrs. Baker, he succeeded in winning Ibrahim over, and inducing him to render him all the assistance in his power. The success of this measure our traveller gave entirely to his wife; for he says had he been alone, he would have been too proud to have sought the friendship of the sullen trader, and the moment on which success depended would have been lost.

No sooner did they reach Ellyria than crowds of natives issued from the palisaded villages on the mountain, and gathered round them. They were entirely naked, and precisely the same as the Bari. Their chief, Legge, was among them, who received a present from Ibrahim of a large red cotton shirt, and assumed an air of great importance. He immediately began to ask Baker for the tribute he expected to receive as "black mail" for the right of *entree* into his country. He had a most villanous countenance—ferocity, avarice, and sensuality, being stamped upon it in every part; and all his conduct corresponded with his appearance. His formation of head was similar to that of the rest of the tribe. The Bari, and the tribes of Tollogo and Ellyria, have generally bullet-shaped heads, low foreheads, skulls heavy behind the ears and above the nape of the neck; altogether their appearance is excessively brutal, and they are armed with bows six feet long, and arrows horribly barbed and poisoned. Legge is a large trader in ivory, sending iron hoes, which they make in his country, into the Bari and Galla countries, to purchase it. He then exchanges it with the Turks for cattle. Although he sells it so dear that he demands twenty cows for a large tusk, it is a convenient station for the traders, as, being near to Gondokoro, there is very little trouble in delivering the ivory on ship-board.

On the 30th of March, they started from Ellyria. As they journeyed, Ibrahim, in conversation, confirmed the report of Saat as to the intended mutiny and desertion of Baker's men as soon as they reached Latooka. When they arrived at the Kanieti river, although there had been no rain, the stream was very rapid, and up to the girths of the horses at the ford. The banks

were abrupt and about fifteen feet deep, the bed, between forty and fifty yards wide. The stream emptied itself into the Sobat, and so passed into the Nile. Having scrambled up the bank, they crossed a field of dhurra, and came to the village of Wakkala. Here, they found about seven hundred houses, strongly protected by palisades, formed of the hard iron wood of the country. Around the palisades was a hedge of impervious thorns, growing to a height of about twenty feet. The entrance was a curious archway, about ten feet deep, formed of the palisades; the whole of the village thus fenced is situated in the midst of a splendid forest of large timbers. The inhabitants are governed by an independent chief, and are great hunters; and Baker was able, in the immediate neighbourhood, to enjoy his favourite sport. Going due east, they came to Latome, one of the principal places of Latooka, and strongly palisaded, like Wakkala. Here, they found an ivory, or slave-trading party, under the leadership of one Mahommed Her, and here, at length, the mutiny broke out of which Baker had more than once been warned. By his presence of mind, tact, and fearless courage, just at the right moment, he entirely defeated the mutineers, and frustrated their plot, though some of them deserted to Mahommed Her. When he heard of their desertion, he exclaimed, in the hearing of his own men, and Ibrahim's party, "Inshallah, the vultures shall pick their bones!" and as they believed firmly in the effect of curses, their superstitious fears were immediately excited.

The country was now very beautiful. They were at the base of the Lafect mountain, which rose abruptly on their left to the height of about three thousand feet. The course of the valley was from south-east to north-west, about forty miles long by eighteen miles wide; the flat bottom was diversified by woods, thick jungles, open plains, and forest. The south side of the valley was bounded by a high range of mountains, rising to six or seven thousand feet above the general level of Latooka, while the extreme end was almost blocked by a noble but isolated mountain of about five thousand feet. The road was sandy but firm, and they travelled with ease. Continuing their march, they came to Tarrangolle, the chief town of Latooka, at which point was the station of Ibrahim. They had marched thirteen miles from Latome, the station of Mahommed Her, at which place Baker's men had deserted him, and they were now a hundred and one miles from Gondokoro. Crowds of people surrounded them, amazed to see camels, and people with a white skin.

"The Latookas," says Baker, "are the finest savages I have ever seen. I measured a number of them as they happened to enter my tent, and allowing two inches for the thickness of their felt helmets, the average height was 5 feet 11½ inches. Not only are they tall, but they possess a wonderful muscular development, having beautifully proportioned legs and arms; and, although extremely powerful, they are never fleshy or corpulent. The formation of

head and general physiognomy is totally different from all other tribes that I have met with in the neighbourhood of the White Nile. They have high foreheads, large eyes, rather high cheek-bones, mouths not very large, well-shaped, and the lips rather full. They have all a remarkably pleasing cast of countenance, and are a great contrast to the other tribes in civility of manner. Altogether their appearance denotes a Galla origin, and it is most probable that, at some former period, an invasion by the Gallas of this country originated the settlement of the Latookas.

“They are a fine, frank and warlike race. Far from being the morose set of savages that I had hitherto seen, they were excessively merry, and always ready for either a laugh or a fight. The town of Tarrangolle contained about three thousand houses, and was not only surrounded by iron-wood palisades, but every house was individually fortified by a little stockaded courtyard. The cattle were kept in large kraals in various parts of the town, and were most carefully attended to, fires being lit every night to protect them from flies; and high platforms, in three tiers, were erected in many places, upon which sentinels watched both day and night to give the alarm in case of danger. The cattle are the wealth of the country; and so rich are the Latookas in oxen, that the natives are ever on the watch, fearing the attacks of the adjacent tribes.

“The houses of the Latookas are generally bell-shaped, while others are precisely like huge candle-extinguishers, about twenty-five feet high. The roofs are neatly thatched, at an angle of about 75° , resting upon a circular wall about four feet high; thus the roof forms a cap descending to within two feet and a half of the ground. The door-way is only two feet and two inches high, thus an entrance must be effected upon all-fours. The interior is remarkably clean, but dark, as the architects have no idea of windows. The town of Tarrangolle is arranged with several entrances, in the shape of low archways through the palisades: they are closed at night by large branches of the hooked thorn of the kittur bush (a species of mimosa). The principal street is broad, but all the others are studiously arranged to admit of only one cow, in single file, between high stockades; thus, in the event of an attack, these narrow passages could be easily defended, and it would be impossible to drive off their immense herds of cattle unless by the main street. The large cattle kraals are accordingly arranged in various quarters in connection with the great road, and the entrance of each kraal is a small archway in the strong iron-wood fence, sufficiently wide to admit one ox at a time. Suspended from the arch is a bell, formed of the shell of the Dolape palm-nut, against which every animal must strike either its horns or back on entrance. Every tinkling of the bell announces the passage of an ox into the kraal, and they are thus counted every evening when brought home from pasture.

"I had noticed, during the march from Latome, that the vicinity of every town was announced by heaps of human remains. Bones and skulls formed a Golgotha within a quarter of a mile from every village. Some of these were in earthenware pots, generally broken; others lay strewn here and there; while a heap in the centre showed that some form had originally been preserved in their disposition. This was explained by an extraordinary custom most rigidly observed by the Latookas. Should a man be killed in battle the body is allowed to remain where it fell, and is devoured by the vultures and hyenas; but should he die a natural death, he or she is buried in a shallow grave within a few feet of his own door in the little courtyard which surrounds each dwelling. Funeral dances are then kept up in memory of the dead for several weeks; at the expiration of which time, the body being sufficiently decomposed, is exhumed. The bones are cleaned, and are deposited in an earthenware jar, and carried to a spot near the town, which is regarded as the cemetery. I observed that they were not particular in regarding the spot as sacred, as signs of nuisances were present even upon the bones, that in civilised countries would have been regarded as an insult.

"There is little difficulty in describing the toilet of the natives—that of the men being simplified by the sole covering of the head, the body being entirely nude. It is curious to observe amongst these wild savages the consummate vanity displayed in their head-dresses. Every tribe has a distinct and unchanging fashion for dressing the hair; and so elaborate is the *coiffure* that hair-dressing is reduced to a science. European ladies would be startled at the fact, that to perfect the *coiffure* of a man, requires a period of from eight to ten years! However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair, and, are, of course, fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick network of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance it is subjected to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed like a strong felt, about an inch and a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length, forms the crest. The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner of the head be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewn on the surface of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red that

the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-dress. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie shells stitched around the rim, so as to form a solid edge.

"The Latookas have neither bows nor arrows, their weapons consisting of the lance, a powerful iron-headed mace, a long-bladed knife or sword, and an ugly iron bracelet, armed with knife-blades about four inches long, by half an inch broad; the latter is used to strike with if disarmed, and to tear with when wrestling with an enemy. Their shields are either of buffaloes' hide, or of giraffes', the latter being highly prized as excessively tough, although light, and thus combining the two requisite qualities of a good shield; they are usually about four feet six inches long, by two feet wide, and are the largest I have seen. Altogether, everything in Latooka looks like fighting.

"Although the men devote so much attention to their head-dress, the women are extremely simple. It is a curious fact, that while the men are remarkably handsome, the women are exceedingly plain: they are immense creatures, few being under five feet seven inches in height, with prodigious limbs. Their superior strength to that of other tribes may be seen in the size of their water jars, which are nearly double as large as any I have seen elsewhere, containing about ten gallons; in these, they fetch water from the stream about a mile distant from the town. They grind the corn, fetch the water, gather firewood, cement the floors, cook the food, and propagate the race; but they are mere servants, and, as such, are valuable. The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows."

While waiting at Tarrangolle, they heard of a terrible disaster which befel the party of Mahommed Her. Under his command, a party of one hundred and ten armed men, in addition to three hundred natives, had made a *razzia* upon a certain village among the mountains for slaves and cattle. Having succeeded in burning the village and capturing a number of slaves, they were re-ascending the mountain to secure another herd of cattle, of which they had received information, when they were attacked by a large body of Latookas, lying in ambush among the rocks on the mountain side. In vain the Turks fought; every bullet aimed at a Latooka struck a rock, while rocks, stones, and lances, were hurled at them from all sides and from above. Compelled to retreat, they were seized with a panic, and took to flight. Hemmed in by their foes, who showered lances and stones on their heads, they fled down the rocky and perpendicular ravines. Ignorant of the country, they mistook their road, and came to a precipice, from which there was no retreat. The Latookas, with screams and yells closed around them,

and thrust them forward to the very verge of a precipice five hundred feet high. Over it they were driven, hurled to destruction by the mass of savages pressing onward. A few fought to the last; but all were at last forced over the edge of the cliff, and met the just reward of their atrocities. No quarter had been given, and upwards of two hundred of the natives, who had joined the slave-hunters in the attack, had fallen with them. Mahommed Her had not accompanied his party, and therefore escaped; but he was utterly ruined.

The result of this terrible catastrophe was highly beneficial to Baker, as the mutineers and deserters from his party were amongst those destroyed. "Where are the men who deserted me?" he asked of those who still remained with him. Without speaking, they brought two of his guns, covered with clotting blood, mixed with sand, that had been found on the scene of destruction. Their owners' names were known to him by the marks on the stocks; and he mentioned them. "Are they all dead?" he asked. "All dead," the men replied. "Food for the vultures!" he observed; "better for them had they remained with me and done their duty." He had before told his men that the vultures would pick the bones of the deserters; and this seemed to them a fulfilment of his words. From that moment an extraordinary change took place in the manner, both of his own people, and those of Ibrahim, towards him. They regarded him with veneration and awe. Unhappily, however, the Latookas exhibited a change for the worse. The Turks, as usual, insulted their women, and treated the natives with the greatest brutality, and, had he not exercised much caution and vigilance, both his own party and Ibrahim's would, in all probability, have been entirely cut off.

Ibrahim had been compelled to go back to Gondokoro for ammunition, and Baker waited at Tarrangolle for his return. The day after Ibrahim's departure, the Turks seized some jars of water by force from the women, on their return from the stream. A row ensued, and ended by one of the women being shamefully maltreated; and a Latooka, who came to her assistance, was severely beaten. This was repeated again and again, until the natives resolved to punish the offenders. They removed all the women and children to the mountains, about two miles distant, and prepared for a regular battle. Baker saw they would make no distinction between him and his party and the Turks, and that they would all suffer together. Gaining information of the intention of the natives, he took command of the Turks, and, with his own men, showed so bold a front, that the natives saw clearly that there was little chance of their being able to carry their purpose of destroying the strangers into execution. Their chief, Commoro, had an interview with Baker, the result of which was, that he agreed to persuade his people to abandon their intention, and to act in a peaceable manner.

The Turks were much alarmed at what had transpired, and behaved better, though they threatened that, when Ibrahim arrived with reinforcements and

ammunition, they would have their revenge. After this, Baker moved his camp to a secure position some distance from the town, near a stream of water. Here he formed a garden, and lived in a far more independent way than before. Thus he separated himself as much as possible from the Turks, whose presence was certain to create enmity. Although he was willing to purchase all supplies with either beads or copper bracelets, he found it was impossible to procure meat. The natives refused to sell either cattle or goats. Not less than ten thousand head of cattle passed his camp every morning as they were driven to the town from pasturage, yet he could not obtain a steak. Milk was cheap and abundant; corn was plentiful; but fowls were scarce, and vegetables were unknown. In this latter article he provided for himself, by sowing his garden with onions, cabbages, and radishes. Fortunately there was an abundance of small game in the shape of wild ducks, pigeons, doves; and a great variety of birds, such as herons, cranes, and spoonbills. He frequently shot ten or twelve ducks, and as many cranes, before breakfast. Not only were the ducks and geese to him what the quails were to the Israelites in the desert, but they enabled him to make presents to the natives that assured them of his goodwill.

The dreadfully low state of morality prevailing among the natives, was exhibited in a variety of ways. On one occasion Adda, one of their chiefs, came to him and requested him to assist in attacking a village, for the purpose of procuring some iron hoes which he wanted. He asked the chief, whether it was in an enemy's country? "Oh, no!" was the reply; "it is close here, but the people are rather rebellious, and it will do them good to kill a few. If you are afraid, I will ask the Turks to do it." "Human nature," writes Baker in his journal, "viewed in its crude state, as pictured among African savages, is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty—no religion; but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness, and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to rob and enslave their weaker neighbours." On the west shore of the White Nile there are tribes even more ferocious than those to the east of Gondokoro.

One of the traders described the Makkarikas as "remarkably good people, but possessing a peculiar taste for dogs and human flesh. They accompanied the trading party in their *razzias*, and invariably ate the bodies of the slain. The traders complained that they were bad associates, as they insisted upon killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure. Their custom was to catch a child by its ankles, and dash its head against the ground. Thus killed, they opened the abdomen, extracted the stomach and intestines; and tying the two ankles to the neck, they carried the body by slinging it over the shoulder, and thus returned to camp, where they divided it by quartering, and boiled it in a large pot."

Shortly after the encounter in which Ibrahim's party was defeated, a funeral dance took place in honour of the natives who had been slain. The dancers were grotesquely got up. Each man had about a dozen ostrich feathers in his helmet, a leopard or monkey-skin hung from his shoulders, while a large iron belt was strapped to his loins, like a woman's bustle. This he rang during the dance, by jerking the hinder part of his body in the most absurd manner. All the time a hubbub was kept up by the shouting of the crowd, the blowing of horns, and the bleating of seven *nogaras*, or drums, all of different notes, while each dancer also blew an antelope's horn suspended round his neck, the sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screeching of an owl. Meantime crowds of men rushed round and round, brandishing their lances and iron-headed maces, following a leader, who headed them, dancing backwards. The women outside danced at a slower pace, screaming a wild and inharmonious chant, while beyond them a string of young girls and children beat time with their feet, and jingled numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles. One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourd full of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers. Though the leader among the women was immensely fat, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance.

During one of Baker's interviews with the chief Commoro, their conversation was suddenly terminated by one of Baker's men running into the tent with the bad news that one of the camels had dropped down and was dying. "The report," says Baker, "was too true. He was poisoned by a well-known plant that he had been caught in the act of eating. In a few hours he died. There is no more stupid animal than the camel. Nature has implanted in most animals an instinctive knowledge of the plants suitable for food, and they generally avoid those that are poisonous; but the camel will eat indiscriminately everything that is green; and, if in a country where the plant exists, that is well known by the Arabs as the 'camel-poison,' watchers must always accompany the animals while grazing. The most fatal plant is a creeper, very succulent, and so beautifully green, that its dense foliage is most attractive to the stupid victim. The stomach of the camel is very subject to inflammation, which is rapidly fatal. I have frequently seen them, after several days of sharp desert marching, arrive in good pasture, and die, within a few hours, of inflammation caused by repletion. It is extraordinary how they can exist upon the driest, and apparently the most un-nutritious food. When other animals are starving, the camel manages to pick up a subsistence, eating the ends of barren, leafless twigs, the dried sticks of certain shrubs, and the tough dry paper-like substance of the dome-palm, about as succulent a breakfast as would be a green umbrella and a *Times* newspaper. With intense greediness the camel, although a hermit in simplicity of fare in hard

times, feeds voraciously when in abundant pasture, always seeking the greenest shrubs. The poison-bush becomes a fatal bait.

"The camel is by no means well understood in Europe. Far from being the docile and patient animal generally described, it is quite the reverse, and the males are frequently dangerous. They are exceedingly perverse, and are, as before described, excessively stupid. For the great deserts they are wonderfully adapted, and without them it would be impossible to cross certain tracts of country for want of water. Exaggerated accounts have been written respecting the length of time that a camel can travel without drinking. The period that the animal can subsist without suffering from thirst depends entirely upon the season and the quality of food. Precisely as in Europe sheep require but little water when fed upon turnips, so does the camel exist almost without drinking during the rainy season, when pastured upon succulent and dewy herbage. During the hottest season, when green herbage ceases to grow in the countries inhabited by camels, they are led to water every alternate day, thus they are supposed to drink every forty-eight hours; but when upon the march across deserts, where no water exists, they are expected to carry a load of five to six hundred pounds, and to march twenty-five miles per day for three days, without drinking, but to be watered on the fourth day. Thus a camel should drink the evening before a start, and he will carry his load one hundred miles without the necessity of drinking—not, however, without suffering from thirst. On the third day's march, during the hot simoom, the camel should drink if possible; but he can endure the fourth day.

"This peculiarity of constitution enables the camel to overcome obstacles of nature that would otherwise be insurmountable. Not only can he travel over the scorching sand of the withering deserts, but he never seeks the shade. When released from his burden he kneels by his load in the burning sand, and luxuriates in the glare of a sun that drives all other beasts to shelter. The peculiar spongy formation of the foot renders the camel exceedingly sure, although it is usual to believe that it is only adapted for flat, sandy plains. I have travelled over mountains so precipitous that no domestic animal but the camel could have accomplished the task with a load. This capability is not shared generally by the race, but by a breed belonging to the Hadendowa Arabs, between the Red sea and Taka. The average value of a baggage camel is fifteen dollars, but a good Hygeen, or riding dromedary, is worth from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars. He is supposed to travel fifty miles a day, and to continue this pace for five days, carrying only his rider and a small water-skin or girba. His action should be so easy that his long ambling trot should produce that peculiar movement adopted by a nurse when hushing a child to sleep upon her knee."

Baker frequently joined the Latookas in elephant-hunting. "The natives of Central Africa generally hunt the elephant for the sake of the flesh,

and prior to the commencement of the White Nile trade by the Arabs, and the discovery of the Upper White Nile to the 5° N. lat. by the expedition sent by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the tusks were considered as worthless, and were treated as bones. The death of an elephant proves a splendid affair for the natives, as it supplies flesh for an enormous number of people; also fat, which is the great desire of all savages, for internal and external purposes. There are various methods of killing them. Pitfalls are the most common, but the wary old bulls are seldom caught in this manner. The position chosen for the pit is in the vicinity of a drinking-place. Should an elephant fall through the deceitful surface, it is impossible for him to extricate himself. If one animal be thus caught, a sudden panic seizes the rest of the herd, and in their hasty retreat one or more fall into some of the numerous pits in the neighbourhood. Once helpless in the pits, they are easily killed with lances.

“The great elephant hunting season is in January, when the high prairies are parched and reduced to straw. At such a time, should a large herd of animals be discovered, the natives of the entire district collect together to the number of perhaps a thousand men; surrounding the elephants, by embracing a considerable tract of country, they fire the grass at a given signal. In a few minutes the unconscious elephants are surrounded by a circle of fire, which, however distant, must eventually close in upon them. The men advance with the fire, which rages to a height of twenty or thirty feet. At length the elephants, alarmed by the volumes of smoke and the roaring of the flames, mingled with the shouts of the hunters, attempt an escape. They are hemmed in on every side—wherever they rush, they are met by an impassable barrier of flames and smoke, so stifling, that they are forced to retreat. Meanwhile, the fatal circle is decreasing; buffaloes and antelopes, likewise doomed to a horrible fate, crowd panic-stricken to the centre of the encircled ring, and the raging fire sweeps over all. Burnt, and blinded by fire and smoke, the animals are now attacked by the savage crowd of hunters, excited by the helplessness of the unfortunate elephants thus miserably sacrificed, and they fall under countless spears.

“The next method of hunting is perfectly legitimate. Should many elephants be in the neighbourhood, the natives post about a hundred men in as many large trees; these men are armed with heavy lances specially adapted to the sport, with blades about eighteen inches long and three inches broad. The elephants are driven by a great number of men towards the trees in which the spearmen are posted, and those that pass sufficiently near are speared between the shoulders. The spear being driven deep into the animal, creates a frightful wound, as the tough handle, striking against the intervening branches of trees acts as a lever, and works the long blade of the spear within the elephant, cutting to such an extent that he soon drops from exhaustion.

“The best and only really great elephant hunters of the White Nile are the Bagara Arabs. These men hunt on horseback, and kill the elephant in fair fight with their spears. The lance is about fourteen feet long, of male bamboo; the blade is about fourteen inches long by nearly three inches broad: this is as sharp as a razor. Two men, thus armed and mounted, form the hunting party. Should they discover a herd, they ride up to the finest tusker and single him from the others. One man now leads the way, and the elephant, finding himself pressed, immediately charges the horse. There is much art required in leading the elephant, who follows the horse with great determination, and the rider adapts his pace so as to keep his horse so near the elephant that his attention is entirely absorbed with the hope of catching him. The other hunter should by this time have followed close to the elephant's heels, and, dismounting when at full gallop, with wonderful dexterity, he plunges his spear with both hands into the elephant about two feet below the junction of the tail, and with all his force he drives the spear about eight feet into his abdomen, and withdraws it immediately. Should he be successful in his stab, he remounts his horse and flies, or does his best to escape on foot, should he not have time to mount, as the elephant generally turns to pursue him. His comrade immediately turns his horse, and, dashing at the elephant, in his turn dismounts, and drives his lance deep into his intestines. Generally, if the first thrust is scientifically given, the bowels protrude to such an extent that the elephant is at once disabled.”

As soon as practicable, Ibrahim returned from Gondokoro, bringing with him a large supply of ammunition. The object of Mr. Baker was constantly to work round to the south-west, and so regain the Nile valley. At length a native of the Obbo country arrived at Latooka, and, under his guidance, the party set out, on the 2nd of May, 1863, to cross the chain of mountains which bound the Latooka valley. There was no other path than the native track, which led over a range of low granite rocks, forming a ridge about four hundred feet high. It was with the greatest difficulty that the loaded donkeys could be hoisted over the numerous blocks of granite that formed an irregular flight of steps, like the ascent of a pyramid. However, they persevered. At length the great ascent was to be made; and for two hours they toiled up a steep zig-zag pass. The air was most invigorating; beautiful wild flowers, some of which were very fragrant, ornamented the route, and innumerable wild grape-vines hung in festoons from tree to tree. In addition to the wild flowers, were numerous fruits—all good, especially a variety of custard apple, and a full-flavoured yellow plum. The grapes were in most promising bunches, not unripe. When they reached the summit of the pass, they were about two thousand five hundred feet above the Latooka valley. The scenery was very fine. To the east and south-east, there were masses of high mountains; while to the west and south, were vast tracts of

park-like country, of intense green. All around were mountain peaks, on each of which was a village, the position being evidently chosen for greater security.

After a march of about twelve miles from the top of the pass, they arrived at the chief village of Obbo. They were now forty miles S.W. of Tarrangolle. The vegetation of Obbo, and the whole of the west side of the mountain range, is different from that upon the east side. The soil is exceedingly rich, producing an abundance of Guinea grass, with which the plains are covered. The country produces nine varieties of yams. There are many good wild fruits. Ground-nuts are also abundant in the forests. Tobacco grows to an extraordinary size, and a fine quality of flax grows wild. Baker had never smoked till his arrival in Obbo, but, having suffered much from fever, and the country being excessively damp, he commenced with Obbo pipes and tobacco.

“The natives of Obbo are entirely different to the Latookas, both in language and appearance. They are not quite naked, except when they are going to war, on which occasion they are painted in stripes of red and yellow; but their usual covering is the skin of an antelope or goat, slung like a mantle across the shoulders. Their faces are well formed, with peculiarly fine-shaped noses. The head-dress of the Obbo is remarkably neat, the woolly hair being matted, and worked with thread into a flat form, like a beaver’s tail, and bound with a fine edge of raw hide, to keep it in shape. This, like the head-dress of Latooka, requires many years to complete. Although the men of Obbo wear a skin slung across their shoulders and loins, the women are almost naked, and, instead of wearing the leather apron and tail of the Latookas, they are contented with a slight fringe of leather shreds, about four inches long by two broad, suspended from a belt. Some of the Obbo women were very pretty. The caste of feature was entirely different to that of the Latookas; and a striking peculiarity was displayed in the finely-arched noses of many of the natives, which strongly reminded one of Somauli tribes. It was impossible to conjecture their origin, as they had neither traditions nor ideas of their past history.”

Katchiba, the chief of Obbo, came with several of his head men to meet the strangers. He was an extraordinary-looking man, about fifty-eight or sixty years of age; but, far from possessing the dignity usually belonging to a grey head, he acted the buffoon for their amusement, and might have been a clown in a pantomime. A violent storm of wind and rain which had been raging, and which had soaked every one, having cleared away, the nogaras were ordered to be beaten, and the entertaining old chief determined upon a grand dance. Pipes and flutes were soon heard gathering from all quarters; horns brayed; and numbers of men and women began to collect in crowds, while Katchiba, in a state of excitement, gave orders for the enter-

tainment. About one hundred men formed a circle; each man held in his left hand a small cup-shaped drum, formed of hollow wood, one end only being perforated, and this was covered with the skin of the elephant's ear, tightly stretched. In the centre of the circle was the chief dancer, who wore, suspended from his shoulders, an immense drum, also covered with the elephant's ear. The dance commenced by all singing remarkably well a wild but agreeable tune in chorus, the big drum directing the time, and the whole of the little drums striking at certain periods with such admirable precision, that the effect was that of a single instrument. The dancing was most vigorous, and far superior to anything that Mr. Baker had seen among either Arabs or savages, the figures varying continually, and ending in a "grand gallop" in double circles, at a tremendous pace, the inner ring revolving in a contrary direction to the outer: the effect of this was most excellent.

The domestic establishment of Katchiba was very large. He kept a certain number of wives in each of his villages; thus, when he made a journey through his territory, he was always at home. He had no fewer than one hundred and sixteen children living, and every one of his villages was governed by one of his sons; thus the entire government was a family affair. One poor woman came to Baker in great distress, complaining that the chief was very cruel to her because she had no children; and said, she was sure the white man possessed some charm that could raise her to the standard of the other wives. The traveller could not get rid of her until he gave her the first pill that came to hand in his medicine-chest, and with that she went away contented.

CHAPTER XIII.

Life in Obbo—Return to Latooka—Visit Obbo again—Arrival at Shooa—Unyoro—Mrs. Baker receives a Sun-Stroke—Discovery of the Albert Nyanza—Voyage on the Lake—The Murchison Falls.

THE Obbo people never asked for presents; in this respect they were a great improvement on the Latookas. Their old chief, Katchiba, was more like a clown than a king. He was regarded as a great sorcerer and pain-maker, and thus had great power over his subjects. He was exceedingly civil to our travellers, and proud that they had paid him a visit. During an excursion which Baker made to the country of Farajoke, he left Mrs. Baker in Katchiba's care; and when he returned, he found that the chief had fully honoured the confidence placed in him. Mrs. Baker gave him an excellent character; he had taken the greatest care of her; had placed some of his own sons as sentries over her hut, both by day and night; and provided fat sheep and fowls, and beer, for a feast of welcome on Baker's return.

A curious custom was observed by the chief of Farajoke on Baker's arrival at that place. He was met by the chief and several of the people leading a goat, which was presented to him as an offering, close to the feet of his horse. The chief carried a fowl, holding it by the legs, with its head downwards; he approached the horse, and stroked his fore-feet with the fowl, and then made a circle around him by dragging it upon the ground. Mr. Baker's own feet were then stroked with the fowl in the same manner as those of the horse, and he was requested to stoop, so that the bird might be waved around his head. This completed, it was also waved around the horse's head; and then the knife put an end to its troubles, and it was handed to one of Baker's men.

Not being able to proceed south, our traveller determined to return to his head-quarters at Latooka, and to wait for the dry season. He had made the reconnaissance to Farajoke, and saw his way clear for the future, provided his animals should remain in good condition. On the 21st of May, therefore, he started for Latooka in company with Ibrahim and his men, who were thoroughly sick of the Obbo climate. Before leaving, a ceremony had to be performed by Katchiba. His brother was to act as guide, and was to receive

power to control the elements as deputy-magician during the journey. With great solemnity Katchiba broke a branch from a tree, upon the leaves of which he spat in several places. This branch, thus blessed with holy water, was laid upon the ground, and a fowl was dragged around it by the chief; the horses were then operated on precisely in the same manner as had been enacted at Farajoke. This ceremony completed, he handed the branch to his brother, who received it with much gravity, in addition to a magic whistle of antelope's horn that he suspended from his neck. All the natives wore whistles similar in appearance, by the use of which they considered they either drew the rain, or drove it away, as they desired.

On their arrival at Latooka, they found everything in much the same condition as they left it. But the day after their arrival, a series of disasters began, comprising the death of two of Mr. Baker's horses, besides several camels and donkeys; Mrs. Baker's illness of gastric fever, and his own illness from daily attacks of ague; and the breaking out of the small-pox among the Turks. Among the natives of Obbo, who had accompanied them to Latooka, was a man named Wani, who had formerly travelled far to the south. This man had been engaged as their guide and interpreter. From him Mr. Baker got his first real clue to the Albert Nyanza. He thus notes it in his journal of the 26th of May, 1863:—"I have had a long examination of Wani, the guide and interpreter, respecting the country of Magungo. According to his description, Magungo is situated on a lake so large that no one knows its limits. Its breadth is such, that, if you journey two days east and the same distance west, there is no land visible in either quarter, while, to the south, its direction is utterly unknown. Large vessels arrive at Magungo from distant and unknown parts, bringing cowrie-shells and beads in exchange for ivory. Upon these vessels white men have been seen.

"His description of distance places Magungo on about the 2° N. lat. The lake can be no other than the Nyanza, which, if the position of Magungo be correct, extends much further north than Speke had supposed. The 'white men' must be Arab traders who bring cowries from Zanzibar. I shall take the first opportunity to push for Magungo. I examined another native who had been to Magungo to purchase cowrie-shells. He says that a white man formerly arrived there annually, and brought a donkey with him in a boat; that he disembarked his donkey and rode about the country, dealing with the natives, and bartering cowries and brass-coil bracelets."

This information was the first clue, as we have said, to the facts that Baker subsequently established, and the account of the white men (Arabs, being simply brown, are called white men by the blacks of these countries) arriving at Magungo, was confirmed by the people of that country twelve months after he obtained this vague information at Latooka. On the 30th of May, at Commoro's instigation, the Turks attacked the neighbouring town of

Kayala ; but the Latookas fought so well, that they found it impossible to capture the place, and were driven back, carrying off, however, the cattle of the natives. In consequence of the abominable conduct of the Turks, which so irritated the natives that an attack from them was daily expected, it became dangerous for the party to remain any longer in Latooka.

On the 23rd of June, they started again for Obbo. Their joint parties consisted of about three hundred men. On arrival at the base of the mountains, instead of crossing them as before, they skirted the chain to the north-west, and then rounding through a natural gap, they ascended gradually towards the south. On the fifth day they were within twelve miles of Obbo, and bivouacked on a large mass of granite on the side of a hill, forming an inclining plateau of about an acre. Here, while the natives were clearing the grass, they came upon an immense puff-adder, five feet four inches in length, and above fifteen inches in girth. The tail was, as usual in poisonous snakes, extremely blunt, and the head perfectly flat, and about two inches and a half broad. He had eight teeth, and five poison fangs, the two most prominent being nearly an inch in length. Baker immediately pinned his head to the ground, and severed it with one blow with his hunting-knife. He says he was the most horrid monster he had ever experienced. As he stooped to skin him, a thunder storm began, and he looked so Satanic with his flat head, and minute cold grey eyes, and scaly hide, with the lightning flashing, and the thunder roaring around him, that all the bystanders were horrified.

The Obbo country was now a land of starvation. The natives refused to supply provision for beads; nor would they barter anything unless in exchange for flesh. Here was literally nothing to eat except tullaboon, a small bitter grain used by the natives in lieu of corn. Both Mr. Baker and his wife were excessively ill with bilious fever, and neither could assist the other. The old chief, Katchiba, hearing that they were dying, came to charm them with some magic spell. He found them lying helpless, and immediately procured a small branch of a tree, and, filling his mouth with water, squirted it over the leaves and about the floor of the hut; he then waved the branch around their heads, and completed his ceremony by sticking it in the thatch above the doorway; he told them they would now get better, and, perfectly satisfied, took his leave. The hut was swarming with rats and white ants, the former racing over their bodies during the night. Now and again a snake would be seen gliding within the thatch, having taken shelter from the pouring rain. The small-pox was raging throughout the country, and the natives were dying like flies in winter. Innumerable flies appeared, including the tsetse, and in a few weeks the donkeys had no hair left, either on their ears or legs; they drooped and died one by one. At length Baker's last horse died. Flies by day, rats and innumerable bugs by night, heavy dew, daily rain, and impenetrable reeking grass, rendered Obbo a prison about as disagreeable as could exist.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker recovered slowly, and were able, on the 30th of August, to make a morning call upon old Katchiba, by his express desire. Subsequently, however, they had frequent relapses. Under Oct. 17th he thus writes, describing the progress of the African fever:—"I expect an attack of fever to-morrow or next day, as I understand, from constant and painful experiences, every step of this insidious disease. For some days one feels a certain uneasiness of spirits difficult to explain; no peculiar symptom is observed until a day or two before the attack, when great lassitude is felt, with a desire to sleep. Rheumatic pains in the loins, back, and joints of the limbs, are accompanied by a sense of great weakness. A cold fit comes on very quickly; this is so severe that it almost immediately affects the stomach, producing painful vomiting, with severe retching. The eyes are heavy and painful, the head hot and aching, the extremities pale and cold, pulse very weak, and about fifty-six beats per minute; the action of the heart distressingly weak, with total prostration of strength. This shivering and vomiting continues for about two hours, attended with great difficulty of breathing. The hot stage then comes on, the retching still continuing, with the difficulty of breathing, intense weakness, and restlessness for about an hour and a half, which, should the remedies be successful, terminate in profuse perspiration and sleep. The attack ends, leaving the stomach in a dreadful state of weakness. The fever is remittent, the attack returning almost at the same hour every two days, and reducing the patient rapidly to a mere skeleton; the stomach refuses to act, and death ensues. Any severe action of the mind, such as grief or anger, is almost certain to be succeeded by fever in this country. My stock of quinine is reduced to a few grains, and my work lies before me; my cattle are all dead. We are both weakened by repeated fever, and travelling must be on foot."

Thus, for months, they dragged on a miserable existence at Obbo. Baker was heartily sick of the expedition, yet determined to succeed in his object, or die in the attempt. His stock of quinine was exhausted. Porters were hard to be procured. In the weak state of his wife and himself, travelling on foot was impossible. He therefore purchased and trained three oxen in lieu of horses, and named them "Beef," "Steaks," and "Suet." "Beef" was at first a noble beast; but having lost his condition, through being bitten by the flies, his name was changed to "Bones." During the nine or ten months that the travellers had been in connection with Ibrahim and his party, they had succeeded in acquiring very great influence over them. The kindness of Mrs. Baker, and her husband's good sense and firmness, had created so favourable an impression on the minds of both Turks and natives, that they were always referred to as umpires in every dispute.

On the 5th of January, 1864, they renewed their march, with one hundred followers from the Turkish party, in the direction of Unyoro, the king-

dom lying on the east bank of the great lake. The services of these men were obtained by guaranteeing to their leader Ibrahim ten thousand pounds' weight of ivory—a pledge which was eventually redeemed more than threefold. Mrs. Baker rode her ox; but his animal being shy, was driven for about a mile with the others to accustom him to the crowd, whereupon he bolted into the high grass with the saddle upon his back, and was never seen again. Baker, therefore, had to walk, in his weak state, about twenty-six miles before he was able to obtain another ox to carry him. After some days' march, they came to the river Asua. At the spot where they struck it, it was a hundred and twenty paces broad, and from the bed to the top of the perpendicular banks, was about fifteen feet. The bed was much obstructed by rocks. It forms the great drain of the country, all its waters flowing into the Nile; but during the dry months it is most insignificant. Pursuing their journey they reached Shooa, a lovely place. A fine granite mountain ascended in one block in a sheer precipice for about eight hundred feet from its base, perfectly abrupt on the eastern side, while the other portions of the mountain were covered with forest trees, and picturesquely dotted over with villages. This country formed a natural park, well watered by numerous rivulets, ornamented with fine timber, and interspersed with numerous rocks of granite, which, from a distance, produced the effect of ruined castles.

The altitude of Shooa was above a hundred feet higher than the Asua River. They were now about twelve miles south of Faloro. There was no great chief at Shooa. Each village had a separate headman. It was 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' Fowls, butter, goats, were in abundance, and ridiculously cheap. The cultivation of the country was very superior; and large crops of sesame were grown and carefully harvested. Two days after their arrival here, all their Obbo porters absconded. They had heard that the destination was Kamrasi's country, and as they feared that monarch, they determined to make an early retreat. Others were procured, and, on the 18th of January, they left Shooa. The pure air of that country had invigorated them, and they enjoyed the excitement of pushing on into unknown lands. Eight miles of pleasant marching brought them to the village of Fatiko, situated upon a splendid plateau of rock upon elevated ground, with beautiful granite cliffs, bordering a level table-land of fine grass that would have formed a race-course. The high rocks were covered with natives, perched upon the outline like a flock of ravens.

The natives soon assembled round the travellers, and insisted on a personal introduction. As each one was introduced, he performed the salaam of his country, by seizing both hands of Baker, and raising his arms three times to their full stretch above his head. The fatigue of this ceremony, gone through with about one hundred Fatikos, was rather more than could be endured. And as they saw masses of natives streaming down the rocks, hurry-

ing to be introduced, they mounted their oxen, and with aching shoulders bade adieu to Fatiko. Descending the hill, they entered upon a totally distinct country—an interminable sea of prairies, covering to the horizon a series of gentle undulations, inclining from east to west. There were no trees except the dolape-palms; these were scattered at long intervals in the bright yellow surface of high grass. On the fourth day they left the prairies, and entered a noble forest. From an elevated position in the forest, they saw, on the morning of January 22nd, a cloud of fog hanging in a distant valley, which betokened the presence of the Somerset River, or Victoria White Nile.

While in Obbo, a slave-woman, named Bacheeta, who knew Arabic, had given Baker much information concerning Kamrasi's country, from which she had come; he therefore had engaged her as interpreter and guide. She, however, had no desire to return to her own country, and endeavoured to mislead them, by taking them to the country of Rionga, an enemy of Kamrasi. She so far succeeded, although Baker suspected her for some time, that, when they reached Somerset River, they found they were in Rionga's territory. It was fortunate for Mr. Baker that he detected her treachery in good time. Had the news reached Kamrasi that he was in Rionga's country, all chance of his travelling in Unyoro would have been cut off. They now started for Karuma. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the march. Their course was through the forest, parallel with the river, which roared beneath them on their right in a succession of rapids and falls between high cliffs, covered with groves of bananas and varieties of palms. The river was about a hundred and fifty yards wide; the cliffs on the south side were higher than those upon the north, being about a hundred and fifty feet above the river. At length, they approached the Karuma Falls, close to the village of Atada.

The heights were crowded with natives, Kamrasi's people. A number of them soon crossed the river in a canoe to within a parleying distance, when the woman Bacheeta, as directed, explained that *Speke's brother* had arrived from his country to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents. Kamrasi's people, however, showed considerable suspicion on seeing so many strangers, till Baker appeared dressed in a suit of tweed, something similar to that Speke had worn, and they saw the resemblance of the beard and general complexion. They then at once manifested their welcome, by dancing and gesticulating with their lances and shields in the most extravagant manner. Baker and his party were, notwithstanding, not allowed to cross till permission was obtained from Kamrasi. Persuasions and threats were alike vain. Several of the head men explained to them, that the Turkish party Speke and Grant had met at Faloro, had afterwards represented themselves as friends of these travellers, and had been welcomed by Kamrasi's people as such, and had repaid the hospitality shown them, by plundering and massacring their hosts. They, therefore, now suspected all strangers.

The cautious and cowardly Kamrasi, having heard of their arrival in his country, sent messengers to interview them. He sent also his brother to personate himself; and for some time Baker treated with this brother, thinking he was treating with Kamrasi. This man's begging disposition and powers were quite equal to those of the king; and he would have deprived Baker of all he possessed, had he been foolish enough to listen to his solicitations. He even proposed, in the coolest manner possible, that Mrs. Baker should be left with him, when her husband went on to the lake. This was more than Baker could stand; so drawing his revolver quietly, he held it within two feet of his chest, and looking at him with undisguised contempt, told him that, if he dared to repeat the insult, he would shoot him on the spot. Ultimately this man became more friendly, and gave orders to his people to assist the stranger, granting him also permission to proceed westward to the lake he was so anxious to visit.

A few women having been supplied to carry his luggage, he and his wife, with their small party of attendants, at length set out. The country was a vast flat of grass land, interspersed with small villages and patches of sweet potatoes. For about two miles, they continued on the bank of the Kafoor River; the women who carried the luggage were straggling in disorder, and the few men had as much as they could do in keeping them together. On approaching a village of considerable size, about six hundred strangely dressed men rushed out with lances and shields, screaming and yelling as if about to attack them. Baker's men thought they were about to be slaughtered, and entreated him to fire upon the strange assemblage. He knew, however, that they were mistaken; and that instead of having any hostile intentions, they had simply come out on parade, and to indulge in a succession of sham fights. They were dressed either in leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, and two antelope horns fixed on their heads, while their chins were ornamented with false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails. It turned out that they were a native escort, furnished by Kamrasi's orders to accompany them to the lake. Both Mr. and Mrs. Baker, however, preferred their room to their company; and managed in a short time to get rid of them.

Baker's troubles seemed as if they were now going to culminate in the threatened loss of his beloved and brave wife. Their track lay along the right bank of the Kafoor River, to avoid the marshes on the opposite shore, and it became necessary to cross the stream to regain the westerly course. "The stream," he says, "was in the centre of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly-matted water-grass and other aquatic plants, that a natural floating bridge was established by a carpet of weeds about two feet thick; upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there

was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eighty yards wide, and I had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance, and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing on one spot, sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her, she fell, as though shot dead. In an instant I was by her side; and with the assistance of eight or ten of my men, who were fortunately close to me, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, and up to our waists we scrambled across to the other side, just keeping her head above the water: to have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds. I laid her under a tree, and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible, as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open but fixed. It was a *coup de soleil*.

“Many of the porters had gone on ahead with the baggage; and I started off a man in haste to recall an angarep, on which to carry her, and also for a bag with a change of clothes, as we had dragged her through the river. It was in vain I rubbed her heart, and the black women rubbed her feet, to endeavour to restore animation. At length the litter came, and after changing her clothes, she was carried mournfully forward as a corpse. Constantly we had to halt and support her head, as a painful rattling in the throat betokened suffocation. At length we reached a village, and halted for the night. I laid her carefully in a miserable hut, and watched beside her. I opened her clenched teeth with a small wooden wedge, and inserted a wet rag, upon which I dropped water to moisten her tongue, which was dry as fur.

“There was nothing to eat in this spot. My wife had never stirred since she fell by the *coup de soleil*, and merely respired about five times in a minute. It was impossible to remain; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funeral course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march, over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forest and deep marshy bottoms—over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter, as though in a dream. The same wild country, diversified with marsh and forest.

“Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering, while she lay as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. It was past four o’clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head, and moistening her lips. The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night’s watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, ‘Thank God,’ faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone.

“I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut, covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave! The sun had risen when I woke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe.” They rested for two days, Mrs. Baker taking nourishment, and gradually regaining her strength; and then by easy stages they pursued their journey.

Baker was now approaching the great object of his search, and was destined soon to reach the chief source of the Nile. On the 13th of March, his guide Rabonga told him that they would be able to wash in the lake by noon. That night he hardly slept. For years he and his wife had hoped, and prayed, and striven through all kinds of difficulties, in sickness, starvation, and fatigue, to reach the long-hidden source of the ancient and far-famed river; and when it had appeared impossible, they had both determined to die upon the road rather than return defeated. Now the prize was within their grasp. Baker shall describe the discovery in his own words:—

"The 14th March.—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize suddenly burst before me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

"It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men, in English style, in honour of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea, lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, when so many greater than I had failed—I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about one thousand five hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind—that source of bounty and of blessing to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'The Albert Nyanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

"The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo, and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but, for the moment, strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and, thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of

gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake, was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. Everything smelt of fish, and everything looked like fishing—not the ‘gentle art’ of England, with rod and fly, but harpoons were leaning against the huts, and lines, almost as thick as the little finger, were hanging up to dry, to which were attached iron hooks, of a size that said much for the monsters of the Albert Lake. On entering the hut, I found a prodigious quantity of tackle; the lines were beautifully made of the fibre of the plantain stem, and were exceedingly elastic, and well adapted to withstand the first rush of a heavy fish; the hooks were very coarse, but well barbed, and varied in size from two to six inches. A number of harpoons and floats for hippopotami were arranged in good order, and the *tout ensemble* of the hut showed that the owner was a sportsman.”

“The harpoons for hippopotami were precisely the same pattern as those used by the Hamran Arabs on the Taka frontier of Abyssinia, having a narrow blade of three quarters of an inch in width, with only one barb. The rope fitted to the harpoon was beautifully made of plantain fibre, and the float was a huge piece of ambatch wood, about fifteen inches in diameter. They speared the hippopotamus from canoes, and these large floats were necessary to be easily distinguished in the rough waters of the lake. My men were perfectly astounded at the appearance of the lake. The journey had been so long, and hope deferred had so completely sickened their hearts, that they had long since disbelieved in the existence of the lake, and they were persuaded that I was leading them to the sea. They now looked at the lake with amazement. Two of them had already seen the sea at Alexandria, and they unhesitatingly declared that this was the sea, but that it was not salt.”

Vacovia was a miserable place. The soil was so impregnated with salt, that cultivation was impossible; and in consequence of its damp and hot position the whole party suffered from fever. The latitude of the village was $1^{\circ} 15' N.$, and longitude $30^{\circ} 50' E.$ Our travellers were now to turn their faces towards the south, and every day's journey would bring them nearer home. After a delay of eight days at this wretched spot, waiting for canoes which had been promised, two were brought. They were merely hollowed-out trunks of trees, the largest being thirty-two feet long. The other, which Baker selected for himself, his wife, and their personal attendants, was twenty-six feet long. In this he fitted up a cabin for his wife, which was both rain and sun-proof. Each canoe had four rowers, two at either end. Their paddles were beautifully shaped, hewn from one piece of wood, the blade being rather wider than that of an ordinary spade, but concave in the inner side, so as to give the rower a great hold upon the water. With a few fowls and fishes on board, the party started in good spirits. The

rowers paddled bravely, and although heavily laden, they went along at the rate of four miles an hour, directing their course northward, towards the part out of which the Nile was supposed to flow.

The first day's voyage was delightful, the lake was calm, and the scenery lovely. At times the mountains on the west coast could not be seen, and the lake appeared of indefinite width. Sometimes they passed directly under precipitous cliffs of fifteen hundred feet in height, rising abruptly out of the water. These rocks are all primitive, frequently of granite and gneiss, and mixed in many places with red porphyry. From their deep clefts evergreens of every tint appeared; and wherever a rivulet ran, it was shaded by the graceful and feathery wild date. The waters swarmed with hippopotami and crocodiles; but to avoid delay, Baker suppressed his sporting propensities, and left them unhurt.

But even here the expedition had its perils. After the first day, the boatmen deserted. Not to be defeated, however, our traveller induced his own people to take to the paddles, but he found it almost impossible to teach them how to use them. He fitted a paddle to his own boat to serve as a ruler, but the men in the larger boat neglected to carry out his instructions. While he was at work, a tremendous storm of rain came down. His own canoe being ready, he started, when, as he was about to cross from one headland to another, he saw the larger canoe spinning round and round, the crew having no notion of guiding her. Fortunately it was calm, and, on reaching the shore, he induced several natives to serve as his crew, while others went off in their own boats to assist the men in the large canoe. They now began to cross a deep bay about eight miles wide, and had gained the centre, when a tremendous storm came on from the south-west, and threatened to overwhelm them. Enormous waves broke over Baker's canoe, as it tore along before the gale with a large Scotch plaid for a sail. Down came the rain in torrents, while the wind swept over the surface with terrific force, nothing being discernible except the high cliffs looming in the distance. The canoe shipped much water, which was quickly baled out. Had this not been done, it would inevitably have been swamped. Everything was soaked except the gunpowder, which was in canisters; and although the distance to the shore was not great, it seemed impossible to reach it, and uncertain whether they could land on it, if reached. The boatmen paddled energetically, and at last a beach was seen ahead. As they were making for it, a wave struck the canoe, washing over her. Just then the men jumped out, and, though they were rolled over, they succeeded in landing all safely, and hauling the boat up the beach. The other canoe also, and the crew, got safe to shore.

There was a village not far from where they landed; but they could procure nothing to eat, except a few dried fish, that, not having been salted, were rather high in their flavour. On the following morning they were detained

by bad weather, as a heavy sea was still running, and they were determined not to risk their canoes in another gale. It was a beautiful neighbourhood, enlivened by a magnificent waterfall, that fell about a thousand feet from the mountains, as the Kaugiri River emptied itself into the lake in a splendid volume of water. The next day the lake was calm, and they started early. The monotony of the voyage was broken by the presence of several fine herds of elephants, consisting entirely of bulls. Baker counted fourteen of these grand animals, all with large tusks, bathing together in a small lake beneath the mountains, having a communication with the mainland through a sandy beach. It was a scene in harmony with the solitude of the Nile sources—the wilderness of rocks and forest, the Blue Mountains in the distance, and the great fountain of nature adorned with the mighty beasts of Africa; the elephants in undisturbed grandeur, and hippopotami disporting their huge forms in the great parent of the Egyptian river.

Thus they proceeded for thirteen days, coasting the east shore of the lake, which gradually narrowed to a breadth of from fifteen to twenty miles. The shore of the lake, as they paddled along it, was thinly inhabited, and the people very inhospitable, till they reached a place called Eppigoya. Even here, the inhabitants refused to sell any of their goats, though they willingly parted with fowls, at the rate of about two hundred and fifty for a shilling. Eggs were bought in baskets, containing several hundreds; but Baker significantly says they were all poultry. At each village, the voyagers changed their boatmen, none being willing to go beyond the village next them. This was very annoying, and occasioned constant delays.

“On the thirteenth day,” says Baker, “we found ourselves at the end of the lake voyage. The lake, at this point, was between fifteen and twenty miles across, and the appearance of the country to the north was that of a delta. The shores upon either side were choked with vast banks of reeds, and as the canoe skirted the edge of that upon the east coast, we could find no bottom with a bamboo of twenty-five feet in length, although the floating mass appeared like *terra firma*. On the west, were mountains of about four thousand feet above the lake level, a continuation of the chain that formed the western shore from the south; these mountains decreased in height towards the north, in which direction the lake terminated in a broad valley of reeds.

“We were told that we had arrived at Magungo, and that this was the spot where the boats invariably crossed from Malegga, on the western shore, to Kamrasi’s country. The boatman proposed that we should land upon the floating vegetation, as that would be a short cut to the village or town of Magungo; but as the swell of the water against the abrupt raft of reeds threatened to swamp the canoe, I preferred coasting until we should discover a good landing-place. After skirting the floating reeds for about a mile, we

turned sharp to the east, and entered a broad channel of water bounded on either side by the everlasting reeds. This we were informed was the embouchure of the Somerset River from the Victoria Nyanza. The same river that we had crossed at Karuma, boiling and tearing along its rocky course, now entered the Nyanza, as dead water! I could not understand this; there was not the slightest current; the channel was about half a mile wide, and I could hardly convince myself that this was not an arm of the lake branching to the east. After searching for some time for a landing place among the wonderful banks of reeds, we discovered a passage that had evidently been used as an approach by canoes, but so narrow that one large canoe could with difficulty be dragged through, all the men walking through the mud and reeds and towing with their utmost strength. Several hundred paces of this tedious work brought us through the rushes into open water, about eight feet deep, opposite to a clear rocky shore. We heard voices for some time while obscured on the other side of the rushes, and we now found a number of natives, who had arrived to meet us with the chief of Magungo and our guide, Rabonga, whom we had sent in advance with the riding oxen from Vacovia. The water was extremely shallow near the shore, and the natives rushed in and dragged the canoes by sheer force over the mud to the land. We had been so entirely hidden while on the lake on the other side of the reed bank, that we had been unable to see the eastern or Magungo shore; we now found ourselves in a delightful spot, beneath the shade of several enormous trees on a rapid incline to the town of Magungo, about a mile distant, on an elevated ridge."

The chief of Magungo, and a large number of natives, were on the shore waiting for them, having brought them down a plentiful supply of goats, fowls, eggs, and fresh butter. Proceeding on foot to the height on which Magungo stands, they thence enjoyed a magnificent view, not only over the lake, but to the north, towards the point where its waters flow into the Nile, and where they saw its exit plain enough. It was Baker's great desire to descend the Nile in canoes, from the spot where it left the lake to the cataracts in the Madi country, and thence to march direct, with only guns and ammunition, to Gondokoro. He found, however, that this was a plan which it was impossible to carry out. Before he could return from Magungo to the canoes, he was laid prostrate with fever, and most of his men were also in a suffering state. But he had heard of a magnificent waterfall up Somerset River, and resolved to visit it. They accordingly started in search, and when they had got about eighteen miles above Magungo, they perceived a slight current. Gradually the river narrowed to about a hundred and eighty yards, and now, when the men ceased working their paddles, the roar of water could be distinctly heard. As they proceeded, the roar became louder. The sand-banks on the sides of the river were crowded with crocodiles; they lay like logs of

timber close together, and upon one bank alone, Mr. Baker counted no fewer than twenty-seven.

Reaching a deserted village, the crew at first refused to proceed further, but, on our traveller explaining that he merely wished to see the falls, they paddled up the stream, which was now strong against them. Upon rounding a point, a magnificent sight burst upon them. On either side of the river were beautifully-wooded cliffs, rising abruptly to a height about three hundred feet, rocks jutting out from the intensely green foliage, while, rushing through a gap which cleft the rock before them, was the river, contracted from a grand stream, and pent up in a narrow gorge scarcely fifty yards wide. Roaring fiercely through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about a hundred and twenty feet, perpendicularly into the dark abyss below; the snow-white sheet of water contrasting superbly with the dark cliff that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics, and wild plantains, perfected the beauty of the scene. This was the greatest waterfall of the Somerset or Victoria Nile; and, in honour of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, Baker named it the Murchison Falls. The appearance of the Somerset River, as it reached the Albert Lake, was very perplexing to him at first. The broad channel of dead water was in singular contrast with the fine flowing, brawling river he had crossed below the Karuma Falls; and he could not believe it was the same stream. The guide and the natives laughed at his unbelief, and declared that it was dead water for a considerable distance from the junction with the lake, but that a great waterfall rushed down the mountain, and that beyond that fall the river was merely a succession of cataracts throughout the entire distance of six days' march to Karuma Falls. All this was now ascertained to be true.

The boatmen, having been promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as near as possible, succeeded in bringing the canoe within about three hundred yards of the base, but the power of the current and the whirlpools in the river, rendered it impossible to proceed farther. The crocodiles slowly crept into the water as the canoe approached them; all, excepting one, an immense fellow, who lagged lazily behind, and immediately dropped dead as a bullet from Baker's rifle struck him in the brain. The boatmen were so alarmed at the unexpected report of the rifle, that they immediately dropped into the body of the canoe, one of them losing his paddle. Nothing would induce them to attend to the boat, as a second shot had been fired at the crocodile as a "*quietus*," and they did not know how often the alarming noise would be repeated. The result was, that they were at the mercy of the stream, and the canoe was whisked round by the eddy and carried against a thick bank of high reeds.

They had scarcely touched the reedy bank when a tremendous commotion took place among the rushes, and in an instant a great bull hippopotamus

charged the canoe, and striking the bottom, with a severe shock lifted it half out of the water. The natives who were in the bottom of the boat yelled with terror, not knowing whether the shock was in any way connected with the report of the rifle. The monster who had excited all this alarm soon made his exit, and sank too rapidly to permit a shot. Crocodile heads of enormous size were on all sides appearing and vanishing rapidly, as they rose to survey the intruders: at one time they counted eighteen upon the surface. Having recovered the lost paddle, which had floated some considerable distance down the rapid current, Baker prevailed upon the boatmen to keep the canoe steady while he sketched the scene before them; after which they drifted down to the landing place, and spent the night amid the ruins of some deserted huts.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Island of Patooan—Confined in the Country—Kamrasi's Tactics—Farewell to Kamrasi's Territory—Arrival at Shooa—The Lira Tribe—Attack by the Bari Tribe—Reach Gondokoro—Voyage down the Nile to Khartoum—From Khartoum to Berber—Departure from Africa.

HAVING made a sketch of the Murchison Falls, Baker bade adieu to the navigation of the lake and river of Central Africa. Clouds had threatened rain, and down it came. By the next morning, however, it passed away, and as the future travelling was to be on land, the riding oxen were called into use. It was soon found that they had been so bitten by the tsetse-fly as to be in a wretched condition, and not likely to live. Baker was obliged to walk, although he was excessively weak. They continued along the Somerset, crossing many ravines and torrents, until they turned suddenly down to the left, and arriving at the bank were transported to an island called Patooan, that was the residence of a chief. This island was about half a mile long by one hundred and fifty yards wide, and was one of the numerous masses of rocks that choke the river between the Karuma and the Murchison Falls. The rock was entirely of grey granite, from the clefts of which beautiful forest trees grew so thickly that the entire island was in shade. Once they were safely landed on the island of Patooan, their guide and all their carriers deserted them, so that they were prisoners, without knowing how they could leave the spot.

It was now the 8th of April, and the boats on which they depended for their return to civilisation would quit Gondokoro. It was therefore of the utmost importance that they should set out at once, and take a direct route through the Shooa country. The natives, with their usual cunning, offered to convey them to Shooa, provided they paid them beads in advance; but Baker discovered, in good time, that they simply meant to land them on the north side of the river in an uninhabited wilderness, and leave them there to die of hunger. Baker's own men were ill, as well as Mrs. Baker and himself, and there was a great scarcity of provisions. War was going on in the country to the east, Patooan being in the hands of Kamrasi's enemies. It was on this account that no Unyoro porters could be found. At length they got

ferried over to the mainland. Here they might have starved, had they not found, in a half-destroyed village, a granary of tullaboon seed, which, although mouldy and bitter, was a great prize. This they ground into corn, and boiled with two or three varieties of wild plants. They were not able to obtain a morsel of animal food, and tea and coffee were things of the past, the very memory of which made their mouths water. They found a species of wild thyme growing in the jungles, and this, when boiled, formed a tolerable substitute for tea; sometimes they procured a little wild honey, with which to sweeten it, and this they considered a great luxury.

This wretched fare, in their exhausted state from fever and the general effects of the climate, so completely disabled them, that, for nearly two months, Mrs. Baker lay helpless on one angarep, and he upon the other. Neither of them could walk. They were worn to perfect skeletons. They had now given up all hope of reaching Gondokoro, and felt sure they would die on the desolate spot where they were. Baker wrote instructions in his journal, in case of death, and told his headman to be sure and deliver his maps, observations, and papers, to the English Consul at Khartoum. After more than two months of this wretchedness, it became evident that something must be done. He sent his headman, and a native as a guide, with instructions to go direct to Kamrasi, and tell him that he felt much insulted by his conduct, desiring him to send at once fifty men to convey him to his royal presence. The object, it appeared, of Kamrasi in thus leaving them, was to obtain their assistance against his enemies. Baker instructed his headman to say that, if the king wished to enter into an alliance with him, he must have a personal interview. This measure succeeded; and presently Rabonga, the guide, who had previously deserted the party, made his appearance, having been ordered to convey them to Kamrasi's camp. He gave them a thin ox that Kamrasi had sent to supply their present need. On the following morning, Baker and his wife were carried in their litters by a number of men. The ox had been killed, the whole party had revelled in good food, and a sufficient supply for the journey was taken by the men.

The country through which they passed was like a vast park, overgrown with immense grass. Every day the porters bolted, and they were left deserted at the charred ruins of various villages that had been plundered by Kamrasi's enemies. It poured with rain; there was no cover, as all the huts had been burnt, and they had repeated attacks of fever. After several days of slow marching, they arrived one morning at a deserted camp, of about three thousand huts, which were just being ignited by several natives. This had been Kamrasi's head-quarters, which he had quitted, and, according to native custom, it was to be destroyed by fire. It was reported that he had removed to another position, within an hour's march, and had constructed a new camp. The neighbourhood was a mass of extensive plantain groves and

burnt villages, but every plantain-tree had been cut through the middle, and recklessly destroyed, by Kamrasi's foes, who had retired on the advance of his army. In spite of their weak state they continued their journey, till, at length, they came to a village called Kisoona, where they found ten of the Turks of Ibrahim's party, who had been left by him as hostages with Kamrasi, while he returned to Gondokoro. These Turks received them with every mark of respect, and with manifestations of delight and wonder at their having performed so difficult a journey. A hut was built for their reception; and an ox, killed by the Turks, was prepared as a feast for their people.

Baker now learnt that he had never yet seen the real Kamrasi, and that the person who had previously introduced himself as such, was only that chief's brother. He was greatly annoyed at the deception which had been practised upon him, but had no way of helping himself. The real Kamrasi now notified his readiness to receive the traveller, who, attiring himself in a Highland costume, which by some inconceivable chance he had still in his portmanteau, suddenly appeared to the eyes of the astounded natives in the heroic garb of a Scottish chief. A general shout of exclamation arose from the assembled crowd; and taking his seat upon an angarep, he was immediately shouldered by a number of men, and, attended by ten of his people as escort, he was carried towards the camp of the great Kamrasi.

In about half an hour they arrived at the camp. It was composed of grass huts, extended over a large extent of ground, and the approach was perfectly black with the throng that crowded to meet the stranger. Women, children, dogs, and men, all thronged at the entrance of the street that led to the king's residence. Entering through a narrow passage, Baker found himself in the presence of the actual king of Unyoro, the true Kamrasi. At first the king received him coldly—hardly condescended to look at him. Baker, determined not to humble himself like the attendants around, who were crawling on their hands and knees to the monarch's feet, and touching the ground with their forehead, took his seat upon his stool, which he had ordered one of his men to carry with him. Not a word passed between Kamrasi and himself for about five minutes, during which time the king eyed him most attentively, and made various remarks to the chiefs who were present. At length the king spoke, and conversation began. Immediately he began to beg, wanting the Highland dress. He informed Baker that he had made arrangements for his remaining at Kisoona, and ordered flour, plantain beer, and a goat, to be forwarded thither as presents.

As now all hope of reaching Gondokoro in time for the boats had gone, Mr. Baker yielded to necessity, and prepared to make himself at home. He had a comfortable hut built, surrounded by a courtyard, with an open shed, in which he and his wife could spend the best hours of the day. Kamrasi sent him a cow, which gave plenty of milk, and every second day they were

enabled to make a small cheese, about the size of a six-pound cannon shot. Every week also he sent them an ox, and a quantity of flour for themselves and people, so that the whole party soon grew fat. They used the milk native fashion, never drinking it until curdled. Taken in this form, it will agree with the most delicate stomach, whereas, if used fresh in large quantities, it induces biliousness. In hot climates, milk curdles in two or three hours, if placed in a vessel that has previously contained sour milk. When curdled, it should be well beaten together until it assumes the appearance of cream; in this state, if seasoned with a little salt, it is most nourishing, and easy of digestion.

Baker says, "Although the fever had so completely taken possession of me, that I was subject to an attack almost daily, the milk fattened me extremely, and kept up my strength, which otherwise must have failed. The change from starvation to good food, produced a marvellous effect. Curious as it may appear, although we were in a land of plantains, the ripe fruit was in the greatest scarcity. The natives invariably eat them unripe, the green fruit, when boiled, being a fair substitute for potatoes; the ripe plantains were used for brewing plantain cider; but they were never eaten. The method of cider-making was simple. The fruit was buried in a deep hole and covered with straw and earth; at the expiration of about eight days, the green plantains, thus interred, had become ripe; they were then peeled and pulped within a large wooden trough resembling a canoe; this was filled with water, and the pulp being well mashed and stirred, it was left to ferment two days, after which time it was fit to drink.

"Throughout the country of Unyoro, plantains in various forms were the staple article of food, upon which the inhabitants placed more dependence than upon all other crops. The green plantains were not only used as potatoes, but when peeled they were cut in thin slices and dried in the sun until crisp; in this state they were stored in the granaries, and when required for use they were boiled into a pulp and made into a palatable soup or stew. Flour of plantains was remarkably good; this was made by grinding the fruit when dried as described; it was then, as usual with all other articles in that country, most beautifully packed in long narrow parcels, either formed of plantain bark or of the white interior of rushes worked into mats. This bark served as brown paper, but had the advantage of being water-proof. The fibre of the plantain formed both thread and cord, thus the principal requirements of the natives were supplied by this most useful tree. The natives were exceedingly clever in working braid from the plantain fibre, which was of so fine a texture that it had the appearance of a hair-chain; nor could the difference be detected without a close examination. Small bags netted with the same twine were most delicate; and in all that was produced in Unyoro, there was a remarkably good taste displayed in the manufacture."

The natives were as clever and as cunning in their bargains as some European tradesmen. Every morning, shortly after sunrise, men might be heard crying their wares thus:—"Tobacco, tobacco; two packets going either for beads or salt!" "Salt to exchange for lance heads!" "Coffee, coffee, going cheap for red beads!" "Butter for five red beads a lump!" A dealer brought Mr. Baker one day a lump of butter, about the size of a cocoa-nut, wrapped up carefully in a plantain leaf, with only the point at the top exposed. He tasted from the exposed part, and approving the flavour, purchased. He was fairly cheated, as the butter dealer had packed some old butter under the leaf, and placed a small piece of fresh and sweet on the top as a tasting point. As retailers, they took great pains to divide everything into minimum packets, which they sold for a few beads, always declaring that they had only one packet to dispose of, but immediately producing another when that was sold.

The travellers were compelled to spend several months at Kisoona, during which time, in spite of rest and good food, they suffered much from fever. They were continually troubled by Kamrasi sending messengers to request their appearance before him; but they excused themselves for non-attendance, on the ground of their weak state. He then sent a messenger one day to say that he should pay them a visit the following morning, and the following morning, attended by a numerous retinue, he came. At once he began to beg for everything he saw—watch, rifle, looking-glass, chair, beads, gunpowder, surgical instruments, combs, and medicines of all kinds. Some things were given him, but others were positively refused. At his special request, he received a dose of tartar-emetic, as he said he had been suffering from a headache. He took it on his return home in the evening, and the next morning, Baker heard that he had considered himself poisoned by it, but was now well.

From that day, the travellers received no supplies from the king. Baker had refused to mix himself up with his quarrels, though he promised, that if Fwooka and Rionga, Kamrasi's enemies, attempted to invade the country while he remained in it, he would be most happy to lend the king his aid to repel them. This was not enough for him; and consequently he was affronted. The weeks passed slowly at Kisoona. At length their stay was cut short, in consequence of the invasion of the country by Fwooka's people, accompanied by a hundred and fifty Turks belonging to the trading party that had attacked Kamrasi the preceding year. Kamrasi proposed at once taking to flight; but Baker promised to hoist the flag of England, and to place the country under British protection. He then sent a message to Mahommed, the headman of the Turkish party, warning him, that should a shot be fired by any of his people, he would be hanged; and ordering them at once to quit the country. He also informed him, that he had promised all the ivory to

Ibrahim, so that, contrary to the rules of the traders, they were trespassing in the territory.

This letter had its due effect. Mahommed deserted his allies, and plundered them of their cattle and slaves. Kamrasi ordered general rejoicings, killed a number of oxen and distributed them among his people, and intoxicated half the country with presents of plantain-cider. Forthwith, he fell with his troops on Fowooka and his people, and cut them to pieces, while the women and children were brought away as captives. A number of old women, who could not walk sufficiently fast to keep up with their victors during the return march, were killed on the road, by being beaten on the back of the neck with a club. The younger women who were spared were, for the most part, remarkably good looking, of soft and pleasing expression, dark-brown complexion, fine noses, woolly hair, and good figures. One woman had a most beautiful child, a boy, about twelve months old.

At length, on the 20th of September, Ibrahim returned from Gondokoro, bringing with him the *post* from England. The letters were of very old date, none under two years, with the exception of one from Speke. For a whole day, the travellers revelled in the luxury of letters and newspapers. Ibrahim also brought a piece of coarse cotton cloth, of Arab manufacture, which Baker used for clothes for himself, and a piece of cotton print for a dress for Mrs. Baker, besides honey, rice, and coffee. He made some presents, too, to Kamrasi, which, in addition to the defeat of his enemies, put him in excellent humour.

About the middle of November, the Turkish traders having collected a large supply of ivory, were ready to return to Shooa; and Mr. Baker, thankful to leave the wretched country in which he had now spent ten months, took his leave of Kamrasi, and commenced the return journey with his allies. The quantity of ivory was so great, that they required seven hundred porters to carry both tusks and provisions for the five days' march through an uninhabited country. This large quantity of ivory was the promised recompense to the Turkish escort, which alone secured their fidelity, and enabled Mr. Baker to effect his return. The entire party, including women and children, amounted to about a thousand people. On the break of day of November 17th, they started. After the first day's march, they quitted the forest and entered upon the great prairies. From some elevated points in the route they could distinctly see the outline of the mountains running from the Albert Lake to the north, on the west bank of the Nile, although they were about sixty miles distant.

On the fifth day's march from the Victoria Nile, they arrived at Shooa; the change was delightful after the wet and dense vegetation of Unyoro; the country was dry, and the grass short and of good quality. They took possession of a camp which had been prepared for them; huts were built for the

interpreters and servants, and quite a mansion for Mr. and Mrs. Baker themselves. The native women crowded to the camp in the evening to welcome Mrs. Baker home, and to dance in honour of her return. Several months were passed at Shooa, during which time Baker rambled about the neighbourhood, made duplicates of his maps, gathered information, and endeavoured to turn his stay to the best account. The Turks had discovered a new country called Lira, about thirty miles from Shooa; the natives were reported as friendly, and their country was said to be wonderfully fertile, and very rich in ivory. The people "were the same type as the Madi, but wore their hair in a different form; this was woven into a thick felt, which covered the shoulders, and extended as low upon the back as the shoulder-blade. They were not particular about wearing false hair, but were happy to receive subscriptions from any source; in case of death the hair of the deceased was immediately cut off and shared among his friends, to be added to their felt. When in full dress (the men being naked) this mass of felt was plastered thickly with a bluish clay, so as to form an even surface; this was elaborately worked with the point of a thorn, so as to resemble the cuttings of a file; white pipe-clay was then arranged in patterns on the surface, while an ornament, made of either an antelope's or giraffe's sinew, was stuck in the extremity, and turned up for about a foot in length. This when dry was as stiff as horn, and the tip was ornamented with a tuft of fur—the tip of a leopard's tail being highly prized."

The hour of deliverance from their long sojourn in Central Africa was at hand. It was the month of February, 1865, and the boats would be at Gondokoro. The day arrived for their departure from Shooa; and they turned their backs fairly to the south. For several days they travelled through most beautiful park-like lands, the verdant grass sometimes diversified by splendid tamarind trees, the dark foliage of which afforded shelter for great numbers of the brilliant yellow-breasted pigeon. Ascending a rocky mountain by a stony and difficult pass, they found, upon arrival at the summit, that they were about eight hundred feet above the Nile, which lay in front at about two miles distance, and they halted to enjoy the magnificent view. Here was the grand old river, fresh from its great source, the Albert Lake. They could discern its course for about twenty miles, and distinctly trace the line of mountains on the west bank, that they had seen at about sixty miles distance, when on the route from Karuma to Shooa. Exactly opposite the summit of the pass from which they now scanned the country, rose the precipitous mountain known as Gebel Kookoo, which rose to a height of about two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the Nile. They were now on the track by which Speke and Grant had returned. Descending the pass through a thorny jungle, they arrived at the river, and turning suddenly to the north, followed its course for about a mile, and then bivouacked for the evening.

When they came to the Asua River, about a quarter of a mile above its junction with the Nile, they were able to cross it on foot, the water in the deepest part reaching only to the middle of the thigh. Like other mountain torrents, it is formidable during the rains, but exhausted in the dry season. The crossing of this river was a signal of extra precaution in the arrangement of their march, as they had entered the territory of the ever hostile Bari tribe, and had been already warned that they could not pass to Gondokoro without being attacked. In a short time the attack was made, and thus Baker describes it:—"In these ravines grew dense thickets of bamboos. Having no native guide, but trusting solely to the trader's people, who had travelled frequently by this route, we lost the path, and shortly became entangled amongst the numerous ravines. At length we passed a village, around which were assembled a number of natives. Having regained the route, we observed the natives appearing in various directions, and as quickly disappearing, only to gather in our front in increased numbers. Their movements exciting suspicion, in a country where every man was an enemy, our party closed together. We threw out an advance guard—ten men on either flank—the porters' ammunition and effects in the centre; while about ten men brought up the rear. Before us lay two low rocky hills covered with trees, high grass and bushwood, in which I distinctly observed the bright-red forms of natives painted according to the custom of the Bari tribe.

"We were evidently in for a fight. The path lay in a gorge between the low rocky hills in advance. My wife dismounted from her ox, and walked at the head of our party with me, Saat following behind, with the gun that he usually carried, while the men drove several riding-oxen in the centre. Hardly had we entered the pass, when whiz went an arrow over our heads. This was the signal for a repeated discharge. The natives ran among the rocks with the agility of monkeys, and showed a considerable amount of daring in standing within about eighty yards from the ridge, and taking steady shots at us with their poisoned arrows. The flanking parties now opened fire, and what with the bad shooting of both the escort and the native archers, no one was wounded on either side for the first ten minutes. The rattle of musketry, and the wild appearance of the naked vermilion-coloured savages, as they leapt along the craggy ridge, twanging their bows at us with evil, but ineffectual intent, was a charming picture of African life and manners.

"Fortunately the branches of numerous trees and intervening clumps of bamboo, frustrated the good intentions of the arrows, as they glanced from their aim; and although some fell among our party, we were as yet unscathed. One of the enemy, who was most probably a chief, distinguished himself in particular, by advancing to within about fifty yards, and, standing on a rock, he deliberately shot five or six arrows, all of which missed their mark; the

men dodged them as they arrived in their uncertain flight: the speed of the arrows was so inferior, owing to the stiffness of the bows, that nothing was easier than to evade them. Any halt was unnecessary. We continued our march through the gorge, the men keeping up an unrelenting fire, until we entered upon a tract of high grass and forest. This being perfectly dry, it would have been easy to set it on fire, as the enemy were to leeward; but although the rustling in the grass betokened the presence of a great number of men, they were invisible. In a few minutes we emerged in a clearing, where corn had been planted. This was a favourable position for a decisive attack upon the natives, who now closed up. Throwing out skirmishers, with orders that they had to cover themselves behind the trunks of trees, the Baris were driven back. One was now shot through the body and fell; but recovering, he ran with his comrades, and fell dead after a few yards. What casualties had occurred during the passage of the gorge, I cannot say, but the enemy were now utterly discomfited."

The following night, however, the travellers' camp was surrounded, and poisoned arrows stealthily shot into it. In the morning, one of the natives who had ventured nearer than the rest, and been fired at, was found killed. His bow was in his hand, and two or three arrows were lying by his side. When they searched the camp for arrows, they picked up four others in various places, some within a few feet of their beds, and all horribly barbed and poisoned, that had been shot into the camp gateway. This was the last attack during their journey. Henceforth they marched well. The country was generally poor, but beautifully diversified with large trees, the tamarind predominating. In a few days they sighted the mountain of Belignian; then they had a splendid view of the Ellyria Mountain, and of the distant cone, *Gebel el Assul*, between Ellyria and Obbo. At length, one day Saat exclaimed, "I see the masts of the vessels!" They were approaching Gondokoro. On their arrival, they saw the Turkish flag emerge from the place, and a number of the trader's people came to meet them, and fire salutes of welcome.

Dismounting from their tired oxen, their first inquiry was concerning boats and letters. To their dismay, there were neither boats, letters, supplies, nor any intelligence of friends or the civilised world. All the people at Khartoum had either given them up as dead, or thought they might have gone to Zanzibar; the former was the prevailing opinion. They discovered at last that three boats had arrived from Khartoum—one diahbiah and two noggors—although no one had been sent for them. The trading parties were in great consternation because the report had reached them that the Egyptian authorities were about to suppress the slave-trade, and that four steamers had arrived at Khartoum for that purpose; thus three thousand slaves then assembled at Gondokoro would be utterly worthless. Tidings also had come up that the plague was raging at Khartoum; and, indeed, many belonging to

the crews of the boats which had arrived had died on the passage. It then broke out at Gondokoro, and the victims among the natives were dragged to the edge of the cliff and thrown into the river. Taking advantage of the state of affairs, Baker contracted for the diahbiah for four thousand piastres (£40), and having fumigated it, set out for Khartoum. Silently and easily they floated down the stream. The endless marshes, that looked so wretched when they ascended, looked pleasant now as they passed them on their way down. Baker had time to write his letters, and to look back on the results of the last few years. He varied his literary occupation with antelope-shooting.

They had not yet escaped all their dangers. When they came to the junction of Bahr el Gazal, and turned sharp to the east, they came to an extraordinary obstruction, which had dammed up the river since their passage up in 1863. The nature of the obstruction is thus described:—"There was considerable danger in the descent of the river upon nearing this peculiar dam, as the stream plunged below it by a subterranean channel, with a rush like a cataract. A large diahbiah, laden with ivory, had been carried beneath the dam on her descent from Gondokoro in the previous year, and had never been seen afterwards. I ordered the reis to have the anchor in readiness, and two powerful hawsers; should we arrive in the evening, he was to secure the vessel to the bank, and not to attempt the passage through the canal until the following morning. We anchored about half a mile above the dam. This part of the Nile is boundless marsh, portions of which were at this season *terra firma*. The river ran from west to east; the south bank was actual ground covered with mimosas, but to the north and west the flat marsh covered with high weeds was interminable.

"At daybreak we manned the oars and floated down the rapid stream. In a few minutes we heard the rush of water, and we saw the dam stretching across the river before us. The marsh being firm, our men immediately jumped out on the left bank and manned the hawsers—one fastened from the stern, the other from the bow; this arrangement prevented the boat from turning broadside on to the dam, by which accident the shipwrecked diahbiah had been lost. As we approached the dam I perceived the canal or ditch that had been cut by the crews of the vessels that had ascended the river; it was about ten feet wide, and would barely allow the passage of our diahbiah. This canal was already choked with masses of floating vegetation and natural rafts of reeds and mud that the river carried with it, the accumulation of which had originally formed the dam. Having secured the vessel, by carrying out an anchor astern and burying it in the marsh, while a rope fastened from the bow to the high reeds kept her stern to the stream, all hands jumped into the canal and commenced dragging at the entangled masses of weeds, reeds, ambatch wood, grass, and mud, that had choked the entrance. Half a day was thus passed, at the expiration of which time we towed our vessel safely

into the ditch, where she lay out of danger. It was necessary to discharge all cargo from the boat, in order to reduce her draught of water. This tedious operation completed, and many bushels of corn being piled upon mats spread upon the reeds beaten flat, we endeavoured to push her along the canal. Although the obstruction was annoying, it was a most interesting object.

"The river had suddenly disappeared; there was apparently an end to the White Nile. The dam was about three-quarters of a mile wide; it was perfectly firm, and was already overgrown with high reeds and grass, thus forming a continuation of the surrounding country. Many of the traders' people had died of the plague at this spot during the delay of some weeks in cutting the canal; the graves of these dead were upon the dam. The bottom of the canal that had been cut through the dam was perfectly firm, composed of sand, mud, and interwoven decaying vegetation. The river arrived with great force at the abrupt edge of the obstruction, bringing with it all kinds of trash and large floating islands. None of these objects hitched against the edge, but the instant they struck they dived under and disappeared. It was in this manner that the vessel had been lost—having missed the narrow entrance to the canal, she had struck the dam stern on; the force of the current immediately turned her broadside against the obstruction; the floating islands and masses of vegetation brought down by the river were heaped against her, and heeling over on her side she was sucked bodily under and carried beneath the dam; her crew had time to save themselves by leaping upon the firm barrier that had wrecked their ship. The boatmen told me that dead hippopotami have been found on the other side, that had been carried under the dam and drowned. Two days' hard work from morning till night brought us through the canal, and we once more found ourselves on the open Nile on the other side of the dam."

Unhappily the plague, as might have been expected, broke out on board, and several of their people died; among the number, their faithful little servant, Saat, the loss of whom they deeply deplored. A few miles from the spot where they buried Saat, a head wind delayed them several days. Losing patience, Baker engaged camels from the Arabs; and riding the whole day, they reached Khartoum, about half an hour after sunset, on the 5th of May, 1865. On the following morning, they were welcomed by the entire European population of Khartoum, and kindly offered a house by M. Lombrosio, the manager of the Khartoum branch of the Oriental and Egyptian Trading Company. Here they heard the sad intelligence of the death of Captain Speke. They were obliged to remain at this place two months. The Blue Nile was so low that even the noggors, drawing three feet of water, could not descend the river. A cattle and camel plague that had prevailed for two years had destroyed all the camels. No corn could be procured. There was a famine in the city—neither fodder for animals, nor food for man. The

plague had run such riot among the population, that out of four thousand black troops only a remnant of four hundred remained alive. It had been introduced by the slaves landed from two vessels which had been captured, and in which it had broken out. These vessels contained upwards of eight hundred and fifty human beings; and nothing could be more dreadful than the condition in which these unhappy beings were put on shore. The women had afterwards been distributed among the soldiers, and, in consequence, the pestilence had been disseminated throughout the place.

During the time the travellers remained at Khartoum, the heat was intense, and the place was visited by a dust-storm, which, in a few minutes, produced an actual pitchy darkness. At first, there was no wind, and when it came, it did not come with the violence that might have been expected. So intense was the darkness, that they tried in vain to distinguish their hands placed close before their eyes; not even an outline could be seen. This lasted for upwards of twenty minutes, and then rapidly passed away. The Nile had now risen sufficiently to enable them to make the passage of the cataracts between Khartoum and Berber; and on the 30th of June, they took leave of their friends—sailing, the following morning, for Berber. On approaching the fine basalt hills, through which the river passes during its course from Khartoum, they were surprised to see the great Nile contracted to a trifling width of from eighty to a hundred and twenty yards. Walled by high cliffs of basalt upon either side, the vast volume of the Nile flows grandly through this romantic pass, the water boiling up in curling eddies, showing what rocky obstructions exist in its profound depths below.

Their voyage was very nearly terminated at the passage of the cataracts. As it was Baker's last trial, he shall relate it himself:—"Many skeletons of wrecked vessels lay upon the rocks in various places; as we were flying along in full sail before a heavy gale of wind, descending a cataract, we struck upon a sandbank—fortunately, not upon a rock, or we should have gone to pieces like a glass bottle. The tremendous force of the stream, running at the rate of about ten or twelve miles per hour, immediately drove the vessel broadside upon the bank. About sixty yards below us was a ridge of rocks, upon which it appeared certain that we must be driven, should we quit the bank upon which we were stranded. The reis and crew, as usual, in such cases, lost their heads. I emptied a large waterproof portmanteau, and tied it together with ropes, so as to form a life-buoy for my wife and Richarn, neither of whom could swim; the maps, journals, and observations, I packed in an iron box, which I fastened with a tow line to the portmanteau. It appeared that we were to wind up the expedition with shipwreck, and thus lose my entire collection of hunting spoils. Having completed the preparations for escape, I took command of the vessel, and silenced the chattering crew.

"My first order was to lay out an anchor up stream. This was done: the water was shallow, and the great weight of the anchor, carried on the shoulders of two men, enabled them to resist the current, and to wade hip-deep about forty yards up the stream upon the sandbank. Thus secured, I ordered the crew to haul upon the cable. The great force of the current bearing upon the broadside of the vessel, while her head was anchored up stream, bore her gradually round. All hands were now employed in clearing away the sand, and deepening a passage: loosening the sand with their hands and feet, the powerful rapids carried it away. For five hours we remained in this position, the boat cracking and half-filled with water; however, we stopped the leak caused by the strain upon her timbers, and having, after much labour, cleared a channel in the narrow sandbank, the moment arrived to slip the cable, hoist the sail, and trust to the heavy gale of wind from the west to clear the rocks, that lay within a few yards of us to the north. 'Let go!' and all being prepared, the sail was loosened, and filling in the strong gale with a loud report, the head of the vessel swung round with the force of wind and stream.

"Away we flew! For an instant we grated on some hard substance; we stood upon the deck, watching the rocks exactly before us, with the rapids roaring loudly around our boat as she rushed upon what looked like certain destruction. Another moment, and we passed within a few inches of the rocks within the boiling surf. Hurrah, we are all right! We swept by the danger, and flew along the rapids, hurrying towards old England."

On reaching Berber, they quitted the Nile, and crossed the desert to Souakim over the Red Sea, where they found a steamer to convey them to Suez. From Suez they proceeded to Cairo, where they left the faithful Richarn and his wife in a comfortable situation, as servants at Shepherd's Hotel, and Baker had the satisfaction of hearing that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him the Victoria Gold Medal, a proof that his exertions had been duly appreciated. On his arrival in England, he received the honour of knighthood. These honours were well deserved; for he had conferred additional lustre on English discovery; he had approached nearer than any other traveller to the solution of that great mystery of the Nile, which had been the wonder of ages; and he had accomplished this grand object by his own sole resources, alone and unaccompanied by any European, except the intrepid lady, who was the worthy mate of such a husband.

The results of his expedition to ethnography, the interests of trade, and the prospects of civilisation, are not without importance. None of the results, however, are more remarkable than the decisive confirmation given to the theory propounded by Sir Roderick Murchison in 1852—more than ten years before any European had reached this region, as to the geological formation of Equatorial Africa. No portion of the globe bears such undoubted marks of

the highest antiquity. All the rocks are primitive. This vast plateau, four thousand feet above the sea, has never been submerged, nor does it appear to have undergone any change, either by volcanic or by aqueous action. This fact is one of the most curious and important made in our time to geological science; and in the Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, delivered on the 28th of May, 1866, Sir Roderick referred to the subject in the following terms:—

“On former occasions I have directed your special attention to the striking phenomenon of the long system of water-basins, lakes, and rivers, flowing there, which prevails in the elevated plateau-ground of Central Africa. Many of the bodies of water lie, so far as we know, in shallow depressions, the edges of which extend into marshy lands. Now, the Albert Nyanza of Baker is a striking contrast to all such lakes; for this enormous body of water, estimated to be about as long as Scotland, is a deep excavation in hard granitic and other crystalline rocks. Looking at the simplicity and antiquity of the geological structure of Central Africa, it is this result of the exploration of Mr. Baker, or this profound excavation in hard rock, which has most interested me, and must, I am sure, interest all my brother geologists as well as physical geographers. For, if this great depression in hard rocks be not due, as I think, either to original conformation, or to some of the great movements to which those rocks may have been subjected, how else are we to account for its existence? I have previously shown, from the absence of all marine deposits of tertiary and detrital age, that Central Africa has not been submerged in any of those geological periods during which we have such visible and clear proofs of great subsidences, elevations, and denudations in other quarters of the globe. Hence we cannot look to the sea as a denuding power in Central Africa. Still more impossible is it to seek in the existence of former glaciers an excavative power; for here, under the equator, not only can no such phenomenon ever have occurred, but even if the application of such a theory were possible, it would be set aside by the fact of the entire absence in Central Africa of any of those moraines or transported debris which were the invariable accompaniments of glaciers, or the erratic blocks transported by former icebergs. In short, Central Africa presents no existing natural agent which, if it operated for millions of years, could have excavated the hollow in which the great Albert Nyanza lies.”

CHAPTER XV.

Livingstone's Second Expedition—The Mouths of the Zambesi—Kebrabasa Rapids—Murchison Cataracts—Effects of Rain—Lake Shirwa—Shire Marshes—Munganja and its People—Discovery of Lake Nyassa.

AFTER Dr. Livingstone's return from Africa in 1856, he spent rather more than a year in England; and then, on the 10th of March, 1858, he set out again, on board Her Majesty's Steamer "Pearl," at the head of a Government expedition for the purpose of exploring the Zambesi and the neighbouring regions. He was accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Baines. Mrs. Livingstone joined him after he had been some time in the interior. At a farewell Livingstone Festival, which was held in the Freemason's Tavern, London, on the 18th of February, under the presidency of Sir Roderick Murchison, the great traveller thus expressed his own purposes and views in relation to the expedition he was about to lead to Africa:—"I expect to find for myself no large fortune in that country, nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country; but I do hope to find in that part of the country which I have partially explored, a pathway by means of the River Zambesi, which may lead to highlands where Europeans may form a healthful settlement, and where, by opening up communication and establishing commercial intercourse with the natives of Africa, they may slowly, but not the less surely, impart to the people of that country the knowledge and the inestimable blessings of Christianity.

"The success—if I may call it success—which has attended my former efforts to open up the country, mainly depended upon my entering into the feelings and the wishes of the people of the interior of Africa. I found that the tribes in the interior of that country were just as anxious to have a path to the seaboard as I was to open a communication with the interior, and I am quite certain of obtaining the co-operation of those tribes in my next expedition. Should I succeed in my endeavour—should we be able to open a communication advantageous to ourselves with the natives of the interior of Africa, it would be our duty to confer upon them those great benefits of Christianity which have been bestowed upon ourselves. Let us not make the same mistake in Africa as we have done in India, but let us take to that country our Christianity with us.

“ I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope for any speedy result from this expedition, but I am sanguine as to its ultimate result. I feel convinced that if we can establish a system of free labour in Africa, it will have a most decided influence upon slavery throughout the world. Success, however, under Providence, depends upon us as Englishmen. I look upon Englishmen as perhaps the most freedom-loving people in the world, and I think that the kindly feeling which has been displayed towards me since my return to my native land, has arisen from the belief that my efforts might at some future time tend to put an end to the odious traffic in slaves. England has, unfortunately, been compelled to obtain cotton and other raw material from slave states, and has thus been the mainstay and support of slavery in America. Surely, then, it follows that, if we can succeed in obtaining the raw material from other sources than from the slave States of America, we would strike a heavy blow at the system of slavery itself. I do not wish, any more than my friend, Sir Roderick, to arouse expectations in connection with this expedition which may never be realised, but what I want to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge, and then leave it to be driven home by English energy and English spirit.”

In sending the traveller out, the purposes and views of the British Government were in sympathy with his own. “ The main object of the Zambesi expedition,” he says, in the narrative of the expedition, after his return, “ as our instructions from Her Majesty’s Government explicitly stated, was to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa—to improve our acquaintance with the inhabitants, and endeavour to engage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits, and to the cultivation of their lands, with a view to the production of raw material to be exported to England in return for British manufactures; and it was hoped that, by encouraging the natives to occupy themselves in the development of the resources of the country, a considerable advance might be made towards the extinction of the slave-trade, as they would not be long in discovering that the former would eventually be a more certain source of profit than the latter. The expedition was sent in accordance with the settled policy of the English Government; and the Earl of Clarendon, being then at the head of the Foreign Office, the Mission was organised under his immediate care. When a change of Government ensued, we experienced the same generous countenance and sympathy from the Earl of Malmesbury, as we had previously received from Lord Clarendon; and, on the accession of Earl Russell to the high office he has so long filled, we were always favoured with equally ready attention and the same prompt assistance. Thus the conviction was produced that our work embodied the principles, not of any one party, but of the hearts of the statesmen and of the people of England generally.”

The expedition proceeded to the Cape; and, after enjoying the generous hospitality of friends there, and receiving on board Mr. Francis Skead, R. N., as surveyor, they reached the East Coast in the following May. Their first object was to explore the Zambesi, its mouths and tributaries, with a view to their being used as highways for commerce and Christianity to pass into the vast interior of Africa. The real mouths of the Zambesi were little known, as the Portuguese Government had represented the Killimane as the only navigable outlet of the river. This was done to induce English cruisers employed in the suppression of the slave-trade to watch the false mouth, while slaves were quietly shipped from the true one; and this deception was propagated, even after the publication of Livingstone's discoveries, in a map published by the Portuguese colonial minister. The small steamer, called the "Ma-Robert," in compliment to Mrs. Livingstone, which was provided by the Government for the navigation of the river, was put together and launched; and four inlets or mouths, known severally as the Milambe, the Luabo, the Timbwe, and the Kongone, each of them superior to the Killimane, were discovered and examined. The Kongone was selected by the expedition for their purpose, as the most navigable.

As they steamed up the channel, the few natives whom they saw retreated in terror at their approach, and concealed themselves in the mangrove thickets which grew on either side of the river. In the grassy glades buffaloes, wart-hogs, and antelopes, were abundant, so that, in a few hours, meat enough was obtained to supply a score of men for several days. "The first twenty miles of the Kongone," says Livingstone, "are enclosed in mangrove jungle; some of the trees are ornamented with orchilla weed, which appears never to have been gathered. Huge ferns, palm bushes, and occasionally wild date-palms, peer out in the forest, which consists of different species of mangroves; the bushes of bright yellow, though scarcely edible fruit, contrasting prettily with the graceful green leaves. In some spots the Milola, an umbrageous hibiscus, with large yellowish flowers, grows in masses along the bank. Its bark is made into cordage, and is especially valuable for the manufacture of ropes attached to harpoons for killing the hippopotamus. The Pandanus or screw-palm, from which sugar-bags are made in the Mauritius, also appears. We find too a few guava and lime-trees growing wild, but the natives claim the crops. The dark woods resound with the lively and exultant song of the king-hunter (*Haleyon striolata*), as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel a pretty little heron, or bright kingfisher, darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank, flies on ahead a short distance, and settles quietly down, to be again frightened off in a few seconds as we approach. The magnificent fish-hawk (*Halietus vocifer*), sits on the top of a mangrove-tree, digesting his morning meal of fresh fish, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of

the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off, screaming out his loud and defiant *Ia! ha! ha!* long before the danger is near.

"The mangroves are now left behind, and are succeeded by vast level plains of rich dark soil, covered with gigantic grasses, so tall that they tower over one's head, and render hunting impossible. Beginning in July, the grass is burned off every year after it has become dry. These fires prevent the growth of any great amount of timber, as only a few trees from among the more hardy kinds, such as the *Borassus*-palm and *lignum-vitæ*, can live through the sea of fire which annually roars across the plains. Several native huts now peep out from the bananas and cocoa-palms on the right bank; they stand on piles a few feet above the low damp ground, and their owners enter them by means of ladders. The soil is wonderfully rich, and the gardens are really excellent. Rice is cultivated largely; sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, onions, (shalots) peas, a little cotton, and sugar-cane, are also raised." The natives were eager traders, and came off in light canoes, with every kind of fruit and food they possessed; a few brought honey and bees-wax, which are found in quantities in the mangrove forests. As the ships steamed up, many anxious sellers ran along the bank, holding up fowls, baskets of rice and meal, and shouting "*Malonda, malonda*"—"things for sale;" while others followed in canoes, which they sent through the water with great velocity, by means of short broad-bladed paddles.

After they had proceeded up the river about forty miles from the bar, it was found that the "*Pearl's*" draught was too great; they therefore landed the goods she had brought out for the expedition on a grassy island, and that vessel sailed for Ceylon, leaving the "*Ma-Robert*" to pursue her course alone. At Mazaro, the mouth of a creek communicating with the Killimane, the expedition heard that the Portuguese were at war with a half-caste, named Mariano, who had built a stockade near the mouth of the Shire, and held possession of all the intermediate country. He was a keen slave-hunter, and kept a large number of men, well armed with muskets. He had been in the habit of sending out his armed bands on slave-hunting expeditions among the helpless tribes to the north-west, selling the victims at Killimane, where they were shipped as free emigrants to the French island of Bourbon. As long as the robberies and murders were restricted to the natives at a distance, the Portuguese did not interfere, but when he began to carry off and murder the people near them, they thought it time to put a stop to his proceedings. They spoke of him as a rare monster of inhumanity. He used to spear his captives with his own hands, to make his name dreaded; and it is said that, on one occasion, he killed in this manner forty poor wretches placed in a row

before him. Having gone down to Killimane to arrange with the governor, or, in other words, to bribe him, he was put in prison, and sent for trial to Mozambique. The war, however, was continued under his brother Bonga, and had stopped all trade on the river.

The expedition first came into contact with the rebels, as they were called, on the 15th of June. They appeared as a crowd of well-armed and fantastically-dressed people under the trees at Mazaro. On Livingstone and his friends exclaiming that they were English, some at once came on board and called to those on shore to lay aside their arms. A little later, the expedition witnessed a battle between Bonga and the Portuguese; and Livingstone, on landing to pay his respects to several of his old friends who had treated him kindly on the occasion of his former appearance among them, found himself in the sickening smell and among the mutilated bodies of the slain. The governor was ill of fever, and Livingstone was requested to convey him to Shupanga. Just as he gave his assent, the rebels renewed the fight, and the balls began to whistle about in all directions. After vainly trying to get some one to assist the sick man down to the steamer, our traveller himself half-supported and half-carried him; and afterward, by his skilful treatment, restored him to health.

"For sixty or seventy miles before reaching Mazaro, the scenery is tame and uninteresting. On either hand is a dreary uninhabited expanse, of the same level grassy plains, with merely a few trees to relieve the painful monotony. The round green top of the stately palm-tree looks, at a distance, when its grey trunk cannot be seen, as though hung in mid-air. Many flocks of busy sand-martins, which here, and as far south as the Orange River, do not migrate, have perforated the banks two or three feet horizontally, in order to place their nests at the ends, and are now chasing on restless wing the myriads of tropical insects. The broad river has many low islands, on which, are seen various kinds of waterfowl, such as geese, spoonbills, herons, and flamingoes. Repulsive crocodiles, as with open jaws they sleep and bask in the sun on the low banks, soon catch the sound of the revolving paddles, and glide quietly into the stream. The hippopotamus, having selected some still reach of the river to spend the day, rises from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labours of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up and yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monster bassoon."

The Mokundu-kundu tree abounds in the forests of Shupanga; its bright yellow wood makes good boat-masts, and yields a strong bitter medicine for fever. The Gunda-tree attains to an immense size; its timber is hard, rather cross-grained, with masses of silica deposited in its substance. At Shupanga, a one-storied house, standing on the prettiest site on the river, possesses a

melancholy interest, from having been associated in a most mournful manner with the history of two English expeditions. Mr. Kirkpatrick died here of fever, in 1826; and here, in 1862, the beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone died of the same fatal disease. Both are buried under a large Baobab-tree, a hundred yards east of the house. Here, the expedition obtained African ebony and *lignum-vitæ* for fuel, for the steamer. Caoutchouc, and calumba root were found in abundance, while indigo propagated itself in large quantities close to the banks of the river.

On the 17th of August, they started for Tette. The navigation was rather difficult, and it was soon found out that the "Ma-Robert" was a failure. Her furnaces were badly constructed, she lacked power, and from other causes was ill-adapted for the work before her. It took hours to get up steam, and she went so slowly that the heavily-laden native canoes passed up the river more rapidly than she did. She, consequently, soon obtained the name of the "Asthmatic." At Shamoara, just below the confluence of the Shire, they landed to wood. They found a small forest-tree, a species of *polygala*, growing at this place abundantly. Its beautiful clusters of sweet-scented flowers perfume the air with a rich fragrance; its seeds produce a fine drying oil, and the bark of the smaller branches yields a fibre finer and stronger than flax, with which the natives make their nets for fishing. Bonga, with some of his principal men, visited the travellers, and assured them of their friendly feelings, proving the sincerity of the assurance by sending them a present of rice.

When they were within six miles of Senna, they anchored the steamer, and walked up to the Portuguese settlement on foot. "The narrow winding footpath, along which they had to march in Indian file, lay through gardens and patches of wood, the loftiest trees being thorny acacias. The sky was cloudy, the air cool and pleasant, and the little birds, in the gladness of their hearts, poured forth sweet strange songs, which, though equal to those of the singing birds at home on a spring morning, yet seemed, somehow, as if in a foreign tongue. They met many natives on the road. Most of the men were armed with spears, bows and arrows, or old Tower muskets; the women had short-handled hoes, and were going to work in the gardens; they stepped aside to let the strangers pass, and saluted them politely, the men bowing and scraping, and the women, even with heavy loads on their heads, curtsying—a curtsy from bare legs is startling."

Beyond Pita lies the little island of Nyamotobsi, where they met a small fugitive tribe of hippopotamus hunters. They were all busy at work. They form a separate people, and rarely—the women, it is said, never—intermarry with any other tribe. They go out frequently on long expeditions, taking in their canoes their wives and children, cooking-pots, and sleeping-mats. They are rather comely in their personal appearance, having a very black smooth

skin, and never disfiguring themselves with the frightful ornaments of some of the other tribes. On the 18th of September, the "Ma-Robert" anchored in the stream off Tette, and Livingstone went ashore in the boat. No sooner did the Makololo, whom he had left there, recognise him, than they rushed to the water's edge in frantic joy to give him welcome. They listened in sadness to the story of poor Sekwebu, who died at the Mauritius on his way to England; and then they told how thirty of their own number had died of small-pox, and six had been put to death by Bonga.

The Portuguese at Tette kept numerous slaves, but, as a rule, were very kind to them; but the half-castes were cruel slave-holders. Livingstone quotes a saying of a humane Portuguese, which indicates the reputation they bear—"God made white men, and God made black men; but the devil made half-castes." Africans, generally, are very superstitious; but those in and about Tette are pre-eminently so. Belonging to many different tribes, all the rays of the separate superstitions converge here into one focus. They believe in numerous spirits dwelling in the air, and earth, and water; and seek to propitiate them by offerings of meat and drink. They worship the serpent, and hang up hideous little images in the huts of the sick and dying. The native medical profession is well represented. In addition to the general practitioners, who know something of the nature and power of certain medicines, there are others who devote themselves to some speciality. There is the elephant doctor, who prepares a medicine which the elephant-hunter considers indispensable to success; the crocodile-doctor, who sells a charm which is believed to possess the power of protecting its owner from crocodiles; the dice-doctor, or diviner, whose business is to discover thieves; gun-doctors, who sell the medicine which professes to make good marksmen; rain-doctors, and others too numerous to mention.

Having heard of the Kebrabasa Rapids, the expedition resolved to make a short examination of them. They seized the opportunity of the Zambesi being unusually low, to endeavour to ascertain their character while uncovered by the water. Speaking of these rapids, in his letters to the Government, Livingstone says—"They were not seen by me in 1856, and, strange as it may appear, no one else could be found who could give an account of any part except the commencement, about thirty miles above this. The only person who had possessed curiosity enough to ascend a few miles, described it as a number of detached rocks jutting out across the stream, rendering the channel tortuous and dangerous. A mountain called Panda Mokua (Copper Mountain) a mass of marble at the top, and containing joints of the green carbonic copper, stretches out towards the range of hills on the eastern bank, so as to narrow the river to sixty or eighty yards. This is the commencement of Kebrabasa. We went about four miles beyond Panda Mokua, in the little steamer, and soon saw that the difficulty is caused by the Zambesi being confined by moun-

tains to a bed scarcely a quarter of a mile broad. This bed, perceived from a height, appears covered with huge blocks of rock, interspersed with great rounded boulders. Large patches of the underlying rock, which is porphyry, and various metamorphic masses huddled together in wild confusion, are also seen on the surface; and winding from side to side in this upper bed there is a deep narrow gorge, in which, when we were steaming up, the usual call of the man at the lead was, 'No bottom at ten fathoms.' Though the perpendicular sides of the channel are generally of hard porphyry or syenite, they are ground into deep pot-holes, and drilled into numerous vertical grooves similar to those in Eastern wells, where the draw-rope has been in use for ages: these show the wearing power of the water when the river is full. The breadth of this channel was from thirty to sixty yards, and its walls at low water from fifty to eighty feet high. At six or seven points are rocky islands in it, which divide the water into two or three channels for short distances."

Finding it impossible to take steamer farther, the party started overland, by a frightfully-rough path among rocky hills, where no shade was to be found. At last their guides declared that they could go no further; the surface of the ground was so hot that the feet of the Makololo men became blistered. The travellers, however, pushed on, clambering up and down the heated blocks, at a pace not exceeding a mile an hour. Passing around a steep promontory, they beheld the river at their feet, the channel jammed in between two mountains with perpendicular sides, and less than fifty yards wide. Here is the cataract of Morumbwa, a sloping fall of twenty feet in a distance of thirty yards. When, however, the river rises upwards of eighty feet perpendicularly, as it does in the rainy season, the cataract may be passed in boats. Returning to Tette, Livingstone wrote to the English Government, informing them that it was impossible to take the "Ma-Robert" through the Kebrabasa Rapids, and requesting that a more suitable vessel for the ascent of the river should be sent out. In the meantime, he determined on ascending the Shire, which falls into the Zambesi about a hundred miles from its mouth. The Portuguese could give no information about it, except that years ago, an expedition of thirty had attempted to ascend it, but had to turn back on account of the impenetrable masses of duck-weed which grew in its bed and floated in shoals on its surface. The natives on its banks were reported to be treacherous, thievish, and bloodthirsty; and nothing but disaster was predicted as the end of such a fool-hardy expedition.

It was now Christmas, and the difference between the season in Africa and in Europe, especially Northern Europe, is so great and strange, that the following description of an African Christmas reads like a romance from some fairy-land:—"At the end of the hot season," says our traveller, "everything is dry and dusty; the atmosphere is loaded with blue haze, and very sultry. After the rains begin, the face of the country changes with surprising rapidity

for the better. Though we have not the moist hothouse-like atmosphere of the west coast, fresh green herbage quickly springs up over the hills and dales so lately parched and brown. The air becomes cleared of the smoky-looking haze, and one sees to great distances with ease; the landscape is bathed in a perfect flood of light, and a delighted sense of freshness is given from everything in the morning before the glare of noon overpowers the eye. On asking one of the Bechuanas once, what he understood by the word used for 'holiness' (boitsepho) he answered, 'When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun-rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh, that is holiness.' The young foliage of several trees, more especially on the highlands, comes out brown, pale-red, or pink, like the hues of autumnal leaves in England; and as the leaves increase in size they change to a pleasant fresh light-green; bright-white, scarlet, pink, and yellow flowers, are everywhere; and some few of dark crimson, like those of the kigelia, give warmth of colouring to nature's garden. Many trees, such as the scarlet erythrina, attract the eye by the beauty of their blossoms. The white, full bloom of the baobab, coming at times before the rains, and the small and delicate flowers of other trees, grouped into rich clusters, deck the forest.

"Myriads of wild bees are busy from morning till night. Some of the acacias possess a peculiar attraction for one species of beetle; while the palm allures others to congregate on its ample leaves. Insects of all sorts are now in full force; brilliant butterflies flit from flower to flower, and, with the charming little sun-birds, which represent the humming birds of America and the West Indies, never seem to tire. Multitudes of ants are hard at work hunting for food, or bearing it home in triumph. The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue drongo shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite, with his piping like a boatswain's whistle, the spotted cuckoo, with a call like 'pula,' and the roller and horn-bill, with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May. Some of the birds of the weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black; others have passed from green to bright-yellow, with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock-whydah bird, with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen-birds, with which he is said to live.

"Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to congregate around villages, as to produce the impression that song and beauty may have been intended to please the ear and

eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. We once thought that the little creatures were attracted to man only by grain and water, till we saw deserted villages, the people all swept off by slavery, with grain standing by running streams, but no birds. A red-throated black weaver-bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seem to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night-jar (*Cometornis vexillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy can hit him with a stone. The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night-jar in common dress, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one's feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.

"It appears strange to have Christmas come in such a cheerful bright season as this; one can hardly recognise it in summer dress, with singing birds, springing corn, and flowery plains, instead of in the winter robes of bygone days, when the keen bracing air, and ground clad in a mantle of snow, made the cozy fireside meeting-place of families doubly comfortable."

The expedition's first trip up the Shire was in January, 1859. For the first twenty-five miles, a considerable quantity of duck-weed came floating down the river; though not sufficient to interrupt navigation with canoes, or any other craft. The natives, as they passed, collected in large numbers in their villages, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, threatening to attack them. At the village of a chief called Tingane, as many as five hundred natives collected together, and ordered them to stop. Livingstone, however, went on shore, and explained to the chief that they had not come, either to take slaves, or to fight, but that they simply wished to open up a path by which his countrymen could ascend to purchase cotton, and anything else they had to sell, except slaves. On this Tingane became friendly at once.

After steaming up a hundred miles in straight line, although the windings of the river had fully doubled that distance, they found the further progress of the steamer arrested by a series of magnificent cataracts, known to the natives as those of the Mamvira, but named by the exploring party, after Sir Roderick Murchison, "The Murchison." They were prevented from making any observations here, although they remained two or three days, in consequence of continued rain; and, after sending presents to one or two of the chiefs, they returned at a rapid rate down the river to Tette. In their descent, the hippopotami always speedily got out of their way; but the croco-

diles sometimes rushed at the steamer with great velocity, apparently thinking that she was some huge animal swimming down the stream.

They started on a second trip up the Shire in the middle of March, and now found the natives friendly, and ready to sell them rice, fowls, corn, and whatever else they had. Chibisa, the chief of a village about ten miles below the Murchison cataracts, a remarkable shrewd man, and the most intelligent chief in those parts, entered into friendly relations with them. He was a firm believer in the Divine right of kings. "He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died, and left him the chieftainship; but directly he succeeded to the high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back; he felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom; and people then began to fear and reverence him."

Leaving the steamer opposite Chibisa's village, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with a number of the Makololo, proceeded on foot in a northerly direction to Lake Shirwa. The natives turned out from their villages in a hostile manner, and sounded notes of defiance on their drums; they came at last, however, to understand and appreciate the friendly intentions of the strangers. Through the ignorance of their guides, they were led far out of the right way, and sometimes had to guess at the path for themselves. Their perseverance was ultimately rewarded; and, on the 18th of April, they discovered a considerable body of water, containing leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. It has no outlet, and probably, on that account, is slightly brackish. It has a number of hilly islands rising out of it, and several streams flowing into it; and is surrounded by lofty mountains, some of them, on the eastern shore, eight thousand feet high. With its broad, blue waters, and the waves dashing on some parts of its shore, it looked to the travellers like an arm of the sea. The surrounding country is beautiful, and clothed with rich vegetation. Livingstone made frequent inquiries among the people, with the view of ascertaining if they had ever been visited by white men before, and was invariably answered in the negative. He therefore claimed for Dr. Kirk and himself the discovery of Lake Shirwa.

On the 23rd of June, they returned to Tette, and thence, after the steamer had undergone some repairs, proceeded to the Kongone, to seek provisions from one of Her Majesty's cruisers. Having received a supply from the "Persian," and exchanged their Kroomen, who were found useless for land journeys, for a crew picked out from the Makololo, who soon learned to work the ship, and who, besides being good travellers, could cut wood, and required only native food, they began their return voyage up the Zambesi. Frequent showers fell, and, the vessel being leaky, the cabin was constantly flooded, both from above and from below. Many of the botanical specimens that had been collected with great labour, and carefully prepared, were

thus destroyed, and the foundation of much subsequent fever was at this time laid.

Another trip up the Shire was performed in the middle of August, the object being, to become better acquainted with the people, and to make another and longer journey on foot to the north of Lake Shirwa, in search of Lake Nyassa, of which they had already received some information. The Shire, though narrower than the Zambesi, is deeper, and more easy of navigation. The valley which it drains is bounded by wooded hills on both sides. One of them, a detached mountain, called Morambala, or "the lofty watch-tower," is four thousand feet high, and about seven miles long. A small village is perched about half-way up its side, where the people have a different climate and vegetation from those of the plains. On the plain, near the north end, is a hot fountain. It bubbles out of the earth, clear as crystal, at two points, a few yards apart from each other, and sends off a fine flowing stream of hot water. The travellers found the temperature to be 174° Fahr., and they boiled an egg in it at about the usual time. It deposits on the stones an incrustation which smells of sulphur. About a hundred feet off, the mud is as hot as can be borne by the body. In taking a bath there, it makes the body perfectly clean, and none of the mud adheres.

The Shire beyond Morambala winds through an extensive marsh. There are abundant marks of large game. Two pythons were observed coiled together among the branches of a large tree, and were both shot. The larger of the two, a female, was ten feet long. As the steamer passed on, they saw many gardens of maize, pumpkins, and tobacco, fringing the marshy banks; these gardens belong to natives of the hills, who come down and raise a crop on parts at other times flooded. On their way up, they examined a lagoon, called "the Lake of Mud," in which the lotus grows; and numbers of men were filling their canoes with the root; when roasted or boiled, it resembles our chestnuts, and is extensively used as food. As the wretched little steamer could not carry all the men needed for this lengthened voyage, they were compelled to put some of them in boats, and tow them astern. At the village of Mboma, where the people raised large quantities of rice, and were eager traders, they were entertained by a native musician, who played several quaint tunes on a kind of one-stringed fiddle, accompanying the music with some wild songs. As he threatened to serenade them all night, he was asked if he would not perish from cold, the thermometer having fallen to 47°. "Oh no," he replied, "I shall spend the night with my white comrades in the big canoe; I have often heard of the white men, but have never seen them till now, and I must sing and play well to them." A small piece of cloth, however, bought him off, and he left on good terms with the strangers and with himself.

A number of hippopotamus traps were seen on both banks of the river.



A WHIRLWIND OF SAND IN THE SAHARA

The animal feeds on grass only; its enormous lip acting like a mowing machine, and forming a path as it feeds. Over these paths the natives construct a trap, consisting of a heavy beam, five or six feet long, with a spear-head at one end covered with poison. This weapon is hung to a forked pole by a rope which leads across the path, and is held by a catch, set free as the animal treads upon it. "One got frightened by the ship, as she was steaming close to the bank. In its eager hurry to escape it rushed on shore, and ran directly under a trap, when down came the heavy beam on its back, driving the poisoned spear-head a foot deep into its flesh. In its agony it plunged back into the river, to die in a few hours, and afterwards furnished a feast for the natives. The poison on the spear-head does not affect the meat, except the part around the wound, and that is thrown away."

The steamer now leaked worse than ever, and the cabin was scarcely habitable. The floor was always wet, and had to be mopped many times a day. Mosquitoes abounded, the ship's cabin becoming a favourite breeding-place for them; so that the voyagers had both ship-bred and shore-bred bloodsuckers. Going on, they came to Nyanja Mukulu, or the elephant-marsh. Here they counted eight hundred elephants in sight at once: they had chosen a stronghold where no hunter could get near them, for the swamps. At the first glimpse of the steamer they took to flight; but a fine young one was caught alive, as he was climbing up the bank to follow his retreating mother. As the men were holding his trunk over the gunwale, while the vessel steamed from the bank, a brave Makololo elephant hunter drew his knife across it, in a sort of hunting frenzy, and from the force of instinct and habit. Though the wound was skilfully sewn up, the breathing prevented the cut from healing, and, unfortunately, the young animal died in a few days from loss of blood.

"The Shire marshes support prodigious numbers of many kinds of water-fowl. An hour at the mast-head unfolds novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favourite tree, rest scores of plotuses and cormorants, which stretch their snake-like necks, and in mute amazement turn one eye and then another towards the approaching monster. By-and-bye the timid ones begin to fly off, or take headers into the stream; but a few of the bolder, or more composed, remain, only taking the precaution to spread their wings ready for instant flight. The pretty ardetta (*Herodias bubulcus*), of a light-yellow colour when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often showing us where buffaloes and elephants are, by perching on their backs. Flocks of ducks, of which the kind called 'Soriri' (*Dendrocygna personata*) is most abundant, being night-feeders, meditate quietly by the small lagoons, until startled by the noise of the steam machinery. Pelicans glide over the water, catching fish, while the Scopus (*Scopus umbretta*) and large herons peer

intently into pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose (a constant marauder of native gardens) springs up, and circles round to find out what the disturbance can be, and then settles down again with a splash.

"Hundreds of Linongolos (*Anastomus lamelligerus*) rise on the wing from the clumps of reeds, or low trees (the *Eschinomene*, from which pith hats are made), on which they build in colonies, and are speedily high in mid-air. Charming little red and yellow weavers (*Ploceidæ*) remind one of butterflies, as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendant nests, chattering briskly to their mates within. These weavers seem to have 'cock nests,' built with only a roof, and a perch beneath, with a doorway on each side. The natives say they are made to protect the bird from the rain. Though her husband is very attentive, we have seen the hen-bird tearing her mate's nest to pieces, but why we cannot tell. Kites and vultures are busy overhead, beating the ground for their repast of carrion; and the solemn-looking, stately-stepping Marabout, with a taste for dead fish, or men, stalks slowly along the almost stagnant channels. Some men are standing in canoes, on the weed-covered ponds, spearing fish, while others are punting over the small intersecting streams, to examine their sunken fish-baskets. Towards evening hundreds of pretty little hawks (*Erythropus vespertinus*) are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragon-flies and locusts. They come, apparently, from resting on the palm-trees during the heat of the day. Flocks of scissor-bills (*Rhyncops*) are then also on the wing, and in search of food, ploughing the water with their lower mandibles, which are nearly half an inch longer than the upper ones.

"At the north-eastern end of the marsh, and about three miles from the river, commences a great forest of palm-trees (*Borassus Æthiopium*). It extends many miles, and at one point comes close to the river. The grey trunks and green tops of this immense mass of trees give a pleasing tone of colour to the view. The mountain-range, which rises close behind the palms, is generally of a cheerful green, and has many trees, with patches of a lighter tint among them, as if spots of land had once been cultivated. The sharp angular rocks and dells on its sides have the appearance of a huge crystal broken; and this is so often the case in Africa, that one can guess pretty nearly at sight, whether a range is of the old crystalline rocks or not. The *Borassus*, though not an oil-bearing palm, is a useful tree. The fibrous pulp round the large nuts, is of a sweet fruity taste, and is eaten by men and elephants. The natives bury the nuts until the kernels begin to sprout; when dug up and broken, the inside resembles coarse potatoes, and is prized in times of scarcity as nutritious food. During several months of the year, palm-wine, or *sura*, is obtained in large quantities; when fresh it is a pleasant drink, somewhat like champagne, and not at all intoxicating, though, after standing a few hours, it becomes highly so. Sticks, a foot long, are driven into notches in the

hard outside of the tree—the inside being soft or hollow—to serve as a ladder; the top of the fruit-shoot is cut off, and the sap, pouring out at the fresh wound, is caught in an earthen pot, which is hung at the point. A thin slice is taken off the end, to open the pores, and make the juice flow every time the owner ascends to empty the pot. Temporary huts are erected in the forest, and men and boys remain by their respective trees day and night, the nuts, fish, and wine, being their sole food. The Portuguese use the palm-wine as yeast, and it makes bread so light, that it melts in the mouth like froth.”

Beyond the marshes the country was higher, and the population much greater. In many places the soil is saline, and the natives procure large quantities of salt, by mixing the earth with water in a pot with a small hole in it, and then evaporating the liquid, which runs through, in the sun. The cotton grown on this saline soil was found to be of larger and finer staple than elsewhere. When the party arrived at Chibisa's village, they saw two of the men cleaning, sorting, spinning, and weaving cotton. This was a sight they often saw in the villages on the Shire; and as cotton of an excellent quality can be grown there to any extent, if legitimate commerce could be substituted for slavery, the district might become thriving and populous.

On the 28th of August, Livingstone and his three white companions, accompanied by two guides and thirty-six Makololo men, left the vessel in charge of the rest of the party, and started in search of Lake Nyassa. Crossing the valley in a north-easterly direction, an hour's march brought them to the foot of the Manganja hills, up which lay their toilsome road. As they rose, vegetation changed; bamboos and various new trees and plants appeared. Looking back from a height of a thousand feet, the beautiful country extending for many miles, with the Shire flowing through it, excited their admiration; while, as they approached the summit of the range, innumerable valleys opened out to their admiring gaze, and majestic mountains reared their heads in all directions. The natives on the road were uniformly kind, and were very anxious to trade. As soon as they found that the strangers would pay for their provisions in cotton cloth, women and girls were set to grind and pound meal, and all the men and boys were seen chasing screaming fowls through every village. The headman of one village brought some meal and peas for sale; a fathom of blue cloth was got out, when the Makololo headman, thinking a portion was enough, was proceeding to tear it. On this, the native remarked that it was a pity to cut such a nice dress for his wife, and he would rather bring more meal. “All right,” said the Makololo; “but look, the cloth is very wide, so see that the basket which carries the meal be wide too, and add a cock to make the meal taste nicely.”

Among the hill-tribes women are treated as if they were inferior animals, but in the upper part of the Shire valley they are held in great respect. In one district a lady, named Nyango, exercises rule. The headman of one of

her villages always consulted his wife before concluding a bargain, and was evidently influenced by her opinion. On entering a village, the travellers went to the *boalo*, or place of palaver, under the shade of lofty trees, where mats of split reeds or bamboo were usually spread for them to sit upon. The guides then told the men who might be there, who the strangers were, and what their object was. This information was then carried to the chief, who, sooner or later, made his appearance, and business began.

“The Manganja, who inhabit this district, are an industrious race; and in addition to working in iron, cotton, and basket-making, they cultivate the soil extensively. All the people of a village turn out to labour in the fields. It is no uncommon thing to see men, women, and children, hard at work, with the baby lying close by beneath a shady bush. When a new piece of woodland is to be cleared, they proceed exactly as farmers do in America. The trees are cut down with their little axes of soft native iron; trunks and branches are piled up and burnt, and the ashes spread on the soil. The corn is planted among the standing stumps which are left to rot. If grass land is to be brought under cultivation, as much tall grass as the labourer can conveniently lay hold of is collected together and tied into a knot. He then strikes his hoe round the tufts to sever the roots, and, leaving all standing, proceeds until the whole ground assumes the appearance of a field covered with little shocks of corn in harvest. A short time before the rains begin, these grass shocks are collected in small heaps, covered with earth, and burnt, the ashes and burnt soil being used to fertilize the ground. Large crops of the mapira, or Egyptian dura, are raised, with millet, beans, and ground nuts; also patches of yams, rice, pumpkins, cucumbers, cassava, sweet potatoes, tobacco, and hemp or bang. Maize is grown all the year round. Cotton is cultivated at almost every village.

In preparing the cotton for use, “it is first carefully separated from the seed by the fingers, or by an iron roller, on a little block of wood, and rove out into long soft bands without twist. Then it receives its first twist on the spindle, and becomes about the thickness of coarse candle-wick; after being taken off and wound into a large ball, it is given the final hard twist, and spun into a firm cop on the spindle again; all the processes being painfully slow. Iron ore is dug out of the hills, and its manufacture is the staple trade of the southern highlands. Each village has its own smelting-house, its charcoal burners, and blacksmiths. They make good axes, spears, needles, arrow-heads, bracelets and anklets. In villages near Lake Shirwa and elsewhere, the inhabitants enter pretty largely into the manufacture of crockery or pottery, making by hand all sorts of cooking, water, and grain pots, which they ornament with plumbago, found in the hills. Some find employment in weaving neat baskets from split bamboos, and others collect the fibre of the buaze, which grows abundantly on the hills, and make it into fish-nets. These

they either use themselves, or exchange with the fishermen on the river or lakes for dried fish and salt. A great deal of native trade is carried on between the villages, by means of barter in tobacco, salt, dried fish, skins, and iron.

"Many of the men are intelligent-looking, with well-shaped heads, agreeable faces, and high foreheads. They take a good deal of pride in the arrangement of their hair: the varieties of style are endless. One trains his long locks till they take the admired form of the buffalo's horns; others prefer to let their hair hang in a thick coil down their backs, like that animal's tail; while another wears it in twisted cords, which, stiffened by fillets of the inner bark of a tree, wound specially round each curl, radiate from the head in all directions. Some have it hanging all around the shoulders in large masses; others shave it off altogether. Many shave part of it into ornamental figures, in which the fancy of the barber crops out conspicuously. Both sexes adorn the body extravagantly, wearing rings on their fingers and thumbs, besides throatlets, bracelets, and anklets of brass, copper or iron." The women of these regions all wear the *pelele*, or lip-ring. An old chief, when asked why such things were worn, replied—"For beauty; men have beards and whiskers, women have none. What kind of creature would a woman be without whiskers and without the *pelele*!"

"The Manganja are not a sober people; they brew large quantities of beer, and like it well. Having no hops, or other means of checking fermentation, they are obliged to drink the whole brew in a few days, or it becomes unfit for use. Great merry-makings take place on these occasions, and drinking, drumming, and dancing, continue day and night, till the beer is gone. The superstitious ordeal, by drinking the poisonous muave, obtains credit here; and when a person is suspected of crime, this ordeal is resorted to. If the stomach rejects the poison the accused is pronounced innocent; but if it is retained, guilt is believed to be demonstrated. Death is inflicted on those found guilty of witchcraft by this ordeal. The women wail for the dead two days. Whatever beer is in the house of the deceased, is poured out on the ground with the meal, and all cooking and water-pots are broken, as being of no further use. Both men and women wear signs of mourning for their dead relatives. These consist of narrow strips of the palm-leaf wound round the head, the arms, legs, neck, and breasts, and worn till they drop off from decay." They very rarely wash, and are consequently very dirty; and, as might be expected skin, diseases are common. They believe in a Supreme Being, and in a future state; but where or in what condition the spirit of the dead exist, they do not know, as although the dead, they say, sometimes return to the living, and appear to them in their dreams, they never tell them how they fare, or whither they have gone.

When the travellers, as they calculated, were about a day's march from

Lake Nyassa, the chief of the village assured them positively that no lake had ever been heard of there, and that the River Shire stretched on, as they saw it, to a distance of two months, and then came out between two rocks, which towered to the skies. The Makololo looked blank at this intelligence. The party, however, journeyed on, and discovered the lake, on the 16th of September, 1859. The travellers were now visited by the chief of a village near the confluence of the lake and the river, who invited them to form their camp under a magnificent banyan-tree, of which he seemed proud, and among the roots of which, twisted into the shape of a gigantic arm-chair, four of the party slept. This chief told them that a slave-party, led by Arabs, was encamped near at hand; and in the evening half-a-dozen of the leaders, a villainous-looking set of fellows, armed with long muskets, brought several young children for sale, but, when they learnt that the travellers were English, they showed signs of fear, and during the night decamped. Livingstone's stay at the lake was necessarily short. The people in whose country they were showed some suspicion of their object, and he wisely judged that the best plan for allaying any suspicion was to pay a hasty visit and then leave for a while. Besides, any indiscretion on the part of those left in charge of the ship might have proved fatal to the character of the expedition.

CHAPTER XVI.

Off to Kongone—Return to Tette—Journey Westward—Kebrabasa Rapids and Chicova—Arrive at Zumbo—The Batoka—Victoria Falls and Garden Island—The Makololo—Livingstone revisits Linyanti—Down again to Tette and the Kongone.

LIVINGSTONE and his party, after a land-journey of forty days, returned to their ship, on the 6th of October, 1859, in a very exhausted condition. They were reduced to this state, not so much from the ordinary fatigue of travel, as from a sort of poisoning through eating so much of the cassava root. One kind of this root is known to be poisonous in its raw state, but when twice boiled, and strained off, the evil is destroyed. Their cook, however, in his ignorance, boiled it as he would meat, allowing it to stand on the fire, until the water had become absorbed and boiled away. This method did not expel the poisonous properties; and it was only after it had been tried with various mixtures, and the whole party had suffered for days from its effects, that the cause was discovered.

From the Shire, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, set off with guides to go across the country to Tette, a distance of about one hundred miles. They suffered greatly from the heat and from want of water; while the tsetse abounded. There was little or no shade from the sun, and the heat was so great that their salt pork melted away till nothing was left but the fibre of the meat. When they arrived at Tette, the two Englishmen were almost dead. They found that the steamer with the other members of the expedition had arrived there before them, and as the vessel leaked worse than ever, and it was necessary to beach her for repairs, had gone down to Kongone. As the steamer passed the Elephant Marsh, they saw nine vast herds of elephants, forming sometimes a line two miles long. They were supplied at Kongone with stores from Her Majesty's ship "Lynx;" but, unfortunately, one of the boats conveying them was swamped in crossing the bar to enter the river, and the mail bags, with despatches from Government, and letters from friends at home, were lost. One can understand Livingstone's feelings as he says—"The loss of the mail-bags, containing Government despatches and our friends' letters for the past year, was felt severely, as we were on the point of starting on an expedition into the interior, which might require eight or nine months; and twenty months is a weary time to be without news of friends and family."

After returning to Tette, where they stayed some time, enjoying the hospitality of the Portuguese merchants, Livingstone and his companions, before proceeding inland to visit the Makololo country, sailed down the Zambesi with Mr. Rae, who was about to return to England to superintend the construction of a vessel that was to supersede the "Ma-Robert," that wretched craft being of no further use for the purposes for which she was intended. On the 31st of December they reached Shupanga, where they had to remain eight days, awaiting the arrival of cotton cloth from Killimane. Frequent rains now fell, and the river rose considerably; their progress back was so distressingly slow that they did not reach Tette again until the 2nd of February, 1860. After this trip, the steamer broke down completely; she was therefore laid alongside the island of Kanyimbe, opposite Tette; and before starting for the country of the Makololo, Livingstone obtained a small plot of land, to form a garden for the two English sailors who were to remain in charge of her during his absence. Several days were spent in busy preparation for the westward journey; the cloth, beads, and brass wire, for the trip, were sewn up in old canvas, and each package had the bearer's name printed on it. The Makololo were paid for their services in connection with the expedition, and all who had come down with Livingstone from the interior received a present of cloth and ornaments, in order to protect them from the greater cold of their own country, and to show them that they had not come in vain. As many of them had taken up with other women, they did not leave willingly, and before the party had reached Kebrabasa Rapids, thirty of them had deserted. Several of them had earned a good deal during their stay at Tette, while Livingstone was absent in England; but unfortunately they had picked up a good many of the bad habits of the resident population, and had squandered all their earnings.

On the 15th of May, the party started from the village where the Makololo had dwelt. They commenced, for a certain number of days, with short marches, walking gently until broken in to travel. In order to escape the exactions of the Banyai tribes, who live chiefly on the right bank of the river, and were said to levy heavy fines on travellers, they crossed over and proceeded up the left bank. Stopping one afternoon at a Kebrabasa village, a man appeared, who pretended that he was a *pondoro*—that is, that he could change himself into a lion whenever he chose, a statement fully believed by his countrymen. Sometimes the *pondoro* hunts for the benefit of the villagers, when his wife takes him some medicine which enables him to change himself back into a man. He then announces what game has been killed, and the villagers go into the forest to bring it home. The people believe also that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions. One night, a buffalo having been killed, a lion came close to the camp, when the Makololo declared that he was a *pondoro*, and told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself for

trying to steal the meat of strangers. The lion, however, disregarding their addresses, only roared louder than ever, though he wisely kept outside the bright circle of the camp-fires. A little strychnine was placed on a piece of meat and thrown to him, after which he took his departure, and was never again seen.

After fording the rapid Luia, they left their former path on the banks of the Zambesi, and struck off in a north-west direction. Their route wound up a valley along a small mountain stream, which was nearly dry, and then crossed the rocky spurs of some lofty hills. The people were poor; the men spent a good deal of their time in hunting, having little ground on the hill-side suitable for gardens, and but little certainty of reaping what might be sown in the valleys. That evening they slept in a little village near Sindabwe, and breakfasted next morning under green wild date-palms, beside the fine flowing stream which runs through the charming valley of Zibah. Proceeding south-west up this lovely valley, in about an hour's time they reached Sandia's village. The chief himself was said to be absent hunting; but his people showed great civility. "The inhabitants of Zibah are Badema, and a wealthier class," says Livingstone, "than those we have recently passed, with more cloth, ornaments, food and luxuries. Fowls, eggs, sugar-canes, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts, turmeric, tomatoes, chillies, rice, mapira (*holcus sorghum*), and maize, were offered for sale in large quantities. The mapira may be called the corn of the country. It is known as Caffre and Guinea corn, in the south and west; as dura in Egypt, and badjery in India; the grain is round and white, or reddish-white, about the size of the hemp-seed given to canaries. Several hundred grains form a massive ear, on a stalk as thick as an ordinary walking staff, and from eight to eighteen feet high. Tobacco, hemp, and cotton, were also cultivated, as indeed, they are by all the people in Kebrabasa. In nearly every village here, as in the Manganja hills, men are engaged in spinning and weaving cotton of excellent quality."

Near this village of Sandia, six of the Makololo shot a cow elephant. The men were wild with excitement, and danced round the fallen queen of the forest with exultant shouts and songs. "The cutting up of an elephant is quite a unique spectacle. The men stand round the animal in dead silence, while the chief of the travelling party declares that, according to ancient law, the head and right hind-leg belong to him who killed the beast—that is, to him who inflicted the first wound; the left leg to him who delivered the second, or first touched the animal after it fell. The meat around the eye to the English, or chief of the travellers, and different parts to the headmen of the fires, or groups, of which the camp is composed; not forgetting to enjoin the preservation of the fat and bowels for a second distribution. His oration finished, the natives soon become excited, and scream wildly, as they cut away at the carcase with a score of spears, whose long handles quiver in the

air above their heads. Their excitement becomes momentarily more and more intense, and reaches the culminating point when, as denoted by a roar of gas, the huge mass is laid fairly open. Some jump inside, and roll about there in their eagerness to seize the precious fat, while others run off, screaming, with pieces of the bloody meat, throw it on the grass, and run back for more; all keep talking and shouting at the utmost pitch of their voices. Sometimes two or three, regardless of all laws, seize the same piece of meat and have a brief fight of words over it. Occasionally an agonized yell bursts forth, and a native emerges out of the moving mass of dead elephant and wriggling humanity, with his hand badly cut by the spear of his excited friend and neighbour; this requires a rag and some soothing words to prevent bad blood. In an incredible short time tons of meat are cut up, and placed in separate heaps around."

The fore-foot of the elephant killed by the Makololo, Livingstone and his white companions had cooked for themselves after the native fashion. A fire is made in a large hole dug in the ground; and, when this hole is thoroughly heated, the foot is placed in it, and covered over with the hot ashes and soil, and another fire made above the whole and kept burning for several hours. Thus cooked, the foot is found delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow. A long march, to prevent biliousness, is a wise precaution after a meal of elephant's foot. Elephant's trunk and tongue too are good, when properly cooked; but all the other parts are tough and unsavoury.

Passing Kebrabasa, the travellers enjoyed the magnificent mountain scenery in this neighbourhood. "The remainder of the Kebrabasa path, on to Chicova, was close to the compressed and rocky river. Ranges of lofty, tree-covered mountains, with deep narrow valleys, in which are dry water-courses or flowing rivulets, stretch from the north-west, and are prolonged on the opposite side of the river in a south-easterly direction. Looking back, the mountain scenery in Kebrabasa was magnificent; conspicuous from their form and steep sides, are the two gigantic portals of the cataract; the vast forests still wore their many brilliant autumnal-coloured tints of green, yellow, red, purple, and brown, thrown into relief by the grey bark of the trunks in the background. Among these variegated trees were some conspicuous for their new livery of fresh light-green leaves, as though the winter of others was their spring. The bright sunshine in these mountain forests, and the ever-changing forms of the cloud-shadows gliding over portions of the surface, added fresh charms to scenes already surpassingly beautiful." From what Livingstone saw of the Kebrabasa rock and rapids, it appeared to him evident that they must always form a barrier to navigation at the ordinary low water of the river; but the rise of the water in this gorge being as much as eighty feet perpendicularly, he concluded that a steamer might be taken

up at high flood, when all the rapids are smoothed over. The most formidable cataract in it, Morumbwa, has only about twenty feet of fall in a distance of thirty yards, and it must entirely disappear when the water stands eighty feet higher. The old chief Sandia, moreover, told them that in flood Kebrabasa became quite smooth, and he had often seen it so.

They emerged from the Kebrabasa hills into the Chicova plains on the 7th of June. The cold nights caused some of the men to cough badly, and colds in Africa almost invariably become fever. At Chicova, the Zambesi suddenly expands and assumes the size and appearance it has at Tette. Near this point they found a large seam of coal exposed in the left bank. Occasionally they met with native travellers. "Those on a long journey carry with them a sleeping-mat and wooden pillow, cooking-pot and bag of meal, pipe and tobacco-pouch, a knife, bow and arrows, and two small sticks, of from two to three feet in length, for making fire, when obliged to sleep away from human habitations. Dry wood is always abundant, and they get fire by the following method. A notch is cut in one of the sticks, which, with a close-grained outside, has a small core of pith, and this notched stick is laid horizontally on a knife-blade on the ground; the operator squatting, places his great toes on each end to keep all steady, and taking the other wand, which is of very hard wood, cut to a blunt point, fits it into the notch at right angles; the upright wand is made to spin rapidly backwards and forwards between the palms of the hands, drill fashion, and at the same time is pressed downwards; the friction, in the course of a minute or so, ignites portions of the pith of the notched stick, which, rolling over like live charcoal on to the knife-blade, are lifted into a handful of fine grass, and carefully blown, by waving backwards and forwards in the air. It is hard work for the hands to procure fire by this process, as the vigorous drilling and downward pressure requisite soon blister soft palms."

The weather was excellent for camping, the route well known, and game abundant; so that travelling was very pleasant. Flocks of guinea-fowl and other birds, were met with daily; and, as they were in good condition, the party enjoyed a variety of flesh meat. In camping, the men by turns cut grass for the beds of the three Englishmen—Dr. Livingstone being placed in the middle, Dr. Kirk on the right, and Charles Livingstone on the left. Their bags, revolvers, and rifles, were placed near their beds, and a fire was kindled near their feet. On these grass beds, with their rugs drawn over them, the three Englishmen slept soundly under some giant tree, through whose branches, when awake, they could look up to the starry and moon-lit sky. A dozen fires were kindled in the camp nightly. The attendants slept between mats of palm leaves, which were sown together round three sides of the square, one being left open to enable the man to crawl in between the two. These sleeping bags or *jumbas*, as they are called, when all were all asleep, had the appearance of

sacks strewn round about the camp-fires. When food was plenty, there was no lack of amusement in the camp. The men sat round the camp-fires talking and singing till far into the night.

About five in the morning, or as soon as dawn, the camp was astir. The Europeans took a cup of tea and a piece of biscuit. The blankets were folded and stowed away in bags. The *fumbas* and cooking-pots were fastened to each end of the carrying-sticks, which were borne on the shoulders. Before sunrise all were on the march. At nine, breakfast was prepared at a convenient spot. There was a short rest in the middle of the day; and early in the afternoon they pitched their camp, when two or more went off hunting, more as a matter of necessity than pleasure. Their rate of progress was about two and a half miles an hour as the crow flies, and their daily march lasted about six hours. With this easy marching, the natives, after some days, began to complain of fatigue, even when well fed with fresh meat; and Livingstone's experience was, that they lacked the stamina and endurance of the white men, although travelling in their own country.

The Chicova plains are extremely fertile, and formerly supported a large population; but desolating wars and slavery had swept away most of the inhabitants. The chief of one of the Chicova villages brought the travellers food and drink, and expressed himself towards them in the kindest terms. Generally the unsophisticated natives were afraid of them. The moment a child saw them he would take to his heels in an agony of terror. The mother would rush out of her hut, alarmed by the child's cries, and then dart back again at the first glimpse of the fearful apparition. Dogs turned tail, and scoured off in dismay; and hens, abandoning their chickens, fled screaming to the tops of the houses. They found themselves held up to little naughty children, as objects of which to be afraid, while the mammas exclaimed—"Be good now, or I shall call the white man to bite you." Crossing the stream Nyamatarara, they passed from Chicova into a region of sandstone rocks. About Sinjere, Tette grey sandstone was common, fossil wood upon it, and coal lying beneath. They halted here a couple of days, and examined the coal produced, astonishing the natives by showing them that the black stones would burn.

Their camp on the Sinjere stood under a wide-spreading wild fig-tree. "The soil," says Livingstone, "teemed with white ants, whose clay tunnels, formed to screen them from the eyes of birds, thread over the ground, up the trunks of trees, and along the branches, from which the little architect clears away all rotten or dead wood. Very often the exact shape of branches is left on tunnels on the ground, and not a bit of the wood inside. The first night we passed here these destructive insects ate through our grass-beds, and attacked our blankets, and certain large red-headed ones even bit our flesh. On some days not a single white ant is to be seen abroad; and on others, and

during certain hours, they appear out of doors in myriads, and work with extraordinary zeal and energy in carrying bits of dried grass down to their nests. During these busy reaping fits, the lizards and birds have a good time of it, and enjoy a rich feast at the expense of thousands of hapless workmen; and, when they swarm, they are caught in countless numbers by the natives, and their roasted bodies are spoken of in an unctuous manner, as resembling grains of soft rice fried in delicious fresh oil.

“ A strong marauding party of large black ants attacked a nest of white ones near the camp. As the contest took place beneath the surface, we could not see the order of the battle; but it soon became apparent that the blacks had gained the day, and sacked the white town, for they returned in triumph, bearing off the eggs, and choice bits of the bodies of the vanquished. A gift, analogous to that of language, has not been withheld from ants; if part of their building is destroyed, an official is seen coming out to examine the damage, and, after a careful survey of the ruins, he chirrup a few clear and distinct notes, and a crowd of workers begin at once to repair the breach. When the work is completed, another order is given, and the workmen retire, as will appear on removing the soft freshly-built portion. We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not, because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of formica, not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline, and even attempting to carry out the skilful plans and stratagems of some eminent leader. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies of these little pests were massed in silence round the point to be assaulted. We could hear the sharp shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though, until then, we had not believed in the vocal power of an ant; the instant after we felt the storming hosts range over head and neck, biting the tender skin, clinging with a death-grip to the hair, and parting with their jaws, rather than quit their hold. On our lying down again, in the hope of their having been driven off, no sooner was the light out, and all still, than the manœuvre was repeated. Clear and audible orders were issued, and the assault renewed. It was as hard to sleep in that hut, as in the trenches before Sebastopol.

“ The white ant, being a vegetable feeder, devours articles of vegetable origin only, and leather, which, by tanning, is imbued with a vegetable flavour. ‘ A man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow from the ravages of white ants,’ said a Portuguese merchant. ‘ If he gets sick, and unable to look after his goods, his slaves neglect them, and they are soon destroyed by these insects!’ The reddish ant, in the west called drivers, crossed our path daily, in solid columns an inch wide, and never did the pugnacity of either man or beast exceed theirs. It is a sufficient cause of war if you only approach them, even by accident. Some turn out of the ranks and stand with open

mandibles, or, charging with extended jaws, bite with savage ferocity. When hunting, we lighted among them too often; while we were intent on the game, and without a thought of ants, they quietly covered us from head to foot, then all began to bite at the same instant; seizing a piece of the skin with their powerful pincers, they twisted themselves round with it, as if determined to tear it out. Their bites are so terribly sharp that the bravest must run, and then strip to pick off those that still cling with their hooked jaws, as with steel forceps. This kind abound in damp places, and is usually met with on the banks of streams. We have not heard of their actually killing any animal except the python, and that only when gorged and quite lethargic, but they soon clear away any dead animal matter. This appears to be their principal food, and their use in the economy of nature is clearly in the scavenger line."

The travellers started from the Sinjere on the 12th of June, and passed through a district, where they found the women accustomed to transact business for themselves. They accompanied the men into camp, sold their own wares, and seemed to be both fair traders, and modest, sensible persons. They did not come quite up to the women on the mountains near Kilimanjaro, who, it is said, do all the trading, have regular markets, and will on no account allow a man to enter the market-place. On the 20th they encamped at a spot where Livingstone, on his journey from the west to the east coast, was formerly menaced by a chief called Mpende; he found out, however, that Livingstone belonged to a people that loved the black man, and his conduct changed from enmity to kindness. On the 23rd, they entered the village of a chief named Pangola. In exchange for the food they needed, he demanded a rifle, and refused to trade on any other terms. Two of the young men belonging to the expedition had gone out, however, and shot a fine waterbuck, and the provision market came down to the lowest figure. They were now independent of the greedy savage, who was intensely mortified at seeing them depart without his having traded with them in any way. On the 26th they breakfasted at Zumbo, on the left bank of the Loangwa, and crossed the river in the evening. They remained here a day, and continued their journey on the 28th. Game was extremely abundant, and there were many lions. Leaving the river, they proceeded up the valley which leads to the Mohano pass. Here they felt the nights cold, and on the 30th they found the thermometer was as low as 39° at sunrise. On account of the severe illness of Dr. Kirk, they remained here two days, when they again joined the Zambesi. They slept on the night of the 6th of July on the left bank of the Chongwe, a river flowing into the Zambesi, and twenty yards wide. The next day, as they were passing through a dense thorn jungle, they got separated from one another; and a rhinoceros, with angry snort, dashed at Livingstone as he stooped to pick up a specimen of the wild fruit morula; he was fortunate

enough, however, to make his escape. Hitherto, he had usually gone unarmed; but he always carried arms afterwards.

All the way between Zumbo and the Victoria Falls, game of all kinds was so abundant, that the native attendants became quite fat, and very fastidious at last in their choice of what they would eat; rejecting antelope, and preferring buffalo-flesh and guinea-fowl. Everywhere the natives were hospitable, and their fearless bearing told that the country was beyond the reach of the infamous slave-traders. Families were frequently met, marching in single file. The man at the head carrying little, if anything, save his weapons; his wives and children following with their household goods. These natives always come in for a portion of the white men's meat. Around the foot of the great wild fig-tree of audience—the public meeting-place of every village, or suspended from its branches, were collections of buffalo and antelope horns and skulls, the trophies of the chase. The one thing in the way of food which they lacked in this part of the country was vegetables. Now and then they obtained a supply of sweet potatoes, for which they were thankful beyond the power of expression.

On the 11th of July, they were ferried over the Kafue, a river that reminded them a little of the Shire, and flowing between steep banks, with fertile land on both sides. They were now in the Bawe country. The people are of Batoka origin, and belong to the same tribe as several of the men who left Linyanti with Livingstone. They were told that Moselekatse's chief town was a month's distance (or three hundred miles) from where they were; and that the English had come to him, and taught him it was wrong to kill people; and that now he sent out his men to collect and sell ivory. This report referred to the arrival of Dr. Moffat, who had visited Moselekatse, and established a mission among his people. Leaving the bank of the Zambesi for a time, they travelled through the Batoka highlands, where they found the air bracing and beneficial. Although the country was fertile, it was thinly populated, Sebituane and Moselekatse having ravaged it in their numerous forays.

The following interesting account of the Batoka country and its people is from the pen of Mr. Charles Livingstone:—"The country of the Batoka, in Central Africa, lies between the 25th and 29th degrees of east longitude, and the 16th and 18th of south latitude. It has the River Kafue on the north, the Zambesi on the east and south, and extends west till it touches the low fever-plains of the River Majeela, near Sesheke. But a few years since these extensive healthy highlands were well peopled by the Batoka; numerous herds of cattle furnished abundance of milk, and the rich soil largely repaid the labour of the husbandman. Now, enormous herds of buffaloes, elephants, antelopes, zebras, etc., fatten on the excellent pasture which formerly supported multitudes of cattle, and not a human being is to be seen. We travelled

from Monday morning to late in the Saturday afternoon (from Thabacheu to within twenty miles of Victoria Falls) without meeting a single person, though constantly passing the ruined sites of Batoka villages. These people were driven out of this, the choicest portion of their noble country, by the invasion of Sebituane. Many were killed, and the survivors, except those around the falls, plundered of their cattle, fled to the banks of the Zambesi, and to the rugged hills of Mataba. Scarcely, however, had the conquerors settled down to enjoy their ill-gotten riches when they themselves were attacked by small-pox; and, as soon as its ravages had ceased, the fighting Matabele compelled them to abandon the country, and seek refuge amidst the fever-swamps of Linyanti.

“The Batoka have a mild and pleasant expression of countenance, and are easily distinguished from the other Africans by the singular fashion of wearing no upper front teeth, all persons of both sexes having them knocked out in early life. They seem never to have been a fighting race, but to have lived at peace among themselves, and on good terms with their neighbours. While passing through their country we observed one day a large cairn. Our guide favoured us with the following account of it:—‘Once on a time the ancients were going to fight another tribe; they halted here and sat down. After a long consultation they came to the unanimous conclusion that, instead of proceeding to fight and kill their neighbours, and perchance getting themselves killed, it would be more like men to raise this heap of stones as their earnest protest against what the other tribe had done, which they accordingly did, and then returned quietly home again.’ But, although the Batoka appear never to have had much stomach for fighting with men, they are remarkably brave hunters of buffaloes and elephants. They rush fearlessly close up to these formidable animals, and kill them with their heavy spears. The Banyai, who have long levied black-mail from all Portuguese traders, were amazed at the daring bravery of the Batoka in coming at once to close quarters with the elephant and despatching him. They had never seen the like before. Does it require one kind of bravery to fight with men, and another and different sort to fight with the fiercest animals? It seems that men may have the one kind in an eminent degree, and yet be without the other.

“The Batoka having lived at peace for ages, had evidently attained to a degree of civilization very much in advance of any other tribe we have yet discovered. They *planted* and *cultivated fruit-trees*. Nowhere else has this been the case, not even among the tribes which have been in contact with the Portuguese for two hundred years, and have seen and tasted mangoes, oranges, etc. etc. The natives round Senna and Tette will on no account plant the stone of mango. They are firm believers in a superstition, that ‘if any one plants a mango, he will die soon afterwards.’ In and around the Batoka

villages some of the most valuable timber trees have been allowed to stand, but every worthless tree has been cut down and rooted out, and the best of the various fruit-trees of the country have been carefully planted and preserved, and also a few trees from whose seeds they extracted oil. We saw fruit-trees which had been planted in regular rows, the trunks being about three feet in diameter, also grand old Motsakiri fruit-trees still bearing abundantly, which had certainly seen a hundred summers. Two of the ancient Batoka once travelled as far as the river Loangwa. There they saw the massan-tree in fruit, carried some all the way back to the Great Falls, and planted them. Two of the trees are still standing, the only ones of the kind in all that region.

“They made a near approach to the custom of even the most refined nations in having permanent graveyards, either on the sides of sacred hills, or under the shady fig-trees near the villages. They revered the tombs of their ancestors, and erected monuments of the costliest ivory at the head of the grave, and often even entirely enclosed it with the choicest ivory. Other tribes on the Zambesi throw the body into the river, to be devoured by alligators, or, sewing it in a mat, place it on the branches of the baobab, or cast it into some gloomy, solitary spot, overgrown with thorns and noxious weeds, to be devoured by the foul hyena. But the Batoka reverently buried their dead, and regarded the ground as sacred to their memories. Near the confluence of the Kafue, the chief, accompanied by some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present; their foreheads were marked with white flour, and there was an unusual seriousness in their demeanour.

“We were informed that, shortly before our arrival, they had been accused of witchcraft. Conscious of innocence they accepted the terrible ordeal, or offered to drink the poisoned muavi. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill where reposed the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirits of their fathers to judge of the innocence of these their children, drank the muavi, vomited, and were therefore declared to be ‘Not guilty.’ They believed in the immortality of the soul, and that the souls of their ancestors knew what they were doing, and were pleased or not accordingly. The owners of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirits of their fathers, who helped them in killing the hippopotamus.

“Some of the Batoka chiefs must have had a good deal of enterprise. The lands of one in the western part of the country lay on the Zambesi, which protected him on the south; on the east and north was an impassable reedy marsh, filled with water all the year round, leaving only his west border unprotected and open to invasion. He conceived the bold project of digging a broad and deep canal, nearly a mile in length, from the west end of this reedy river to the Zambesi—and actually carried it into execution—thus

forming a large island, on which his cattle grazed in safety, and his corn ripened from year to year, secure from all marauders. Another chief, who died a number of years ago, believed that he had discovered a remedy for tsetse-bitten cattle. His son showed us the plant, which was new to our botanist, and likewise told us how the medicine was prepared. The bark of the root is dried, and—what will be especially palatable to our homœopathist friends—a dozen tsetse are caught, dried, and ground with the bark to a fine powder. The mixture is administered internally, and the cattle are also smoked, by burning the rest of the plant under them. The treatment is continued some weeks, as often as symptoms of the poison show themselves. This, he frankly said, will not cure all the bitten cattle, for cattle, and men too, die in spite of medicine; but should a herd by accident stray into a tsetse district and get bitten, by this medicine of Kampakampa, his father, some of them could be saved, while without it all would be sure to die.

“A remarkably prominent feature in the Batoka character is their enlarged hospitality. No stranger is ever allowed to suffer hunger. They invariably sent to our sleeping-places large presents of the finest white meal, with fat capons to give it a relish, and great pots of beer to comfort our hearts, with pumpkins, beans, and tobacco; so that, as they said, we ‘should not sleep hungry or thirsty!’ In travelling from the Kafue to Sinamanes, we often passed several villages in the course of a day’s march. In the evening, deputations arrived from those villages at which we could not sleep, with liberal presents of food. It evidently pained them to have strangers pass them without partaking of their hospitality. Repeatedly were we hailed from huts, asked to wait a moment and drink a little beer, which they brought with alacrity.

“When we halted for the night, it was no uncommon thing for these people to prepare our camp. Entirely of their own accord, some with their hoes quickly smoothed the ground for our beds; others brought bundles of grass and spread it carefully over the spot; some, with their small axes, speedily made a brush-fence round to shield us from the wind; and if, as occasionally happened, the water was a little distant, others hastened and brought a pot or two of water to cook our food with, and also firewood. They are an industrious people, and very fond of agriculture. For hours at a time have we marched through unbroken corn-fields of nearly a mile in width. They erect numerous granaries for the reception of the grain, which give their villages the appearance of being unusually large; and when the water of the Zambesi has subsided, they place the grain, tied up in bundles of grass, well plastered over with clay, on low sand islands, as a protection against the attacks of marauding mice and men.

“Owing to the ravages of the weevil, the native corn can hardly be preserved until the following crop comes in. However largely they may

cultivate, and abundant the harvest, it must all be consumed the same year in which it is grown. This may account for their making so much of it into beer. The beer they brew is not the sour and intoxicating kind found among other tribes, but sweet, and highly nutritious, with only a slight degree of acidity to render it a pleasant drink. We never saw a single case of intoxication among them, though all drank great quantities of beer. They were all plump, and in good condition. Both men and boys were eager to work for very small pay. Our men could hire any number of them to carry their burdens for a few beads a-day, or a bit of cloth. The miserly and extra-dirty cook had an old pair of trousers some of us had given him, and which he had long worn himself. With one of the decayed legs of his trousers, he hired a man to carry his heavy load a whole day; a second man carried it the next day for the other leg; and what remained of the old trousers, minus the buttons, procured the labour of another man for the third day.

"A peculiar order of men is established among them, the order of the Endah Pezes (Go-Nakeds). The badge of this order, as the name suggests, consists in the entire absence of the slightest shred of clothing. They are in the state in which Adam is reported to have been before his invention of the fig-leaf apparel. We began to see members of this order about two days above the junction of the Kafue; two or three might be seen in a village. The numbers steadily increased, until in a very short time every man and boy wore a badge of the Endah Pezes. The chief of one of the first villages, a noble, generous fellow, was one, as were likewise two or three of his men. In the afternoon he visited us in the full dress of his order—viz., a tobacco-pipe, nothing else whatever, the stem about two feet long, wound round with polished iron. He gave us a liberal present. Early next morning he came, accompanied by his wife and daughter, with two large pots of beer, in order that we might refresh ourselves before starting. Both the women, as comely and modest-looking as we have seen in Africa, were well clothed and adorned.

"The women, in fact, are all well clothed, and have many ornaments. Some wear tin ear-rings all round the ear; no fewer than nine often in each ear. There was nothing to indicate that they had the slightest idea of there being anything peculiar in the no-dress-at-all-style of their order. They rub their bodies with red ochre. Some plait a fillet two inches wide, of the inner bark of trees, shave the wool off the lower part of the head to an inch above the ear, tie this fillet on, having rubbed it and the wool which is left with the red ochre mixed in oil. It gives them the appearance of having on a neat forage-cap. This, with some strings of beads, a little polished iron wire round the arms, the never-failing pipe, and a small pair of tongs to lift up a coal to light it with, constitute all the clothing the most dandified Endah Peze ever wears.

"They raise immense quantities of tobacco on the banks of the Zambesi

in the winter months, and are, perhaps, the most inveterate smokers in the world. The pipe is seldom out of their hands. They are as polite smokers as any ever found in a railway carriage. When they came with a present, although it was their own country, before lighting their pipes, they asked if we had any objections to their smoking beside us, which of course, contrary to railway travellers, we never had. They have invented a novel mode of smoking, which may interest those who are fond of the weed at home. They take a whiff, puff out the grosser smoke, then, by a sudden inhalation before all is out, contrive to catch, as they say, and swallow the pure spirit of the tobacco, its real essence, which common smokers lose entirely. Their tobacco is said to be very strong; it is certainly very cheap; a few strings of beads will purchase as much as will last any reasonable smoker half a year. Their government, whatever it may have been formerly, is now that of separate and independent chiefs."

On the 4th of August, Livingstone and his party reached Moachemba, the first of the Batoka villages owing allegiance to Sकेलेतु, and could distinctly see with the naked eye, in the extensive valley spread out before them, the columns of vapour rising from the Victoria Falls, though upwards of twenty miles distant. They learned that, through the failure of corn crops, great scarcity and much hunger prevailed from Sesheke to Linyanti. Reports of domestic trouble connected with the families of some of the men who had accompanied Livingstone to the coast, and were now returning, and sad intelligence concerning the attempt certain missionaries had made to plant the gospel at Linyanti, now came to their ears. Several of the missionaries and their native attendants from Kuruman, had succumbed to the fever, and the survivors had been compelled to retire. They remained a day with the old Batoka chief, Moshobotwane, the stoutest man they had seen in Africa. He had a large herd of cattle, and a tract of fine pasture-land on the beautiful stream Lekone. They now met several of the real Makololo; they are lighter in colour than the other tribes, being of a rich warm-brown; and they speak in a slow, deliberate manner, distinctly pronouncing every word. Among others, they found Pitsane, who had accompanied Livingstone to St. Paul de Loanda.

The expedition marched, on the 9th, eight miles to see the Victoria Falls. The Makololo name of these falls is Mosi-oa-tunya, which means smoke-sounding. Their more ancient name was Chongwe, or the place of the rainbow. "We embarked," says our traveller, "in canoes, belonging to Tuba Mokoro, 'smasher of canoes,' an ominous name; but he alone, it seems, knew the medicine which insures one against shipwreck in the rapids above the falls. For some miles the river was smooth and tranquil, and we glided pleasantly over water clear as crystal and past lovely islands densely covered with a tropical vegetation. Noticeable among the many trees were the lofty

Hyphæne and Borassus palms; the graceful wild date-palm, with its fruit in golden clusters, and the umbrageous Mokononga, of cypress form, with its dark green leaves and scarlet fruit. Many flowers peeped out near the water's edge, some entirely new to us, and others, as the convolvulus, old acquaintances. But our attention was quickly called from the charming islands to the dangerous rapids, down which Tuba might unintentionally shoot us. To confess the truth, the very ugly aspect of these roaring rapids could scarcely fail to cause some uneasiness in the minds of new-comers. It is only when the river is very low, as it was now, that any one durst venture to the island to which we were bound. If any one went during the period of flood, and fortunately hit the island, he would be obliged to remain there till the water subsided again, if he lived so long. Both hippopotami and elephants have been known to be swept over the falls, and of course smashed to pulp.

"Before entering the race of waters, we were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the virtue of the medicine; and no one with such boiling eddying rapids before his eyes, would think of disobeying the orders of a 'canoe-smasher.' It soon became evident that there was sound sense in this request of Tuba's, although the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe-man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come. It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and when he saw a rock or snag to call out to the steersman. Tuba doubtless thought that talking on board might divert the attention of his steersman at a time when the neglect of an order, or a slight mistake, would be sure to spill us all into the chafing river. There were places where the utmost exertions of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapid, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside on, where in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger.

"Never was a canoe more admirably managed. Once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy. We were driving swiftly down; a black rock, over which the white foam flew, lay directly in our path; the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped, just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half-full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place, to bail out the water. Here we were given to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault;

that had lost none of its virtue ; the accident was entirely owing to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said we never let Tuba go without that meal again. We landed at the head of Garden Island, which is situated near the middle of the river and on the lip of the falls. On reaching that lip, and peering over the giddy height, the wondrous and unique character of the magnificent cascade at once burst upon us.

“ It is rather a hopeless task to endeavour to convey an idea of it in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may perhaps help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls ; and, during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river—the St. Lawrence—flows. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black, basaltic rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder, consequently, in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1860 yards, but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be 80 yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Fall, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar ; and this is Mos-ioa-tunya, or the Victoria Falls.

“ Looking from Garden Island, down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel

twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the falls. This outlet is about eleven hundred and seventy yards from the western end of the chasm, and some six hundred from its eastern end: the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape-channel for one hundred and thirty yards, then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper, and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape-channel at its point, of eleven hundred and seventy yards long, and four hundred and sixteen yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east, in a third chasm, then glides round a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west, in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm towards the east. In this gigantic, zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.

"The land beyond, or on the south of the falls, retains, as already remarked, the same level as before the rent was made. It is as if the trough below Niagara were bent right and left several times before it reached the railway bridge. The land in the supposed bends being of the same height as that above the fall, would give standing-places, or points of view, of the same nature as that from the railway-bridge, but the nearest would be only eighty yards, instead of two miles (the distance to the bridge) from the face of the cascade. The tops of the promontories are in general flat, smooth, and studded with trees. The first, with its base on the east, is at one place so narrow, that it would be dangerous to walk to its extremity. On the second, however, we found a broad rhinoceros path and a hut; but, unless the builder were a hermit, with a pet rhinoceros, we cannot conceive what beast or man ever went there for. On reaching the apex of this second eastern promontory we saw the great river, of a deep sea-green colour, now sorely compressed, gliding away, at least four hundred feet below us.

"Garden Island, when the river is low, commands the best view of the Great Fall chasm, as also of the promontory opposite, with its grove of large evergreen trees, and brilliant rainbows of three-quarters of a circle, two, three

and sometimes even four in number, resting on the face of the vast perpendicular rock, down which tiny streams are always running, to be swept back again by the upward rushing vapour. But as, at Niagara, one has to go over to the Canadian shore to see the chief wonder—the Great Horseshoe Fall—so here we have to cross over to Moselekatse's side of the promontory of evergreens, for the best view of the principal falls of Mosi-oa-tunya. Beginning, therefore, at the base of this promontory, and facing the cataract, at the west end of the chasm, there is, first, a fall of thirty-six yards in breadth, and of course, as they all are, upwards of three hundred and ten feet in depth. Then Boaruka, a small island, intervenes, and next comes a great fall, with a breadth of five hundred and seventy-three yards; a projecting rock separates this from a second grand fall of three hundred and twenty-five yards broad; in all, upwards of nine hundred yards of perennial falls. Further east stands Garden Island; then, as the river was at its lowest, came a good deal of the bare rock of its bed, with a score of narrow falls, which, at the time of flood, constitute one enormous cascade of nearly another half-mile. Near the east end of the chasm are two larger falls, but they are nothing at low water compared to those between the islands. The whole body of water rolls over, quite unbroken; but, after a descent of ten or more feet, the entire mass suddenly becomes like a huge sheet of driven snow. Pieces of water leap off it in the form of comets, with tails streaming behind, till the whole snowy sheet becomes myriads of rushing, leaping, aqueous comets."

Garden Island, and another island further west, also on the lip of the falls, were used by the ancient Batoka chiefs as sacred spots, set apart for divine worship. The ground for a number of miles above the falls is strewn with agates; but the fires, which burn off the grass every year, have injured most of those on the surface. At the falls, Livingstone met an Englishman, a Mr. Baldwin from Natal, who had succeeded in reaching them, guided only by his pocket-compass. As he was being ferried over to the north side of the river, he jumped in and swam ashore. "If," said Mashotlane, who ferried him over, "he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound there, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us, therefore, we said, he must pay a fine;" and, as the gentleman had nothing with which to pay, they were taking care of him till his waggon, which was two days distant, should arrive, that he might pay them in beads. Leaving the falls, the party marched up the river and crossed the Lekone at its confluence, about eight miles above the Island Kalai. They spent Sunday, the 12th, at the village of Molele, an old Batoka chief, who boasted in having formerly been a great favourite with Sebituane. The next day they met a party from Sekeletu, who was now at Sesheke. On reaching Sesheke, Livingstone found that Sekeletu was suffering from leprosy, and had withdrawn himself from the sight of his people. A long-continued

drought had almost destroyed the crops, and the country was suffering from a partial famine. The illness, and consequent inactivity of Sekeletu, had furnished occasion for, and indeed tempted, chiefs and headmen at a distance to do as they liked ; and too often had they been induced to oppress their immediate dependants, and plunder neighbouring and friendly tribes.

An unbroken stream of visitors poured in upon Livingstone the day after his arrival at Sesheke, to pay him their respects, and to tell him what had befallen them during his absence. They were all much depressed. Sekeletu, believing himself bewitched, had slain a number of his chief men, together with their families ; subjected and friendly tribes at a distance were revolting ; famine was upon them ; and the power of the Makololo was passing away. Sekeletu was found sitting in a covered waggon, which was surrounded by a high wall of close-set reeds. His face was slightly disfigured by the thickening and discolouration of the skin where the leprosy had passed over it. The doctors of his own tribe had failed to cure him, and a female doctor of the Manyeti tribe was now trying her skill. After some difficulty she allowed Dr. Kirk and Livingstone to operate upon the patient, and under their treatment he was greatly benefited. Though it was a time of great scarcity, the chief treated the travellers with much hospitality. Two horses that Livingstone had left there in 1853 were still alive, notwithstanding hard usage and perpetual hunting ; this the natives attributed to the fact that the Englishmen loved the Makololo.

Sekeletu was delighted with the several articles the travellers had brought for him. When informed that a sugar-mill and other bulky and heavy goods had been left at Tette, but would probably be sent up as far as the falls by a powerful steamer, though they could be conveyed no farther, he asked, with a charming simplicity, if a cannon could not blow away the falls, so as to allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke. Livingstone says that the Makololo were by far the most intelligent and enterprising of the African tribes that he had met. The practice of polygamy among them, though designed to increase, really tended to diminish the tribe. Although the men indulge freely in smoking bang, or Indian hemp, they do not like their wives to follow their example ; some women, however, do smoke it secretly, and the practice causes a disease known by a minute eruption on the skin, quite incurable unless the habit be abandoned. The chief receives the hump and ribs of every ox slaughtered by his people, and tribute of corn, beer, honey, wild fruits, hoes, paddles, and canoes, from the Barotse, Manyeti, Matlotlora, and other subject tribes. The principal revenue, however, is derived from ivory. The ancient costume of the Makololo consisted of the skin of some animal, worn round and below the loins, and in cold weather a kaross, or skin mantle, was thrown over the shoulders. The kaross is now laid aside, and the young men of fashion wear a monkey-jacket and a skin round the hips ; but no trousers,

waistcoat, or shirt. The river and lake tribes are in general very cleanly, bathing several times a day. The Makololo women use water rather sparingly, rubbing themselves with melted butter instead; this keeps off parasites, but gives their clothes a rancid odour.

"The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before each hut sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cowskin, others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping-rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots, and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens. The boys play with spears of reeds, pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or in moulding cattle in clay: they show great ingenuity in the imitation of various-shaped horns. Some, too, are said to use slings, but, as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. Tselane, one of the ladies, on observing Dr. Livingstone noting observations on the wet and dry bulb thermometers, thought that he too was engaged in play; for, on receiving no reply to her question, which was rather difficult to answer, as the native tongue has no scientific terms, she said, with roguish glee, 'Poor thing, playing like a little child!'"

Two packages, containing letters and newspapers from Kuruman, were lying at Linyanti, and a messenger was sent for them. He returned with only one (the other being too heavy for him), on the seventh day, having travelled two hundred and forty miles. As Livingstone wished to get some more medicine and papers out of the waggon he had left at Linyanti, in 1853, he determined to proceed there himself. On his arrival, he found everything as safe as when he left it seven years before. The supply of medicine he had left was untouched, and it was a melancholy reflection that Mr. Helmore, the missionary, and the other members of the mission, should have died there, with the medicines they needed lying within a hundred yards of their encampment. Taking with him a supply of this medicine, Livingstone returned towards Sesheke. During his stay there, he was accustomed to teach the people the truths of the Christian religion. On the last occasion of holding Divine service with them, they were invited to converse about the subject on which they had been addressed—that subject being the future state. They answered that they did not wish to offend the speaker, but they could not believe that all the dead would rise again. "Can those," said they, "who have been killed in the field and devoured by vultures, or those who have been eaten by the hyenas or lions, or those who have been tossed into the river, and eaten by more than one crocodile—can they all be raised to

life?" They were told that a leaden bullet could be changed into a salt (acetate of lead), which could be as completely dissolved in water as our bodies in the stomachs of animals, and then re-converted into lead; or that the bullet could be transformed into the red and white paint which coloured the waggons, and again re-converted into the original lead; and that if men could do so much, how more could be done by the Creator of all! They were also told that Christians believed in a resurrection, not because they understood it, but because God declared it in His Book. The reference to the Book and its Author told more powerfully on the native mind than the cleverness of the illustration.

Livingstone and his friends left Sesheke on the 17th of September, 1860, Leshore, Pitsane, and other natives, accompanying them. Messengers were sent with them to bring the merchandise left at Tette, and a supply of medicine for Sekeletu, who by this time was nearly cured of his leprosy. That evening they slept on the left bank of the Majelee, after having had all the men ferried across. An ox was slaughtered, and the next morning not an ounce remained. In this river, a beautiful silvery fish, with reddish fins, abounds; some of the larger ones weighing fifteen or twenty pounds each. Its teeth are exposed, and so arrayed that, when they meet, the edges cut a hook like nippers. The Ngwesi, as this fish is called, is very ravenous; "it often gulps down the Konokono, a fish armed with serrated bones, more than an inch in length in the pectoral and dorsal fins, which, fitting into a notch at the roots, can be put by the fish on full cock, or straight out: they cannot be folded down, without its will, and even break in resisting. The name 'Konokono,' elbow-elbow, is given it from a resemblance its extended fins are supposed to bear to a man's elbows stuck from his body. It often performs the little trick of cocking its fins in the stomach of the Ngwesi, and the elbows piercing its enemy's sides, he is frequently found floating dead. The fin-bones seem to have an acrid secretion on them, for the wound they make is excessively painful. The Konokono barks distinctly when landed with the hook."

Passing the Victoria Falls on the 27th, they reached the Kalomo, and encamped there on the 1st of October; and found the weather much warmer than when they crossed that stream in August. On the 5th, they rested at the village of Simariango. The bellows of the blacksmith here arrested their attention; they consisted of two wooden vessels, like a lady's band-box, the upper ends of which were covered with leather, and looked something like the heads of drums, except that the leather bagged in the centre. They were fitted with long nozzles, through which the air was driven by working the loose covering of the tops up and down by means of a small piece of wood attached to their centres. The following day they arrived at the islet called Chilombe, belonging to Sinamane, the ablest and most energetic of the Batoka

chiefs. His people cultivate large quantities of tobacco, which they manufacture into balls for the Makololo market. Twenty balls, weighing about three-quarters of a pound each, they sell for a hoe. They passed, on the 12th, through a wild, hilly country, with fine wooded scenery on both sides, but a thin population.

Below the junction of the Kafue with the Zambesi, they met, on the 24th, a half-caste ivory hunter, named Sequasha, who, along with a large number of armed slaves, had been hunting elephants. He told them that his men had killed two hundred and ten elephants during their trip. This man was an unscrupulous villain. Only a short time before this, he had entered into a conspiracy to kill a chief near Zumbo; and with a party of picked men, armed with loaded muskets, he had visited the unsuspecting chief, received his hospitality, and then shot him and twenty of his people in cold blood. At the Mburuma Rapids, the Makololo displayed great presence of mind and courage. While passing the most dangerous of the rapids, the canoes filled with water, and were in danger of being swamped, when of course the whole party must have perished. Without a moment's hesitation, two men leaped out of each of the canoes, and ordered a Batoka man to do the same, as "the white men must be saved." "I cannot swim," said the Batoka man. "Jump out then, and hold on to the canoe," which he instantly did. Swimming alongside, they guided the canoes down the swift current to the foot of the rapid, and then ran them ashore to bail them out. Although the scenery of this pass reminded the travellers of Kebrabasa, yet they felt it was much inferior to that.

They arrived at Zumbo on the 1st of November. On the 4th, there were several thunderstorms, and the Zambesi rose several inches, and became highly discoloured. Crocodiles abounded. In the Kakolole narrows, one of these reptiles seized a water-buck, which had been wounded by a shot, and dragged it into the river. The poor animal made a desperate resistance, and hauling the crocodile several yards, tore itself out of its jaws. To escape the hunter, the water-buck jumped into the river, and was swimming across, when another crocodile gave chase, but a ball soon sent him to the bottom. At the east end of Chicova, they entered Kebrabasa Rapids, and soon found the navigation both difficult and dangerous. Dr. Kirk's canoe was swamped, the occupants scrambling ashore with difficulty; but unfortunately a chronometer, a barometer, his notes of the journey, and various botanical drawings of the fruit-trees of the interior, were lost. They had now to leave the river, and proceed on foot. On their way, they met two large trading parties of Tette slaves travelling to Zumbo, leading, to be sold for ivory, a number of Manganja women, with ropes round their necks, and all made fast to one long rope.

On the 23rd of November, they arrived safely at Tette, after being absent

a little more than six months. The two English sailors whom they had left in charge of the steamer, had behaved themselves well, and were in excellent health. Their gardening had been a failure. A hippopotamus paid the garden a visit one night, and destroyed their vegetables; the sheep they had broke into their cotton plantation, when it was in flower, and ate it all; the crocodiles devoured their sheep; two monkeys they kept ate all the eggs their fowls laid; and the natives stole their fowls. They were pretty successful in bargaining with the natives for food. Their purchases were all made on board the steamer; and when more was demanded than the market price, they brought a chameleon out of the cabin, an animal of which the natives have a mortal dread. This settled the matter in a moment; for the moment the exorbitant traders saw the creature, they sprang overboard and were gone.

As the Zambesi was unusually low, they remained at Tette till it rose a little; and then left on December the 3rd, for the Kongone. They found it hard work to keep the steamer afloat; and on the morning of the 21st she grounded on a sandbank and filled. It was impossible to empty her, or to get her off. During the night the river rose, and all that was visible of her the next day was about six feet of her two masts. Most of the property that was on board was saved; and the party encamped on the island of Chumba, where they spent the Christmas Day. Having obtained canoes from Senna, they reached that place on the 27th, and were hospitably entertained once more by Senhor Ferrao. On the 4th of January, 1861, they reached the Kongone; and found that the Portuguese had erected during their absence a custom-house there, and also a hut for a black lance-corporal and three men. They took up their quarters in the custom-house—a small square floorless hut of mangrove stakes, overlaid with reeds. Here, while waiting for a ship, they had leisure to read the newspapers and periodicals they found in the mail which was waiting their arrival at Tette, and several of which were a year and a half old.

Their provisions began to fail; and towards the end of the month, they had only left a little hard biscuit and a few ounces of sugar. They were able, however, to use roasted mapira as a tolerable substitute for coffee; and fresh meat they obtained from their antelope preserves on a large island made by a creek between the Kongone and East Luabo. From drinking the brackish water, and eating the fresh pasturage, which is saline near the coast, the flesh of the antelopes was sweeter and more tender than in the interior, where it is dry and tough. The eggs of the pelican and turtle, too, were found in great abundance, also several varieties of fish; and thus they were able to supply their daily wants. They were in the midst of a focus of decaying vegetation, and nothing was so much to be dreaded as inactivity. They had therefore to find what exercise and amusement they could. Among other curiosities

they observed in their wanderings, was the blenny-fish, which hurried across the surface of the water, when it was alarmed, in a series of leaps. "It may be considered amphibious, as it lives as much out of the water as in it, and its most busy time is low water. Then it appears on the sand or mud, near the little pools left by the retiring tide; it raises itself on its pectoral fins into something like a standing attitude, and with its large projecting eyes keeps a sharp look-out for the light-coloured fly, on which it feeds. Should the fly alight at too great a distance for even a second leap, the blenny moves slowly towards it like a cat to its prey, or like a jumping spider; and, as soon as it gets within two or three inches of the insect, by a sudden spring contrives to pop its underset mouth directly over the unlucky victim."

They found that the muddy ground under the mangrove-trees swarmed with myriads of soldier-crabs; they discovered also a larger species of crab that was musical. They seemed to sing in concert, and to imitate the song-birds of the groves. The wart-hogs were fond of these large sound-producing crabs, digging them out of the muddy swamps during the night, and devouring them. The various kinds of mangrove furnished an interesting and instructive study. One kind stood at ebb-tide, on its fantastic roots high above the ground; while at flood-tide, the trunk seemed as if planted on the surface of the water. The seeds of another kind are formed like arrow-heads, and, in falling, are by their own weight shot into the soft ground, and self-planted. They saw the natives pounding the woody stems of a poisonous climbing-plant, and hanging it up in bundles. Having staked off a portion of water with bushes to prevent the exit of the fish that were in it, the poisonous plants were placed in the water, and either killed the fish or stupified them, so that they were easily secured. The poison is said to be injurious to man if the water is drunk; but not when the fish is cooked. During their stay on the coast, in spite of all their care, they had some touches of fever; the natives they had brought down with them from the interior suffering almost as much as they suffered themselves.

CHAPTER XVII.

Arrival of the Pioneer—Bishop Mackenzie and his Mission—Death of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup—Lake Nyassa and its People—Arrival and Death of Mrs. Livingstone—The Rovuma—The Expedition withdrawn—Livingstone's Voyage to Bombay, and Return to England.

ON the 31st of January, 1861, their new ship, the "Pioneer," arrived from England, and anchored outside the bar; but owing to the stormy state of the weather, she did not venture in till the 4th of February. At the same time two of H. M. cruisers arrived, bringing Bishop Mackenzie, and the Oxford and Cambridge Mission, to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. The Mission consisted of six Englishmen, and five coloured men from the Cape; and as Dr. Livingstone and his party were under orders to explore the Rovuma, about two hundred miles to the north of the Zambesi, and beyond Portuguese territory, they scarcely knew what to do with them. Bishop Mackenzie wished himself and his party to be conveyed at once to Chibisa's village on the Shire, and left there; but Livingstone feared that, as they had no medical attendant, they might meet the fate of Mr Helmore and his party at Linyanti. At length it was arranged that the Bishop should proceed in the "Lyra" to Johanna, and there leave the other members of the Mission, while he himself should accompany Livingstone up the Rovuma, to ascertain whether the country round its head-waters was a suitable place for a settlement.

The "Pioneer" anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February. Unlike most African rivers, this one has a magnificent bay, and no bar. They waited for the Bishop till the 9th of March; and on his arrival proceeded up the river. The scenery on the lower part of the Rovuma is superior to that on the Zambesi. Eight miles from the mouth the mangroves are left behind, and a beautiful range of well-wooded hills crowns each bank. A tree resembling African blackwood, of finer grain than ebony, grows in abundance, and to a large size. The few people that were seen were of Arab breed, and did not appear to be in good circumstances. Though the current of the Rovuma was as strong as that of the Zambesi, the volume of water was very much less. They sailed up the river for thirty miles, but were compelled to return, as the river was rapidly falling in volume, and they were afraid that the ship might ground altogether, and have to lie

there until the next season. They touched at Mohilla, one of the Comoro Islands, on their return, where they found a mixed race of Arabs, Africans, and natives of Madagascar. From them they went over to Johanna for their friends; sojourned a few days at the Comoro Islands, and then sailed for the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, and passed up the Shire.

The "*Pioneer*" was a very superior vessel, and, excepting her draught of water, well suited for the purpose she was intended to serve. Her great draught, however, occasioned a great deal of trouble and much loss of time. Had she drawn but three feet she could have run up and down the river at any time in the year; but, as it was, having once passed up over a few shallow banks, it was impossible to take her down again until the river rose in December. In hauling her over the shallow places, Bishop Mackenzie and some of his party were ever ready and ever anxious to lend a hand, and worked as hard as any on board. On reaching Chibisa's village, they heard that there was war in the Manganja country, and that the slave-trade was going on briskly. Having hired as many men to carry the Bishop's goods up to the hills as were willing to go, they started for the highlands, on the 15th of July, to show the Bishop the country, which, from its situation and coolness, was most suitable for a station.

They halted the next forenoon at the village of Mbame, to obtain new carriers, as Chibisa's men did not choose to go further. After resting a little while, Mbame told them that a slave party, on its way to Tette, would soon pass through the village. They resolved, at all risk, to do their present duty in putting a stop to the abominable evil, which was following on the footsteps of their discoveries. And this is how they acted:—"A few minutes after Mbame had spoken to us, the slave-party, a long line of manacled men, women, and children, came wending their way round the hill and into the valley, on the side of which the village stood. The black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line; some of them blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest; so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party alone remained; and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late Commandant at Tette, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied, he had bought them; but on our inquiring of the people themselves all, save four, said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted too.

"The captives knelt down, and, in their way of expressing thanks,

clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely on our hands, and knives were soon busy at work cutting the women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the Bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true; but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave-sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere children, about five years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, 'The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat; what sort of people are you?—Where do you come from?' Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. This, the rest were told, was to prevent them from attempting to escape. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out, because she could not carry her load and it. And a man was despatched with an axe, because he had broken down with fatigue. Self-interest would have set a watch over the whole rather than commit murder; but in this traffic we invariably find self-interest overcome by contempt of human life and by blood-thirstiness.

"The Bishop was not present at this scene, having gone to bathe in a little stream below the village; but on his return he warmly approved of what had been done; he at first had doubts, but now felt that, had he been present, he would have joined us in the good work. Logic is out of place when the question with a true-hearted man is, whether his brother-man is to be saved or not. Eighty-four, chiefly women and children, were liberated; and on being told that they were now free, and might go where they pleased, or remain with us, they all chose to stay; and the Bishop wisely attached them to his mission, to be educated as members of a Christian family. In this way a great difficulty in the commencement of a mission was overcome. Years are usually required before confidence is so far instilled into the natives' mind as to induce them, young or old, to submit to the guidance of strangers professing to be actuated by motives the reverse of worldly wisdom, and inculcating customs strange and unknown to them and their fathers."

The good work thus begun was carried on. Eight other slaves were freed in a hamlet on their path. Dr. Kirk and four Makololo followed a party of traders with a hundred more, but they succeeded in making clear off to Tette. Between fifty and sixty others were liberated in a few days after, and most of them, being entirely naked, were clothed. Months afterwards, at Tette, some merchants who were engaged in the slave-trade spoke

to Dr Livingstone of the governor's liberating slaves. His answer was, that he had liberated several groups of slaves in the Manganja country; and this was all that passed in regard to the matter.

Bishop Mackenzie having decided to settle at Magomero, it was thought desirable to prevent the country from being depopulated by the Ajawa chief, who was now waging war with the Manganja, and carrying off all the people he could obtain to sell them for slaves. The party, therefore, determined to visit him, and endeavour to persuade him to abandon war and kidnapping, and turn the energies of himself and his people to more peaceful pursuits. They came upon the Ajawa just as they were in the act of sacking and burning a number of villages; and they heard the shouts of the marauders mingling with the wail of the Manganja women lamenting over their slain.

After engaging with the Bishop in fervent prayer, they sought an interview with the Ajawa; but owing to a misunderstanding, unwittingly occasioned by some expressions of the Manganja, they thought Livingstone and his companions had come to fight, and therefore would not listen to them. In a short time the Ajawa formed themselves into a body, and began to shoot poisoned arrows at them, until they were reluctantly compelled, in self-defence to fire upon their assailants, who fled, shouting back that they would follow and kill them while they slept. This was the first time Livingstone had ever been attacked by the natives, or come into collision with them; and he and his friends grieved to think that their efforts at conciliation had failed, and that reluctantly they had been compelled to adopt a course which would tend to frustrate their great purpose, and expose them to misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

It was proposed by Mackenzie that they should at once follow the triumphant Ajawa, and drive them out of the country, and liberate the captives they might have in their possession. This proposal commended itself to all except Livingstone, who saw clearly what would be the result of a Christian missionary adopting such a step; and he cautioned them not to interfere by force, under any circumstances, in any of these wars, even though the Manganja in their extremity sought their aid. "You will be oppressed," said he, "by their importunities; but do not interfere in native quarrels." With this advice, Livingstone left the Bishop and his mission, and returned to the ship, to prepare for his journey to Lake Nyassa.

In an earlier part of this work we have given a brief account of Bishop Mackenzie's mission; but the following summary of the fate of the leaders of the mission, and the proceedings of Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk, in taking Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, and Mr. Hawkins, to the mission station on the Shire, will be read with melancholy interest:—"At Shupanga, about ten miles from Mozzaro, the 'Pioneer,' it was found, could proceed no further. There was, therefore, no alternative but to prosecute the remainder of the

journey in the two boats, which were provisioned for ten days; and as it was supposed that their destination might be reached in four, the project did not look very formidable. When we mention that, instead of four, twelve days elapsed ere the boats made the junction of the Rua River, sixty miles from their journey's end, and that, during this period, the ladies were in open boats, exposed to all the extremes of a fearfully unwholesome atmosphere, to the thousand insect-plagues which literally render existence almost unbearable, and that the crews were, man after man, struck down by insidious disease, it will be readily understood how wretched was their situation, and how heavily those in charge felt their responsibility.

"At this part of the river it was that the Bishop and Mr. Burrup were expected to be in readiness to receive them. But the natives would not give any information; and Captain Wilson, knowing that provisions would be needed by the 'Gorgon,' sent one of the two boats back down the river on a foraging expedition, while he pushed up with the other to leave the ladies at Chibisa. The crew of the former suffered terribly from fever on their way, and indeed, from all accounts, were most miraculously preserved, especially as provisions and medicine were all used up; and of stimulants, there were none. Captain Wilson, in his boat, went on safely enough to Chibisa, the nearest spot to the mission station; there, he left the ladies in charge of the doctor, and tried to get overland with Dr. Kirk and four men, but when within two days' march of the place he was attacked by fever, which had nearly proved fatal. Dr. Kirk had even looked out for a place in which to bury him. Dr. Kirk too was struck down, but most providentially a messenger, who had been despatched forward, returned with some of the mission party. This may be said to have saved them from death. Then it was that Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk first learned the disastrous news which has shocked and saddened so many. The natives at Rua had known of it, but had kept silence, fearing lest they should be suspected of having caused the deaths of the Bishop and Mr. Burrup, by witchcraft. One night, indeed, the boat in which were Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup had anchored within a hundred yards of the Bishop's grave.

"On the 14th of February, 1862, it was known at the station, by the arrival there of one of the Makololo, who reported the Bishop's death, and intimated the approach of Mr. Burrup, who was carried on some rough branches of trees by two Makololo, but so shrunk and ill as to be scarcely recognisable. From Mr. Burrup it was gathered that, after leaving the station on January 3rd, the Bishop and he had slept five nights on the road; that, at Chibisa, they obtained a small canoe with some men, who paddled them down to the island of Malo. Unfortunately, they were upset, got wet through, and, worst of all, lost a case in the water, containing clothes, powder, and medicine. At first they were well received by chief Chikangi. The Bishop had

an attack of low fever, which soon gained ground on a constitution which, though naturally strong, had been weakened by exposure and suffering. It soon became evident that he was sinking fast, as his speech was wandering, and he was perfectly helpless. The same afternoon, on the other side of the river, in a secluded spot, under a large tree, Mr. Burrup was reverently reading the burial service, in the dim twilight, over his lost leader, with no one near to share his affliction, save the Makololo who had dug the grave.

"On the next day, Mr. Burrup prepared to return to the station. Nothing but death was before him. Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone, he journeyed on to Chibisa. Thence to the station he was carried, being too weak to walk. From the 14th of February, the day of his arrival, hopes of his recovery were entertained for a short time; but ere long diarrhœa added to his weakness, and the fever was aggravated by the want of proper nourishing food. On the morning of the 22nd he breathed his last; and on Sunday, the following day, he was buried near the station. Neither Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, nor Mr. Hawkins, ever reached the station; they returned to the Cape in H.M.'s ship 'Gorgon.'"

Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and Mr. Charles Livingstone, started for Nyassa, on August 6th, 1861. They were attended by a white sailor and a score of natives, and carried with them a light four-oared gig. They found no difficulty in hiring people to carry the boat from village to village, along the path past the forty miles of the Murchison Cataracts. A cubic of cotton cloth a day was considered by the natives high wages, and more than twice the number of men they required eagerly offered themselves on those terms. The possession of a boat by the party, and their consequent independence of canoes, had a powerful effect in making the inhabitants on both sides of the river extremely civil and obliging. They found a wonderful contrast between neighbouring villages. Some were prosperous and happy, others poor and miserable. To avoid marauding parties of the Ajawa, on the left bank of the Shire, they kept on the right side, coasting the shore of the lake Pamalombe, while the land party walked by the bank. The unhealthiness of this lake, however, and the immediate neighbourhood, soon constrained them to seek a freer and healthier atmosphere.

"We hastened," says Livingstone, "from this sickly spot, trying to take the attentions of the mosquitoes as hints to seek more pleasant quarters on the healthy shores of Lake Nyassa; and when we sailed into it, on the 2nd of September, we felt refreshed by the great coolness of the air off this large body of water. The depth was the first point of interest. This is indicated by the colour of the water, which, on a belt along the shore, varying from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, is light green, and this is met by the deep blue or indigo tint of the Indian Ocean, which is the colour of the great body of Nyassa. We found the Upper Shire from nine to fifteen feet in depth;

but skirting the western side of the lake, about a mile from the shore, the water deepened from nine to fifteen fathoms; then, as we rounded the grand mountainous promontory, which we named Cape Maclear, after our excellent friend, the Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, we could get no bottom with our lead-line of thirty-five fathoms. We pulled along the western shore, which was a succession of bays, and found that, where the bottom was sandy near the beach, and to a mile out, the depth varied from six to fourteen fathoms. In a rocky bay, about latitude $11^{\circ} 40'$, we had soundings at one hundred fathoms, though outside the same bay we found none with a fishing-line of one hundred and sixteen fathoms; but this cast was unsatisfactory, as the line broke in coming up. According to our present knowledge, a ship could anchor only near the shore.

“Looking back to the southern end of Lake Nyassa, the arm from which the Shire flows was found to be about thirty miles long, and from ten to twelve broad. Rounding Cape Maclear, and looking to the south-west, we have another arm, which stretches some eighteen miles southward, and is from six to twelve miles in breadth. These arms give the southern end a forked appearance, and with the help of a little imagination it may be likened to the ‘boot-shape’ of Italy. The narrowest part is about the ankle, eighteen or twenty miles. From this it widens to the north, and in the upper third or fourth it is fifty or sixty miles broad. The length is over two hundred miles. The direction in which it lies is as near as possible due north and south. Nothing of the great bend to the west, shown in all the previous maps, could be detected by either compass or chronometer, and the watch we used was an excellent one. The season of the year was very unfavourable. The ‘smokes’ filled the air with an impenetrable haze, and the equinoctial gales made it impossible for us to cross to the eastern side. When we caught a glimpse of the sun rising from behind the mountains to the east, we made sketches and bearings of them at different latitudes, which enabled us to secure approximate measurements of the width. These agreed with the times taken by the natives at the different crossing-places—as Tsenga, and Molamba. About the beginning of the upper third the lake is crossed by taking advantage of the island Chizumara, which name, in the native tongue, means the ‘ending;’ further north they go round the end instead, though that takes several days.

“The lake appeared to be surrounded by mountains, but it was afterwards found that these beautiful tree-covered heights were, on the west, only the edges of high table-lands. Like all narrow seas encircled by high lands, it is visited by sudden and tremendous storms. We were on it in September and October, perhaps the stormiest season of the year, and were repeatedly detained by gales. At times, while sailing pleasantly over the blue water with a gentle breeze, suddenly, and without any warning, was heard the

sound of a coming storm, roaring on with crowds of angry waves in its wake. We were caught one morning with the sea breaking all around us, and, unable either to advance or recede, anchored a mile from shore, in seven fathoms. The furious surf on the beach would have shivered our slender boat to atoms, had we tried to land. The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests, driven into spray, streaming behind them. A short lull followed each triple charge. Had one of these white-maned seas struck our frail bark nothing could have saved us, for they came on with resistless force; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. For six weary hours we faced those terrible trios, any one of which might have been carrying the end of our expedition in its hoary head. A low, dark, detached, oddly-shaped cloud came slowly from the mountains, and hung for hours directly over our heads. A flock of night-jars (*Cometornis vexillarius*), which on no other occasion come out by day, soared above us in the gale, like birds of evil omen. Our black crew became sea-sick, and unable to sit up or keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives and our land-party stood on the high cliffs looking at us and exclaiming, as the waves seemed to swallow up the boat, 'They are lost! they are all dead!' When at last the gale moderated, and we got safely ashore, they saluted us warmly, as after a long absence. From this time we trusted implicitly to the opinions of our seaman, John Neil, who, having been a fisherman on the coast of Ireland, understood boating on a stormy coast, and by his advice we often sat cowering on the land for days together, waiting for the surf to go down. He had never seen such waves before. We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; and did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, would call Nyassa the 'Lake of Storms.'

"Lake Nyassa receives no great affluents from the west. The five rivers we observed in passing did not at this time appear to bring in as much water as the Shire was carrying out. They were from fifteen to thirty yards wide, and some too deep to ford; but the evaporation must be very considerable. These streams, with others of about the same size from the mountains on the east and north, when swollen by the rains, may be sufficient to account for the rise in the lake without any large river. The natives nearest the northern end denied the existence of a large river there, though at one time it seemed necessary to account for the Shire's perennial flow. Distinct white marks on the rocks showed that, for some time during the rainy season, the water of the lake is three feet above the point to which it falls towards the close of the dry period of the year. The rains begin here in November, and the permanent rise of the Shire does not take place till January. The western side of Lake Nyassa, with the exception of the great harbour to the west of Cape Maclear, is, as has been said before, a succession of small bays of

nearly similar form, each having an open sandy beach and pebbly shore, and being separated from its neighbour by a rocky headland, with detached rocks extending some distance out to sea. The great south-western bay referred to would form a magnificent harbour, the only really good one we saw to the west.

“The land immediately adjacent to the lake is low and fertile, though in some places marshy, and tenanted by large flocks of ducks, geese, herons, crowned cranes, and other birds. In the southern part we have sometimes ten or a dozen miles of rich plains, bordered by what seem high ranges of well-wooded hills, running nearly parallel with the lake. Northwards the mountains become loftier, and present some magnificent views, range towering beyond range, until the dim, lofty outlines, projected against the sky, bound the prospect. Still further north the plain becomes more narrow, until near where we turned, it disappears altogether, and the mountains rise abruptly out of the lake, forming the north-east boundary of what was described to us as an extensive table-land, well suited for pasturage and agriculture, and now only partially occupied by a tribe of Zulus, who came from the south some years ago. These people own large herds of cattle, and are constantly increasing in numbers by annexing other tribes.

“Never before in Africa have we seen anything like the dense population on the shores of Lake Nyassa. In the southern part, there was an almost unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well nigh every little sandy bay, dark crowds were standing, gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail; and wherever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children, who hastened to have a stare at the ‘chirombo’ (wild animals). To see the animals feed, was the greatest attraction; never did the Zoological Society’s lions or monkeys draw more sight-seers than we did. Indeed, we equalled the hippopotamus on his first arrival among the civilised on the banks of the Thames. The wondering multitude crowded round us at meal times and formed a thicket of dark bodies, all looking on, apparently, with the deepest interest; but they good-naturedly kept each other to a line we made on the sand, and left us room to dine. They were civil upon the whole. Twice they went the length of lifting up the edge of our sail, which we used as a tent, as boys do the curtains of travelling menageries at home. They named us indeed ‘chirombo,’ which means only the wild animals that may be eaten, but they had no idea that we understood their meaning. No fines were levied on us, nor dues demanded. At one village only they were impudent, but they were ‘elevated’ by beer. They cultivate the soil pretty extensively, and grow large quantities of rice and sweet potatoes, as well as maize, mapire, and millet. In the north, however, cassava is the staple product, which, with fish kept till the flavour is high, constitutes the main support of the inhabitants. During a portion of the year,

the northern dwellers on the lake have a harvest which furnishes a singular sort of food. As we approached our limit in that direction, clouds, as of smoke rising from miles of burning grass, were observed bending in a south-easterly direction, and we thought that the unseen land on the opposite side was closing in, and that we were near the end of the lake. But next morning we sailed through one of the clouds on our own side, and discovered that it was neither smoke nor haze, but countless millions of minute midges, called 'kungo' (a cloud or fog). They filled the air to an immense height, and swarmed upon the water, too light to sink in it. Eyes and mouth had to be kept closed while passing through this living cloud; they struck upon the face like fine drifting snow. Thousands lay in the boat when she emerged from the cloud of midges. The people gather these minute insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, to be used as a relish—millions of midges in a cake. A kungo cake, an inch thick and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts.

"Abundance of excellent fish are found in the lake, and nearly all were new to us. The mpasa, or sanjika, found by Dr. Kirk to be a kind of carp, was running up the rivers to spawn, like our salmon at home. The largest we saw was one two feet in length. It is a splendid fish, and the best we have ever eaten in Africa. They were ascending the rivers in August and September, and furnished active and profitable employment to many fishermen, who did not mind their being out of season. Weirs were constructed full of sluices, in each of which was set a large basket-trap, through whose single tortuous opening the fish, once in, has but small chance of escape. A short distance below the weir, nets are stretched across from bank to bank, so that it seemed a marvel how the most sagacious sanjika could get up at all without being taken. Possibly a passage up the river is found at night; and this is not the country of Sundays or close times for either men or fish. The lake fish are caught chiefly in nets, although men, and even women with babies on their backs, are occasionally seen fishing from the rocks with hooks."

The first impression a stranger would receive of the Lake Nyassa men is, that they are lazy. During the day you see them lying fast asleep under the trees along the shore, as if they had nothing to do, or did not care to do anything; but when you come to know the facts of the case, you will find that these morning sleepers have been working hard most part of the night. They begin to bestir themselves in the afternoon, preparing their nets and lines, and canoes, for their night's work. They paddle off in the evening to the fishing stations, and then, through the greater part of the night, they are dragging their nets. It is evident, from the quantity of native cotton cloth worn, that many of the people must be employed in the cultivation of cotton,

and in preparing it for use. They are not handsome; the women especially are very plain, and universally wear the *pelele*, or lip-ornament. All the natives are tattooed from head to foot, the figures being characteristic of the tribes, and varying with them. In character and disposition they are very much like other people—good, bad, and indifferent. “It might be only a coincidence,” says Livingstone, “but we never suffered from impudence, loss of property, or were endangered, unless among people familiar with slaving.”

“Some of the burying-grounds are very well arranged, and well cared for. This was noticed at Chitanda, and more particularly at a village on the southern shore of the fine harbour at Cape Maclear. Wide and neat paths were made in the burying-ground on its eastern and southern sides. A grand old fig-tree stood at the north-east corner, and its wide-spreading branches threw their kindly shade on the last resting-place of the dead. Several other magnificent trees grew around the hallowed spot. Mounds were raised, as they are at home, but all lay north and south, the heads apparently north. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the various implements which the buried dead had used in their various employments during life; but they were all broken, as if to be employed no more. A piece of fishing-net and a broken paddle told that a fisherman slept beneath that sod. The graves of the women had the wooden mortar, and the heavy pestle used in pounding the corn, and the basket in which the meal is sifted, while all had numerous broken calabashes, and pots arranged around them. The idea that the future life is like the present does not appear to prevail; yet a banana-tree had been carefully planted at the head of several of the graves, and, if not merely for ornament, the fruit might be considered an offering to those who still possess human tastes.”

As Livingstone pursued his explorations, he found, on the northern part of the lake, that the people were more savage and lawless. The Mazitu living on the highlands were accustomed suddenly to invade the villages on the plains, and pillage and destroy them. The travellers fell in with these people on more occasions than one, and had several illustrations of their blood-thirsty character. There were numerous elephants on the borders of the lake, and hippopotami swarmed in the creeks and lagoons. On the 17th of October, they were detained by a storm at the mouth of the Kaombe, and were visited by several men belonging to an Arab who had been fourteen years in the interior. They had just brought down ivory, malachite, copper rings, and slaves, to exchange for cloth at the lake. The slave-trade was carried on at the lake with great vigour. Two enterprising Arabs had built a dhow, and were running her, crowded with slaves, regularly across the lake. They were informed, on the best authority, that nineteen thousand slaves from the Nyassa country passed annually through the custom-house at Zanzibar

Their exploration of Lake Nyassa extended from the 2nd of September to the 27th of October, 1861; and, as they had spent or lost most of their goods, they found it necessary to return to the ship. As they were descending the Shire, they found a number of Manganja families who had been driven from their homes by the Ajawa, concealed in the broad belt of papyrus round the lakelet Pamalombe. The papyrus grew so thickly, that when beat down it supported their small temporary huts, though, when they walked from one hut to another, it bent beneath their feet. Between them and the land there was a dense and impenetrable forest of the papyrus, and no one passing by on the same side would ever have suspected that human beings lived there. A few miles below this small lake is the last of the great slave-crossings. At a place called Movunguti, a young man came in great state to have a look at them. He walked under a large umbrella, and was followed by five young women gaily dressed. One carried his pipe; another his bow and arrows; a third his battle-axe; a fourth one of his robes, while the last was ready to take his umbrella when he felt tired. He sat and looked at the strangers for a few minutes, the young ladies kneeling behind him, and then retired. Opposite to this place, Livingstone had met on his first trip a middle-aged woman of considerable intelligence, from whom he received his first definite information concerning Lake Nyassa. She was the only Manganja woman he had ever met who was ashamed of wearing the *pelele*, or lip-ring. When they left the river, to avoid the cataracts, crowds of carriers offered their services to convey the boat and their baggage. They found that the village at the foot of the cataracts had increased in size and prosperity since they passed it on their way up. They could not understand this, until they discovered that the place had become a crossing for the slaves whom the Portuguese agents were carrying to Tette, because they were afraid to take them across nearer to where the ship lay, about seven miles off.

The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, 1861, in a weak condition, having suffered much from hunger. The next day heavy rains began, and continued several days, so that the river rose rapidly, and became highly discoloured. On the 14th, Bishop Mackenzie came down to the ship, with some of the "Pioneer's" men who had been left at Magomero for the benefit of their health; and on the same day Livingstone and he parted, never to meet on earth again. The rains now ceased, and the river fell, even more rapidly than it had risen. Twenty miles below Chibisa's, a shoal impeded their further progress, and they had to remain there five weeks, till the permanent rise of the river. Here, the first death occurred in the expedition. Towards the close of December, the rains became pretty general, and by the beginning of January, 1862, the Shire was in flood. On the 11th of January, they entered the Zambesi, and steamed down towards the coast, taking the side on which they had come up; but, as it sometimes does, the

channel had been changed to the other side during the summer, and they soon grounded. At length, they anchored at the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi; choosing this spot, because wood was much more easily obtained there than at the Kongone. On the 30th, H.M.S. "Gorgon" arrived, towing the brig which brought Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, and Mrs. Burrup; the former had come out to join her husband, while the others were on their way to join their friends at Magomero, where they arrived, as we have already seen, too late to see their friends alive. The brig also brought the twenty-four sections of a new iron steamer intended for the navigation of Lake Nyassa.

The "Pioneer" steamed up the river with the party, and a portion of the sections of the newly-arrived steamer, on the 10th of February; but her progress was so distressingly slow, in consequence of the current, and the machinery having been allowed to get out of order, that Livingstone and his friends determined to land and put the sections of the "Lady Nyassa"—the name given to the new steamer—together at Shupanga, while Captain Wilson and others went forward with the mission party in the gig of the "Gorgon." Captain Wilson arrived at Shupanga on the 11th of March; on the 15th, the "Pioneer" steamed with the gallant officers down to the Kongone; and on April the 4th, he left for the Cape in command of his ship, taking all, except one of the mission party, who had come with him in January.

During Livingstone's subsequent detention at Shupanga, he proceeded as far up the Shire as the Upper Cataracts, and saw what wretchedness prevailed in the country. Instead of the dense population living in peace and plenty which he first found there, only a few scattered fragments were left, almost destroyed by famine and slave-hunting. Disease prevailed universally. On the 7th of April, there was only one man in connection with the expedition fit for duty. About the middle of the month, Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by fever; and notwithstanding that she received every attention which affection and skill could render, she died on the 27th, and was buried on the following day under the shade of a great baobab-tree, the Rev. James Stewart, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, reading the burial service. The brave seamen of the "Gorgon" mounted guard for several nights over her last resting-place. There she quietly sleeps, waiting the morning of the resurrection to life eternal.

The "Pioneer" made several trips to the Kongone, and returned with the last load of the "Lady Nyassa" on the 12th of June. On the 23rd, the new steamer, having been put together, was launched in the presence of a large assemblage of natives, who had come from far and near to witness the sight. They could not believe that a ship of iron would float, and when they saw her glide gracefully into the water, and float like one of their own canoes, their astonishment was unbounded. The figure-head, which was the head

and bust of a female, was regarded by them as a wonderful work of art. As it would be impossible to sail up the river until December, Livingstone and his friends proceeded in the "Pioneer" to Johanna, to obtain a supply of provisions and other requisites, and some oxen to carry the sections of the "Lady Nyassa" past the Murchison Cataracts. Mr. Lumley, H. M. Consul at Johanna, did all in his power to further their views, and gave them six of his own trained oxen from his sugar plantation. On leaving Johanna and their oxen for a time, H. M. S. "Orestes" towed them thence to the mouth of the Rovuma, at the beginning of September. Livingstone was anxious to explore this river, as he was still of opinion that a better way to Lake Nyassa might be found by ascending it. His hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment. It was found to contain a smaller volume of water than many of the tributaries of the Zambesi. Shallows were numerous; and ninety miles from its mouth, a series of cataracts arrested the explorers, and there was nothing for it but to return.

In the following letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Livingstone gives an interesting account of the Rovuma, and the difficulties connected with its navigation:—"The bed of the river is about three-quarters of a mile wide. It is flanked by a well-wooded table-land, which looks like ranges of hills, five hundred feet high. Sometimes the spurs of the highland come close to the water, but generally there is a mile of level alluvial soil between them and the bank. So few people appeared at first, it looked like a 'land to let;' but, having walked up the edge of the plateau, considerable cultivation was met with, though, to make a garden, a great mass of brushwood must be cleared away. The women and children fled; but calling to a man not to be afraid, he asked if I had any objection to 'liquor with him,' and brought a cup of native beer. There are many new trees on the slopes, plenty of ebony in some places, and thickets of brushwood. The whole scenery had a light-gray appearance, dotted over with masses of green trees, which precede the others in putting on new foliage, for this may be called our winter. Other trees showed their young leaves brownish-red, but soon all will be gloriously green. Further up we came to numerous villages, perched on sandbanks in the river. They had villages on shore, too, and plenty of grain stored away in the woods. They did not fear for their victuals, but were afraid of being stolen themselves. We passed through them all right, civilly declining an invitation to land at a village where two human heads had been cut off. A lot of these river-pilots then followed us, till there was only a narrow passage under a high bank, and there let drive their arrows at us. We stopped and expostulated with them for a long time, then got them to one of the boats, and explained to them how easily we could drive them off with our rifles and revolvers, but we wished to be friends, and gave about thirty yards of calico in presents in proof of friendship. All this time we were within forty yards

of a considerable number of them, armed with muskets and bows, on the high bank.

"On parting, as we thought, on friendly terms, and moving on, we received a volley of musket-balls and arrows, four bullet-holes being made in my sail; but finding that we, instead of running away, returned the fire, they took to their heels, and left the conviction that these are the border ruffians who at various points present obstacles to African exploration—men-stealers, in fact, who care no more for human life than that respectable party in London who stuffed the 'Pioneer's' life-buoys with old straw instead of cork. It was sore against the grain to pay away that calico; it was submitting to be robbed for the sake of peace. It cannot be called 'black mail, for that implies the rendering of important service by Arabs; nor is it 'custom dues.' It is robbery perpetrated by any one who has a traveller or trader in his power, and, when tamely submitted to, increases in amount till wood, water, grass, and every conceivable subject of offence, is made occasion for a fine. On our return we passed quietly through them all, and probably the next English boat will be respected. Beyond these Makonde all were friendly and civil, laying down their arms before they came near us. Much trade is carried on by means of canoes, and we had the company of seven of these small craft for three days. They bring rice and grain down to purchase salt. When about sixty miles up, the table-land mentioned above retires, and we have an immense plain, with detached granite rocks and hills dotted over. Some rocks then appear in the river, and at last, at our turning-point, the bed is all rocky masses, four or five feet high, with the water rushing through by numerous channels. The canoes go through with ease, and we might have taken the boats up also, but we were told that further up the channels were much narrower, and there was a high degree of probability that we should get them smashed in coming down.

"We were on part of the slave-route from the Lake Nyassa to Quilwa (Kilwa), about thirty miles below the station of Ndonge, where that route crosses the Rovuma, and a little further from the confluence of the Liende, which, arising from the hill on the east of the Lake Nyassa, flows into the Rovuma. It is said to be very large, with reeds and aquatic plants growing in it, but at this time only ankle-deep. It contains no rocks till near its sources on the mountains, and between it and the lake the distance is reported to require between two and three days. At the cataracts, where we turned, there is no rock on the shore, as on the Zambesi, at Kebrabasa, and Murchison's Cataracts. The land is perfectly smooth, and, as far as we could see, the country has the same flat appearance, with only a few detached hills. The tsetse is met with all along the Rovuma, and the people have no cattle in consequence. They produce large quantities of oil-yielding seeds, as the sesame, or gerzelein, and have hives placed on the trees every few miles. We

never saw ebony of equal size to what we met on this river; and as to its navigability, as the mark at which water stands for many months is three feet above what it is now, and it is now said to be a cubit lower than usual, I have no doubt that a vessel, drawing when loaded about eighteen inches, would run with ease during many months of the year. Should English trade be established on the Lake Nyassa, Englishmen will make this their outlet rather than pay dues to the Portuguese.

"We return to put our ships on Nyassa by the Shire, because there we have the friendship of all the people, except that of the slave-hunters. Formerly we found the Shire people far more hostile than are the Makonde of Rovuma; but now they have confidence in us, and we in them. To leave them now would be to open the country for the slave-hunters to pursue their calling therein, and we should be obliged to go through the whole process of gaining a people's confidence again. It may seem to some persons weak to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi, and thinking that the path thereby is consecrated by her remains. We go back to Johanna and Zambesi in a few days. Kind regards to Lady Murchison, and believe me ever affectionately yours."

Livingstone and his companions returned to the "Pioneer" on the 9th of October, and put to sea on the 18th. They touched at Johanna, obtained a crew of Johanna men, and their oxen, and sailed for the Zambesi. Their fuel failed, however, before they reached it, and they had to run into Killimane for wood. About the end of November, they entered the Zambesi, and found it unusually low, so that they did not go up to Shupanga till the 19th of December. In January, 1863, the "Pioneer" steamed up the Shire, with the "Lady Nyassa" in tow, and they soon came upon traces of the wholesale ravages of the notorious and cruel Mariano. "The survivors of a small hamlet, at the foot of Morambala, were in a state of starvation, having lost their food by one of his marauding parties. The women were in the fields collecting insects, roots, wild fruits, and whatever could be eaten, in order to drag on their lives, if possible, till the next crop should be ripe. Two canoes passed them, that had been robbed by Mariano's band of everything they had in them; the owners were gathering palm-nuts for their subsistence. They wore palm-leaf aprons, as the robbers had stripped them of their clothing and ornaments. Dead bodies floated past them daily, and in the morning the paddles had to be cleared of corpses, caught by the floats during the night. For scores of miles the entire population of the valley was swept away by this savage Mariano, the great Portuguese slave-agent. It made the heart ache to see the wide-spread desolation; the river-banks, once so populous, all silent; the villages burnt down, and an oppressive stillness reigning where formerly crowds of eager sellers appeared with the various products of their industry. Here and there might be seen, on the bank, a small dreary deserted

shed, where had sat, day after day, a starving fisherman, until the rising waters drove the fish from their wonted haunts, and left him to die. Tingane had been defeated; his people had been killed, kidnapped, and forced to flee from their villages. There were a few wretched survivors in one village; but the majority of the population was dead. The sight and smell of dead bodies was everywhere. Many skeletons lay beside the path where, in their weakness, they had fallen and expired. Ghastly living forms of boys and girls, with dull, dead eyes, were crouching beside some of the huts. A few more miserable days of their terrible hunger, and they would be with the dead."

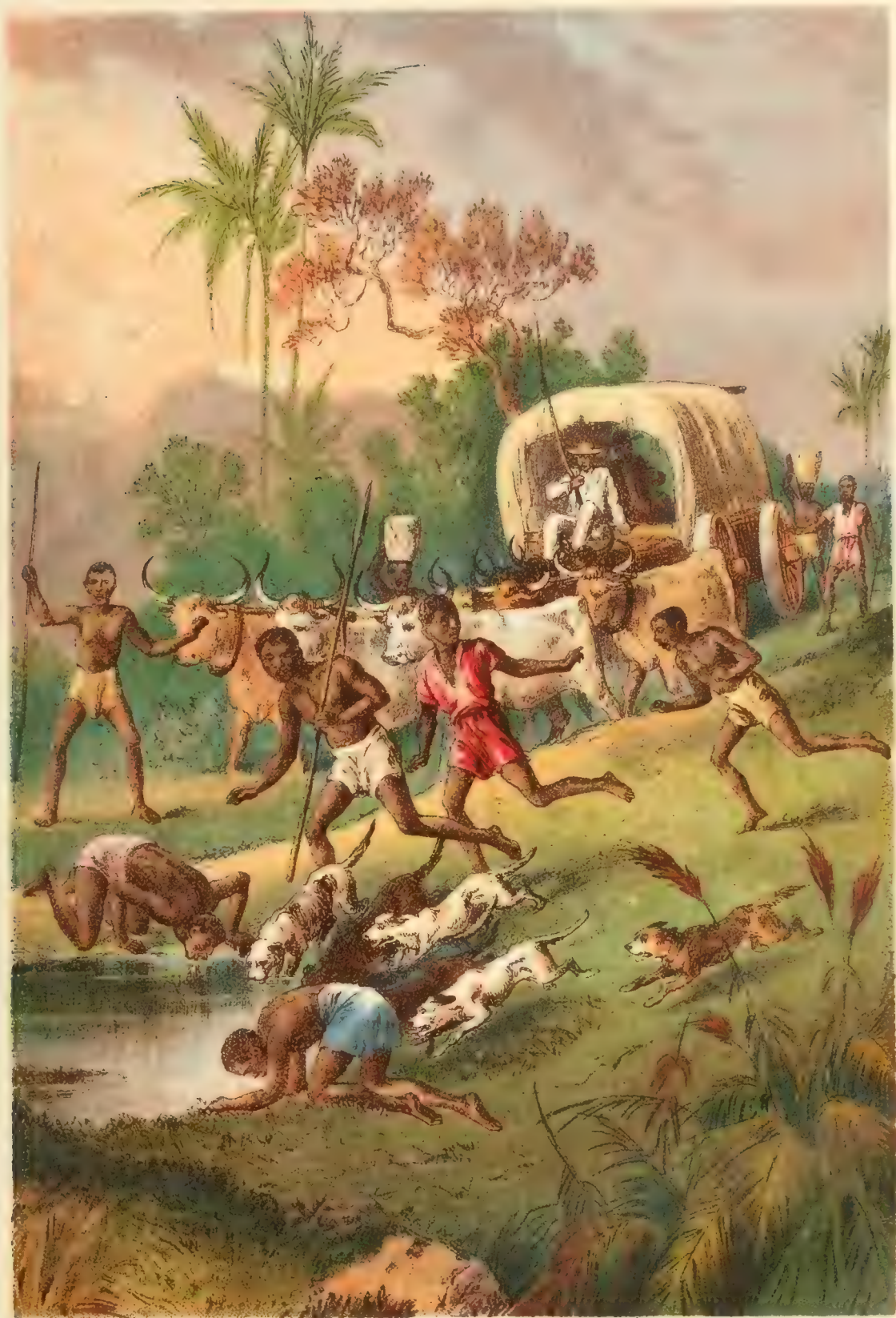
During their detention on the shallow part of the river in March, Mr. Thornton, who had left them in 1859, to join Baron van der Decken in a survey of the Kilimanjaro mountains, rejoined them. He had assisted in the ascent of the highest member of this mountain-range to a height of fourteen thousand feet, discovering at the same time that the height above the level of the sea of the highest peak, was twenty thousand feet. These mountains, above eight thousand feet, are covered with perpetual snow. Mr. Thornton's present mission was to examine the geology of the district in the neighbourhood of the cataracts; but, before he had well begun his arduous labours, he was attacked with fever and dysentery, which terminated fatally on the 21st of April, 1863. He was buried on the 22nd, near a large tree, on the right bank of the Shire, about five hundred yards from the lowest of the Murchison Cataracts.

Livingstone, believing that, if it were possible to get a steamer on Lake Nyassa, he could put a check on the slavers from the east coast, unscrewed the "*Lady Nyassa*" at a rivulet just below the first cataract, and began to make a road over the thirty or forty miles of land portage, by which to carry her up piecemeal. While they were busy making this road, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone, after repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, were compelled to leave for England; the noble leader himself still remaining at his post, though he also had had a severe attack of fever. After a few miles of road were completed, they resolved to seek provisions by going in a boat up the Shire, above the cataracts, to the tribes at the foot of Lake Nyassa, who were not yet assailed by the Ajawa. This attempt, however, failed. A striking instance of the wonderful power of the human constitution to repair itself came at this time under their notice. On the 9th of June, a canoe came floating down empty, and soon after a woman was seen swimming near the other side, about two hundred yards distant. The native crew manned the boat, and rescued her; when brought on board, she was found to have an arrow-head, eight or ten inches long, in her back, below the ribs, and slanting up through the diaphragm and left lung, towards the heart—she had been shot from behind, stooping. Air was coming out of the wound,

and, there being but an inch of the barbed arrow-head visible, it was thought better not to run the risk of her dying under the operation needful for its removal. She was therefore carried to her hut. But one of her relatives immediately cut out the arrow and part of the lung; and she not only became well, but strong. On the 1st of July, they heard the phenomenon, which Moffat and other travellers have noticed, of thunder with a clear sky. That night several loud peals of thunder awoke them; the moon was shining brightly, and not a cloud to be seen. All the natives remarked on the clearness of the sky at the time, and next morning, they said, "We thought it was God."

The following day, on Livingstone's return to the "Pioneer" from the unsuccessful attempt to get to the lake, he found a despatch from Earl Russell, containing instructions for the withdrawal of the expedition. As it was impossible to take the "Pioneer" down to the sea till the floods of December, he determined again on a journey to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, selecting five of the Makololo men, who had settled near Chibisa's, and several of the Johanna men and natives on the spot, making in all twenty native assistants, to accompany him. In attempting to ascend the cataracts, one of the boats, with valuable stores in it, was lost, through the foolish conduct of some of the Zambesi men, who were desirous of showing that they could manage her better than the Makololo. As a punishment, these Zambesi men were sent back to the ship for provisions, cloth, and beads; and on their return had to carry, during the ensuing journey, as heavy loads as they could.

Livingstone resolved to go on foot; and on the 19th of August, he and his companions were fairly on the march. His object was to get away to the N. N. W., proceed parallel with the lake, but at a considerable distance west of it; visit Lake Moelo, and collect further information about the slave-trade. They passed through a tract of country covered with mopane trees, where the hard-baked soil refused to let the usual thick crops of grass grow. Many flowers were in blossom along their path; the euphorbia, baobab, and caparidaceous trees, were in full bloom. On the 26th, they had attained a considerable altitude, "as was evident from the change in the vegetation. The masuko-tree, with its large hard leaves, never met with in the lowlands, was here covered with unripe fruit—fine rhododendrons—the trees (*Cœsalpinæ*), with pinnated leaves, from which bark cloth is made—the molompi (*Pterocarpus*), which, when wounded, exudes large quantities of a red juice, so astringent that it might answer the purpose of kino, and furnishes a wood as elastic and light as ash, from which the native paddles are made. These trees, with everlasting flowers, shaped like daisies and ferns, betokened an elevated habitat, and the boiling-point of water showed that their altitude was two thousand five hundred feet above the sea." As they pursued their way they came close up to a range of mountains, the most prominent peak



A RAIN POOL BY THE WAY

of which was a great, bare, rounded block of granite. Far to their right extended a long green wooded country, rising gradually up to a ridge, ornamented with several detached mountains, which bounded the Shire valley. To the north, in front of them, lay a valley thirty miles in length, with combinations of open forest, sloping woodland, grassy lawns, and massive clumps of dark grass foliage along the running streams, that formed as beautiful a landscape as could be seen on the 'Thames.

The travellers were well received, after their intentions were made known. In many places they were at first received with coldness, and the inhabitants were in daily fear of a slave-stealing raid being made upon them, and naturally looked with suspicion on an armed party, headed by a white man; but, as they proceeded, the great bulk of the inhabitants of the districts through which they passed showed them great kindness. Again and again Livingstone had proofs, both in what he saw and what he heard, that the native tribes in the interior, who have not suffered from the introduction of the slave-trade, are comparatively industrious and happy. It was a pleasant sight to see men, women, and children, preparing the ground for their crops; or clearing the crops of weeds, which were carefully gathered and burned, as in England; or grinding their corn in the stone mill, which "consists of a block of granite, or mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square, and four or six inches thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock, about the size of half a brick, one side of which has a coarse surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the large and stationary stone. The work-woman kneeling, grasps this upper stone with both hands, and works it backwards and forwards in the hollow of the lower stone, in the same way as a baker manipulates his dough, when pressing and pushing it from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the moveable stone; and while it is pressed and pushed forwards and backwards, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus bruised, and then ground, in the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat spread for the purpose. Before being ground, the corn is pounded in a large wooden mortar, exactly similar to the method of the ancient Egyptians. The pestle is about six feet long, and four inches in thickness. By this process the husk is removed from the grain."

The greatest luxury with the people was beer, of which they drank largely, often inviting their neighbours to visit them, and share in their jollification. A common mode of praising the excellency of the beer was to say that the taste reached right to the back of the neck. The laugh of the women was brimful of mirth—no simpering smile, nor senseless loud guffaw, but a merry, ringing laugh, the sound of which did the heart good. If, at his first introduction to a chief, Livingstone observed a joyous twinkle of the eye accompany his laugh, he always set him down as a good fellow, and was never dis-

appointed in him afterwards. Everywhere he was struck with little touches of human nature, which told him that blacks and whites, in their natural ways, were very much the same. Sleeping outside a hut, but near enough to hear what passed in the interior of it, he heard a native woman commence to grind in the dark, about two o'clock in the morning. "Ma," said her little daughter, "why grind in the dark?" After telling her to go to sleep, she said, "I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers, which will make you a little lady."

The party reached Kota-kota Bay on the 10th of September. "At Kota-kota Bay," says Livingstone, in an account of his journey which he wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison, "we found two Arab traders busily engaged in transporting slaves across the lake by means of their boats; they were also building a dhow to supply the place of one which was said to have been wrecked. These men said that they had now fifteen hundred souls in their village, and we saw tens of thousands of people in the vicinity who had fled thither for protection. Every disturbance amongst the native tribes benefits the slave-trader. They were paying one fathom of calico, value one shilling, for a boy, and two fathoms for a good-looking girl. Yet, profitable as it may seem, the purchase of slaves would not pay, were it not for the value of their services as carriers of the ivory conveyed to the coast by the merchants. A trader with twenty slaves has to expend at least the price of one per day for their sustenance; it is the joint ivory and slave-trade which alone renders the speculation profitable. It was the knowledge that I was working towards undermining the slave-trade of Mozambique and Iboe by buying up the ivory, that caused all their obstructive power. I trust that operations in the interior under a more able leader, will not be lost sight of, for these will do more to stop the slave-trade than all the cruisers on the ocean.

"Kota-kota Bay, which is formed by a sandy spit running out and protecting the harbour from the east wind, is the crossing-place for nearly all the slaves that go to Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique. A few are taken down to the end of the lake, and for cheapness cross the Shire; but at Kota-kota lies the great slave-route to Katanga, Cazembe, &c. The Babisa are the principal traders; the Manganja are the cultivators of the soil. The Arabs were very civil when we arrived, and came forth to meet us, and presented us with rice, meal, and sugar-cane. Amongst other presents they made us was a piece of malachite.

"After leaving Kota-kota, we proceeded due west. In three days we ascended the plateau, the eastern side of which has the appearance of a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but the steep walk was toilsome, causing us to halt frequently to take breath. The heights have a delicious but peculiarly piercing air; it seemed to go through

us. Five Shupanga men, who had been accustomed all their lives to the malaria of the Zambesi Delta, were quite prostrated by that which, to me, was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about ninety miles due west on the great Babisa, Katanga, and Cazembe slave-route, and then turned to the north-west. The country is level, but the boiling-point showed a slope in the direction we were going. The edge of the plateau is three thousand four hundred and forty feet above the sea-level.

"As we were travelling in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the traders on the slave-route, hindrances of various kinds were put in our way. The European food we had brought with us was expended; the people refused to sell us food, and dysentery came back on us in force. Moreover, our time was now expired. I was under explicit orders not to undertake any long journey, but to have the "Pioneer" down to the sea by the earliest flood. As the steward and myself were obliged to try our best during the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled six hundred and sixty geographical miles in fifty-five travelling days, averaging twelve miles per day in straight lines. The actual distance along the wavy, up-and-down paths we had travelled, was of course much greater. The new leaves on the trees of the plateau were coming out fresh and green, and of various other hues, when we were there; and on reaching the ship, on the 31st of October, we found all, except the evergreen ones by streams, as bare of leaves as in mid-winter."

On their arrival at the ship, they were delighted and thankful to find all those whom they had left in her in good health. The steward, after having performed his part in the march right bravely, rejoined his comrades stronger than he had ever been before. The first fortnight after their return to the ship was employed in resting. The muscles of their limbs were as hard as boards, and not an ounce of fat existed on any part of the body. About the middle of December, they heard that Bishop Tozer, who had come out as Bishop Mackenzie's successor, had determined to leave the country. In a letter to Admiral Washington, Livingstone thus refers to the matter:—"The Mission of the Universities has been a sore disappointment to me, but on public grounds alone, for it formed no part of my expedition. Before I left the Zambesi, I heard from Bishop Tozer, the successor to Bishop Mackenzie, that he had determined to leave the country as early in the present year (1864) as possible. He selected the top of an uninhabited mountain—Morambala, at the mouth of the Shire—for his mission-station. Fancy a mission-station on the top of Ben Nevis! It is an isolated hill in the middle of a generally flat country; consequently all the clouds collect around the summit, and the constant showers and fogs at certain times make the missionaries run, to avoid being drenched, into the huts. Unlike the first, the second party has been quite useless; they never went near any population that could be taught,

and are now about to run away altogether. Wishing to be strictly accurate as to the incredible fact of a missionary bishop without a flock, I made minute inquiry, and found that on the mountain there were three native huts at one spot, four at another, and nine at a third; but none, except the first three, within easy access of the station. Twenty-five boys whom we liberated, and gave to the late Bishop Mackenzie, were very unwillingly received by his successor, although without them he would have had no natives whatever to teach. He wished to abandon certain poor women and children who were attached to the mission by Bishop Mackenzie, but Mr. Waller refused to comply with his proposal, and preferred to resign his connection with the mission. The Bishop is off before me. I take the boys and children (forty in number) whom he wished to abandon, and send them myself to the Cape. Having once liberated them, I felt in honour bound to see them secure from a return into slavery, and am sure that the gentlemen who sent out the mission would have done the same."

On the 19th of January, 1864, the *Shire* suddenly rose several feet, and Livingstone started at once for the ocean. In order to keep steerage way on the "*Pioneer*," they had to go quicker than the stream, and unfortunately carried away her rudder in passing suddenly round a bank. The delay required for the repairs prevented their reaching Morambala till the 2nd of February. After a hurried visit to Senna, they proceeded down to the mouth of the Zambesi, and were fortunate in meeting on the 13th with H.M.S. "*Orestes*." She was joined next day by H.M.S. "*Ariel*." The "*Orestes*" took the "*Pioneer*," and the "*Ariel*" the "*Lady Nyassa*" in tow, for Mozambique. During the voyage to Mozambique, they encountered a terrible storm; but through God's providence and good seamanship, they escaped without loss of life, or much damage. Captain Chapman of the "*Ariel*," and his officers, pronounced the "*Lady Nyassa*" to be the finest little sea-boat they had ever seen.

The "*Pioneer*" was delivered over to the Government officials at Mozambique; but Livingstone determined to proceed in the "*Lady Nyassa*" to Bombay, and sell her there. On the 16th of April, they steamed out from Mozambique, and, the currents being in their favour, in a week they reached Zanzibar. On the 30th, they started for Bombay, a voyage of two thousand five hundred miles, which they accomplished in safety, arriving there on the 13th of June. The heroic explorer himself acted as navigator, his crew consisting of three Europeans, seven native Zambesi men, and two boys. Considering that the three European members of his crew were laid aside for a month each, and his native Zambesi men had to be taught the duties of the ship, and that the "*Lady Nyassa*" was a tiny little craft, constructed for lake and river navigation, the feat of sailing her across the Indian Ocean was not the least marvellous of the many daring undertakings Livingstone suc-

cessfully carried through. When they steamed into the harbour of Bombay, the vessel was so small that no one noticed their arrival. Yet such was the modesty of the man, that this astounding feat in seamanship did not strike him as being anything wonderful.

Writing from Bombay to his friend Sir Roderick, he speaks thus of the voyage, and of his disappointment as to the recall of the expedition before greater results had been secured:—"We arrived at Bombay on the 13th inst., after a passage of forty-four days from Zanzibar. From Zanzibar we crept along the African coast, in order to profit by a current of at least a hundred miles a day. If Solomon's ships went as far south as Sofala, as some suppose, they could not have done it during the south-west monsoon against such a current. We went along beautifully till we got past the line; we then fell in with calms, which continued altogether for twenty-four days and a half. The sea was as smooth as glass; and, as we had but one stoker, we could not steam more than nine or ten hours at a time. By patience and perseverance, we have, at length, accomplished our voyage of two thousand five hundred miles, but now I feel at as great a loss as ever. I came here to sell my steamer, but with this comes the idea of abandoning Africa before accomplishing something against the slave-trade; the thought of it makes me feel as though I could not lie in peace in my grave, with all the evils I know so well going on unchecked. What makes it doubly galling is, that while the policy of our Government has, to a very gratifying extent, been successful on the West coast, all efforts on the East coast have been rendered ineffectual by a scanty Portuguese convict population. The same measures have been in operation here, the same expense and the same dangers, the same heroic services have been performed by Her Majesty's cruisers, and yet all in vain. The Zambesi country is to be shut up now more closely than ever, and, unless we have an English settlement somewhere on the mainland, beyond the so-called dominions of the Portuguese, all repressive measures will continue fruitless.

"I would willingly have gone up some of the other rivers with my steamer, instead of coming here, but I had only three white men with me—a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter, and seven natives of the Zambesi. The stoker and the sailor had both severe attacks of illness on the way, and it would have been imprudent to have ascended an unexplored river so short-handed. Could I have entered the Juba, it would have been not so much to explore the river, as to set in train operations by merchants and others which should eventually work out the destruction of the slave-trade."

Entrusting the two native boys, who were about sixteen years of age, and called respectively Wekotani and Chumah, to Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, to be educated, Livingstone left India, and arrived in England, in July, 1864. He devoted himself to the preparation of a narrative of his recent travels for

the press, and to the consideration of plans for further efforts to ameliorate the condition of the natives of Central Africa. He felt certain that no help could be calculated on from the Portuguese Government, which, in spite of the utter valuelessness of its possessions on the east coast of Africa, seemed to wink at the devastation and depopulation of the country by slave dealers, and threw every obstacle in the way of any one anxious to acquire information regarding the tribes bordering on their territory, and the possible introduction of legitimate commerce amongst them. The only hope for Africa, as it appeared to him, was the action which an enlightened and aroused public opinion in this country would adopt and sustain. All who have paid any attention to the subject, and watched the course of events during the last few years, must concur in the sound judgment of the heroic traveller. For every manifestation of the growth and quickening of principle in favour of universal freedom, without regard to country or race, we thank Him who has made of one blood all nations of the earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Livingstone's Third Visit to Africa—Arrival at Zanzibar—Re-ascends the Rovuma—Horrors of the Slave-Trader's Track—The Waiyau Country and People—Lake Nyassa Re-visited—Reaches the Loanywa—End of 1866.

ON Livingstone's arrival in England in 1864, the discoveries of Speke and Grant were attracting universal interest; and soon after, those of Baker strengthened the desire to know yet more of a country which had for ages been a mystery to the civilised world, but which was gradually becoming more familiar. The centre of the vast African continent had been a great blank on the map; it had been assumed to be a vast sandy desert; but now, lakes, hill ranges, rivers, extensive and populous settlements, were fast filling the blank up. Livingstone's discoveries in the south, and those of his contemporary explorers farther to the north, had proved beyond all dispute that the centre of Africa was peopled by tribes who were capable, if the abominable slave-trade was suppressed, and legitimate commerce with civilised nations introduced amongst them, of great mental, social, and religious elevation.

All the efforts of modern explorers, however, still left a vast tract of country of which little or nothing reliable was known. Some questioned Speke's conclusion that he had traced the Nile to its great source, when he watched it flowing a noble stream from the Victoria Nyanza Lake, and thought that Tanganyika, and not Nyanza, was the source of the mighty river. There was a general desire to know something of the unknown country between lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa; and all eyes turned to one man as the man who should endeavour to unlock the secret. After his laborious exertions during the preceding six years, Livingstone naturally looked forward to a period of rest; but henceforward there was to be no rest for him this side the grave. Sir Roderick Murchison waited upon him, to convey the opinion of the Royal Geographical Society, that another expedition ought to be sent into the heart of Africa to solve the problem of the water-shed between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika, and to ask him to recommend a suitable man to take such expedition in charge. He recommended a man, who, however, when applied to, declined. On this gentleman's refusal, Sir

Roderick prevailed on Livingstone himself to go. Two thousand pounds were subscribed for the expedition. Mr. Young, a friend of Livingstone's at College, furnished one thousand; the Government gave five hundred; and the Royal Geographical Society subscribed a like sum. As Livingstone, when he reached Bombay, sold the "Lady Nyassa" steamer, and placed the amount he received (two thousand pounds) in bank, to be drawn upon by him for the expenses of the expedition, he actually subscribed one-half the entire sum he believed he had at his disposal at starting. Months after he had passed into the interior of Africa, the banker with whom he had deposited the money became bankrupt, and the whole sum was lost. Lord John Russell renewed Livingstone's appointment as H.M. Consul to the tribes in the interior of Africa, and thus gave to his mission a semi-official character.

Livingstone left England on the 4th of August, 1865, for Paris. From Paris he went to Bombay; and, after a passage of twenty-three days from Bombay, arrived at Zanzibar on the 28th of January, 1866. Visiting the slave-market there, he found about three hundred slaves, most of whom had been brought from Lake Nyassa and the Shire River. As they were hawked about for sale, their teeth were examined, the cloth around them was lifted up to examine their lower limbs, and a stick thrown to a distance, that in fetching it they might exhibit their paces. After being detained for some time at Zanzibar, Livingstone started on the 19th of March, on board the "Penguin," for the Rovuma River. He had with him thirty-six men, including Sepoys, Johannas, Nassick boys, Shupangas, and Waiyaus. He had also six camels, three buffaloes, and a calf, two mules, and four donkeys; and a dhow for the carriage of the animals. The spirit in which the great traveller set out may be learnt from the following entry in his diary, made on the day of departure:—"19th March. We start this morning at 10. A.M. I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them."

They reached Rovuma Bay on the 22nd, but found it impossible to land there safely. The mouth of the river had quite changed from what it was when Livingstone first visited it. They went, therefore, to Mikindany, which lies only about twenty-five miles to the north of Rovuma, and is a good landing-place, and the finest port on the coast. Here the traveller and his party landed, and the "Penguin" left them. He found the people, who are chiefly half-caste Arabs, very civil. Under date of March 26th, he thus writes of the effect of travel—African travel especially:—"Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa, I feel quite exhilarated; when one travels with the specific object of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act becomes ennobled. Whether exchanging the customary civilities on arriving at a village, accepting a night's lodging, purchasing food

for the party, asking for information, or answering polite African inquiries as to our objects in travelling, we begin to spread a knowledge of that people by whose agency their land will yet become enlightened and freed from the slave-trade. The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable. We have usually also the stimulus of remote chances of danger, either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn out towards our humble hardy companions by a community of interests, and, it may be, of perils, which make us all friends. Nothing but the most pitiable puerility would lead any manly heart to make their inferiority a theme for self-exaltation; however, that is often done, as if with the vague idea that we can, by magnifying their deficiencies, demonstrate our immaculate perfections. The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place, is that the mind is made more self-reliant; it becomes more confident of its own resources—there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board, and seem to have no fat; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. Africa is a most wonderful country for appetite, and it is only when one gloats over marrow bones or elephant's feet that indigestion is possible. No doubt much toil is involved, and fatigue, of which travellers in the more temperate climes can form but a faint conception; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God; it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing. No one can truly appreciate the charm of repose unless he has undergone severe exertion."

The harbour of Mikindany has somewhat the shape of a bent bow, the shaft of the arrow being the entrance in; the passage is very deep, but not more than one hundred yards wide, and it goes in nearly south-west; inside, it is deep and quite secure, and protected from all winds. The people of the place speak the Swaheli language, and trade chiefly in gum-copal and Orchilla weed. After spending some days in exploring the immediate neighbourhood, Livingstone proceeded inland, and began to descend the northern slope down to the Rovuma, which he reached on the 14th of April. His course now lay westwards, sometimes wending his way round ranges of hills; sometimes rising over them, and descending their western sides, and then a great deal of woodcutting was required. Gardens were abundant, and the supply of grain, especially rice, large. All the rocks he had seen showed that the plateau consisted of grey sandstone, capped by a ferruginous sandy conglomerate. There now appeared blocks of silicified wood lying on the surface, and so like recent wood, that no one who had not handled it would have conceived

it to be stone; the outer surface preserved the grain or woody fibre, the inner being generally silica.

The party spent Sunday, the 29th, on the banks of the Rovuma, at a village called Machuchu, nearly opposite Honayumba. The gum-copal tree grows in the vicinity of this village. The leaves are in pairs, glossy green, with the veins a little raised on both face and back; the smaller branches diverge from the same point. The bark of the tree is of a light-ash colour. The gum oozes from the bark at wounded places, and drops on the ground from the branches. On the 2nd of May, they came to a mountain called Liparu, about seven hundred feet high, and found a river coming down from its western base, which formed a lagoon on the meadow-land flanking the Rovuma. The next day they rested in a Makoa village, the head of which was an old woman. The Makoa people are known by a half-moon figure tattooed on their forehead or elsewhere. Many of the men have their faces tattooed in double raised lines of about half an inch in length. After the incisions are made, charcoal is rubbed in, and the flesh pressed out, so that all the cuts are raised above the level of the surface: this gives them a fierce and hideous look.

Continuing their westward course, they passed the mountain range, and came first on sandstone hardened by fire, then on masses of granite. With the change in geological structure, they found a different vegetation. Instead of the laurel-leaved trees of various kinds, they had African ebonies, acacias, and mimosæ; the grass was shorter and more sparse, and they could move along without woodcutting. On the 13th, they halted at a village, when a pleasant-looking lady, with her face profusely tattooed, came forward with a bunch of sweet-reed, or *Sorghum saccharatum*, and laid it at Livingstone's feet, saying, "I met you here before." He then remembered her coming to him, on the occasion of his former visit. His men were now only able to make short marches daily, as there was a great scarcity of provisions, and they suffered much from hunger. On the 18th, they came to the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi, at a place called Ngomano. The first communication of any importance received from Livingstone after his passage into the interior, was dated from this spot, on the day of his arrival there, and reached this country early in the following November. In it he says:—

"When we could not discover a path for camels through the mangrove swamps of the mouth of the Rovuma, we proceeded about twenty-five miles to the north of that river, and at the bottom of Mikindany Bay entered a beautiful land-locked harbour, called Kinday or Pemba. The entrance seems not more than three hundred yards wide; the reef on each side of the channel showing so plainly of a light colour, that no ships ought to touch. The harbour is somewhat of the shape of the spade on cards, the entrance being like the short handle. There is nearly a mile of space for anchorage, the southern part being from ten to fourteen fathoms, while the north-west portion is

shallow and rocky. It is a first-rate harbour for Arab dhows, the land rising nearly all round from two to three hundred feet. The water is so calm, Arabs can draw their craft to the shore to discharge and take in cargo. They are also completely screened by the masses of trees growing all round it from seaward observation.

"The population consists of coast Arabs and their slaves. The six villages in which they live are dotted round the shore, and may contain three hundred souls in all. They seemed to be suspicious, and but for our having been accompanied by H.M.S. *Penguin*, would have given trouble. The ordinary precaution of placing a sentry over our goods caused a panic, and the Sirkar, or head man, thought that he gave a crushing reply to my explanations when he blubbered out, 'But we have no thieves here.' Our route hence was S.S.N. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the 'Pioneer' turned in 1861. We travelled over the same plateau that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain of hills from four to six hundred feet high. Except when the natives, who are called Makonde, have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees, in general, are not large, but they grow so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be said to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion, than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates.

"Trade paths have already been made, but we had both to heighten and widen them for camels and buffaloes. The people at the sea-coast had declared that no aid could be got from the natives. When we were seven miles off, we were agreeably surprised to find that, for reasonable wages, we could employ any number of carriers and woodcutters we desired. As they were accustomed to clear away the gigantic climbers for their garden ground, they whittled away with their tomahawks with remarkable speed and skill. But two days continuous hard labour was as much as they could stand. It is questionable whether any people (except possibly the Chinese) who are not meat-eaters, can endure continuous labour of a kind that brings so many muscles into violent action as this work did. French navvies could not compete with the English, until they were fed exactly like the latter. The Makonde have only fowls, a few goats, and the chance of an occasional gorge on the wild hog of the country. . . . Such rocks as we could see were undisturbed grey sandstone, capped by ferruginous conglomerate. Upon this we often stumbled against blocks of silicified wood, so like recent wood that any one would be unwilling to believe at first sight they were stones. This is a sure indication of coal being underneath, and pieces of it were met in the sands of the river.

"When about ninety miles from the mouth of the Rovuma, the geological structure changes, and with this change we have more open forest, thinner vegetation, and grasses of more reasonable size. The chief rock is now syenite, and patches of fine white dolomite lie upon it in spots. Granitic masses have been shot up over the plain, which extends in front all the way to Ngomano, the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi. In the drier country, we found that one of these inexplicable droughts had happened over the north bank of the Rovuma, and a tribe of Mazitu, probably Zulus, had come down like a swarm of locusts, and carried away all the food above ground, as well as what was growing. I had now to make forced marches with the Makonde in quest of provisions for my party, and am now with Matumora, the chief at Ngomano; and by sending some twenty miles to the south-west, I shall obtain succour for them. This is the point of confluence, as the name Ngomano implies, of the Rovuma and the Loendi. The latter is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the south-west, where, in addition to some bold granitic peaks, dim outlines of distant highlands appear. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact, that we are now about thirty miles beyond our former turning point, and on the threshold of the unknown.

"I propose to make this my head-quarters till I have felt my way round the north end of Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to another quarter for fresh supplies; but it is best to say little about the future. Matumora is an intelligent man, and one well-known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his personal character gives him. The Makonde are all independent of each other, but they are not devoid of a natural sense of justice. A carrier stole a shirt from one of my men; our guide pursued him at night, seized him in his own house, and the elders of his village made him pay about four times the value of the article stolen. No other case of theft has occurred. No dues were demanded, and only one fine—a very just one—was levied."

Livingstone left Ngomano on the 4th of June, and slept the following morning at a village called Lamba, on the banks of the Rovuma, near a brawling torrent of about six hundred feet, with many islets and rocks in it. The country presented an open forest, with occasional patches of cultivation, but all dried up, partly from drought, and partly from the cold of winter. Great hills of granite were seen towards the north. These hills were covered with a plant having grassy-looking leaves and rough stalk. Timber-trees appear here and there, but for the most part the growth is stunted, and few are higher than thirty feet. On the 14th, two rounded mountain masses were passed. They were nearly three thousand feet high, and almost bare, having only the peculiar grassy plant just noticed. The people are

said to have stores of grain on them, and it was reported that water also was found on one of them. The route of the party now became south-west.

They now came upon some of the horrors of the slave-trader's track. They passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. She had been unable to keep up with the other slaves, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of any one else, if she recovered after resting for a time. Others were afterwards seen tied up in a similar manner; and one was lying in the path, shot or stabbed, in a pool of blood. It was said an Arab had done it, because she was not able to walk any longer. In one place, they came upon a number with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food. They were too weak to say who they were, or where they came from: some of them were quite young. On asking the natives why these people were tied to trees, and thus left on the path, Livingstone got the usual answer, that the Arabs thus left them to perish, because they were vexed, when the slaves could walk no further, that they had lost their money by them. The path was strewed also with slave-sticks, and Livingstone suspected, although the people denied it, that they made a practice of following slave caravans, and cutting off the sticks from those who fell out in the march, and thus stealing them, to sell them again for cloth.

As our traveller approached Mtarika's place, on the 1st of July, they found the land sloping down for a mile to the south bank of the Rovuma, which was here about a hundred yards broad, and still keeping up its character as a rapid stream, with sandy banks and islands. The country around supported a large population. Some were making new gardens by cutting down trees and piling the branches for burning, and some were storing quantities of grain. On the southern slope there were many oozing springs and damp spots, where rice had been sown and reaped. "Every evening," says Livingstone, "a series of loud musket reports is heard from the different villages along the river; these are imitation evening guns. All copy the Arabs in dress, and chewing tobacco with 'nora' lime, made from burnt river shells, instead of betel-nut and lime. The women are stout, well-built persons, with thick arms and legs; their heads incline to the bullet-shape; the lip-rings are small; the tattoo a mixture of Makoa and Waiyau. Fine blue and black beads are in fashion, and so are arm-coils of thick brass wire. Very nicely inlaid combs are worn in the hair; the inlaying is accomplished by means of a gum got from the root of an orchis called *Nangazu*."

A series of forced marches brought them to the town of a chief called Mataka. The town was situated in an elevated valley, surrounded by mountains; the houses numbered at least a thousand, and there were many villages around. On their journey, they passed the burnt bones of a person poisoned; he was accused of eating human flesh, and had been killed by poison, and then burned. They found the country depopulated. The trees were about the

size of hop-poles, with abundance of tall grass. At night-time, there were many lions roaring about their place of rest. Most of the houses in Mataka's town were built square, in imitation of the houses of the Arabs. The Arabs had introduced the English pea, and the natives cultivated it largely; maize also, and tobacco, and cassava, were grown. There are two roads from this place, leading to Lake Nyassa—one to Losewa, to the westward; the other to Makatu, further south: the first is five days, the other seven. An immense tract of the surrounding country was uninhabited, though there were numerous evidences that it had once been thickly peopled by an ingenious and industrious population. The ridges, which had been planted with maize, beans, cassava, and sorghum, were still standing. The clay pipes which were put on the nozzles of their bellows, and inserted into the furnace, were met with everywhere—often vitrified. Pieces of broken pots, with their rims ornamented with very good imitations of basket-work, were abundant.

The district west of Mataka's rises to about three thousand four hundred feet above the sea, and catches a great deal of the moisture brought up by the easterly winds. Many of the trees are covered with lichens. The cattle of the country, rather a small breed, black and white in patches, and brown, with humps, give milk which is much esteemed. The sheep are a large-tailed variety, and generally of a black colour. Fowls and pigeons are plentiful. "The Waiyau people—the people resident in the country—are far from a handsome race, but they are not the prognathous beings one sees on the West Coast either. Their heads are of a round shape; compact foreheads, but not particularly receding; the *alæ nasi* are flattened out; lips full, and with the women a small lip-ring just turns them up to give additional thickness. Their style of beauty is exactly that which was in fashion when the stone deities were made in the caves of Elephanta and Kenora, near Bombay. A favourite mode of dressing the hair into little knobs, which was in fashion there, is more common in some tribes than this. The mouths of the women would not be so hideous with a small lip-ring if they did not file their teeth to points, but they seem strong and able for the work which falls to their lot. The men are large, strong-boned fellows, and capable of enduring great fatigue; they undergo a rite which once distinguished the Jews about the age of puberty, and take a new name on the occasion; this was not introduced by the Arabs, whose advent is a recent event, and they speak of the time before they were inundated with European manufactures in exchange for slaves, as quite within their memory." After a stay of about a fortnight at Mataka's town, the party started for Lake Nyassa. Mataka, who had proved himself friendly and hospitable, furnished them with a good supply of flour on their departure, and guides to the lake.

"The country," Livingstone says, "is a mass of mountains. On leaving Mataka's, we ascended considerably, and about the end of the first day's

march, near Magola's village, the barometer showed our greatest altitude, about three thousand four hundred feet above the sea. There were villages of these mountaineers everywhere, for the most part of a hundred houses or more each. The springs were made the most use of that they knew; the damp spots drained, and the water given a free channel for use in irrigation further down; most of these springs showed the presence of iron by the oxide oozing out. A great many patches of peas are seen in full bearing and flower. The trees are small, except in the hollows; there is plenty of grass and flowers near streams and on the heights. The mountain-tops may rise two or three thousand feet above their flanks, along which we wind, going perpetually up and down the steep ridges, of which the country is but a succession.

"Looking at the geology of the district, the plateaux on each side of the Rovuma are masses of grey sandstone, capped with masses of ferruginous conglomerate; apparently an aqueous deposit. When we ascended the Rovuma about sixty miles, a great many pieces and blocks of silicified wood appear on the surface of the soil at the bottom of the slope up the plateaux. This, in Africa, is the sure indication of the presence of coal beneath, but it was not observed cropping out; the plateaux are cut up in various directions by wadys, well supplied with grass and trees on deep and somewhat sandy soil; but at the confluence of the Loendi highlands, they appear in the far distance. In the sands of the Loendi, pieces of coal are quite common.

"Before reaching the confluence of the Rovuma and Loendi, or say about ninety miles from the sea, the plateau is succeeded by a more level country, having detached granitic masses shooting up some five or seven hundred feet. The sandstone of the plateau has at first been hardened, then quite metamorphosed into a chocolate-coloured schist. As at Chilole hill, we have igneous rocks, apparently trap, capped with masses of beautiful white dolomite. We still ascend in altitude as we go westwards, and come upon long tracts of gneiss with horn-blende. The gneiss is often striated, all the striæ looking one way—sometimes north and south, and at other times east and west. These rocks look as if a stratified rock had been nearly melted, and the strata fused together by the heat. From these striated rocks have shot up great rounded masses of granite or syenite, whose smooth sides and crowns contain scarcely any trees, and are probably from three to four thousand feet above the sea. The elevated plains among these mountain masses show great patches of ferruginous conglomerate, which, when broken, look like yellow hæmatite, with madrepore holes in it: this has made the soil of a red colour.

"On the watershed we have still the rounded granitic hills jutting above the plains (if such they may be called) which are all ups and downs, and furrowed with innumerable running rills, the sources of the Rovuma and

Loendi. The highest rock observed with mica schist was at an altitude of three thousand four hundred and forty feet. The same uneven country prevails as we proceed from the watershed about forty miles down to the lake, and a great deal of quartz, in small fragments, renders travelling very difficult. Near the lake, and along its eastern shore, we have mica schist and gneiss foliated, with a great deal of horn-blende; but the most remarkable feature of it is, that the rocks are all tilted on edge, or slightly inclined to the lake. The active agent in effecting this is not visible. It looks as if a sudden rent had been made, so as to form the lake, and tilt all these rocks nearly over. On the east side of the lower part of the lake we have two ranges of mountains, evidently granitic—the nearer one covered with small trees and lower than the other, the other jagged and bare, or of the granitic form. But in all this country no fossil-yielding rock was visible, except the grey sandstone previously referred to. The rocks are chiefly the old crystalline forms.

“One fine straight tall tree in the hollows seemed a species of fig: its fruit was just forming, but it was too high for me to ascertain its species. The natives don’t eat the fruit, but they eat the large grubs which come out of it. The leaves are fifteen inches long by five broad: they call it Unguengo.”

As they were approaching the village of a chief called Pezimba, containing about two hundred houses and huts, an Arab party, hearing of their coming, took a circuitous route among the mountains to avoid coming in contact with them. The next day, another large Arab slave party was close to their encampment; but, as soon as they heard the Englishman was near, they set off in a pathless course across the country. This sort of thing was of frequent occurrence. They had now passed through, at the narrowest part, a hundred miles of depopulated country, of which about seventy were on the north-east of Mataka. The greater part of the population had been driven down into the Manganja country by war and famine combined, and eventually filled the slave-gangs of the Portuguese, whose agents went from Tette and Senna to procure them. They reached the lake on the 8th of August. “We came to the lake,” writes the traveller in his Journal, “at the confluence of the Misinje, and felt grateful to That Hand which had protected us thus far on our journey. It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected again to see; and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea, and dash in the rollers. Temperature 71° at 8 A.M., while the air was 65°. I feel quite exhilarated.”

Having reached the lake, Livingstone was anxious to cross to the other side; but found it impossible to persuade any one to take him over. Under date August the 30th, he writes:—“The fear which the English have inspired in the Arab slave-traders is rather inconvenient. All flee from me as if I had

the plague, and I cannot in consequence transmit letters to the coast, or get across the lake. They seem to think that if I get into a dhow I will be sure to burn it. As the two dhows on the lake are used for nothing else but the slave-trade, their owners have no hope of my allowing them to escape; so, after we have listened to various lies as excuses, we resolve to go southwards, and cross at the point of departure of the Shire from the Lake." At the confluence of the Misinge, he saw numbers of the eatable insect "kungu;" and further down, obtained a cake of them. Here he made good ink from the juice of a berry, the fruit of a creeper. The juice, when expressed, was the colour of port wine, and the addition of a little ferri carb. ammon. made the ink. Here, too, he noticed the rapid change in the colour of his poodle dog's hair—all the parts corresponding to the ribs and neck becoming red, the colour of the majority of the dogs belonging to the country.

Proceeding along the east side of the lake in a southerly direction to Ngombo Promontory, they reached Pathunda's village, on September the 6th. Two brooks, here called respectively Libesa and Lilole, form the favourite spawning grounds of the sanjika and mpasa, two of the best fishes of the lake. The sanjika is very like our herring in shape and size; the mpasa larger every way; both live on green herbage formed at the bottom of the lake and the rivers attached to it. On the 13th, they were within three miles of the end of the lake, and could see the whole plainly. The sight awakened in the great explorer's mind serious and sad thoughts. "There," he says, "we first saw the Shire emerge, and there also we first gazed on the broad waters of Nyassa. Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake, slave-dhows prosper!" It will be remembered that the Shire carries off the waters of the Nyassa and joins the Zambesi; and by this water-way Livingstone hoped there would be found easy access to Central Africa.

By the 15th, they were a short distance south of the lake. Here they found two kinds of bean; one, with a pretty white mark on it, grows freely, is easily cooked, and is good. The people call it *Gwingwiza*. The other is called *Tangare*. When planted near a tree it grows all over it, and yields abundantly. It, however, possesses intoxicating qualities, and has to pass through several processes of boiling, pounding, and washing, before it is fit for use. Livingstone visited Mukate, a powerful Waiyau chief residing here, who, with other two, still carried on raids against the Manganja at the instigation of the coast Arabs, and thus supplied the slave-traders. He had a long discussion with him on the abominable traffic he was promoting, but he endeavoured to turn off the matter with a laugh. From Mukate's village the party went to the Lakelet Pamalombe, and, embarking here, went up the

water in canoes to the point of junction between it and the prolongation of Lake Nyassa. Here, from Pima's village, they had a fine view of Pamalombe and the range of hills on its western edge. A little further on, they found three or four hundred people making salt on a plain that was impregnated with it. They excoiate the soil, and boil the water which has filtered through a bunch of grass in a hole in the bottom of a pot, till all is evaporated, and a mass of salt left. The cattle of this place are very large; the size of the body is enormous; and the hump seemed as if it would weigh a hundred pounds. Here they met an Arab slave-party. Eighty-five slaves were enclosed in a pen, the majority of whom were boys about eight or ten years of age, though others were grown men and women. Nearly all were in the taming stick; a few of the younger ones were in thongs—the thong passing round the neck of each.

They now marched westwards, making across the base of Cape Maclear. The hills they crossed were about seven hundred feet above Nyassa, generally covered with trees. Continuing their journey, they came to the large village of Marenga, situated on the eastern edge of the bottom of the heel of the lake. The state of the soil here leads Livingstone to remark, that "the bogs, or earthen sponges of this country, occupy a most important part in its physical geography, and probably explain the annual inundations of most of the rivers. Wherever a plain sloping towards a narrow opening in hills or higher ground exists, there we have the conditions requisite for the formation of an African sponge. The vegetation, not being of a heathy or peat-forming kind, falls down, rots, and then forms rich black loam. In many cases, a mass of this loam, two or three feet thick, rests on a bed of pure river sand, which is revealed by crabs and other aquatic animals bringing it to the surface. At present, in the dry season, the black loam is cracked in all directions, and the cracks are often as much as three inches wide, and very deep. The whole surface has now fallen down, and rests on the sand; but when the rains come, the first supply is nearly all absorbed in the sand. The black loam forms soft slush, and floats on the sand. The narrow opening prevents it from moving off in a landslip, but an oozing spring rises at that spot. All the pools in the lower portion of this spring-course are filled by the first rains, which happen south of the equator when the sun goes vertically over any spot. The second, or greater rains, happen in his course north again, when all the bogs and river-courses being wet, the supply runs off, and forms the inundation. This was certainly the case, as observed on the Zambesi and Shire, and, taking the different times for the sun's passage north of the equator, it explains the inundation of the Nile."

The 26th of September, 1866, was a day to be remembered in Livingstone's history; for then the circumstances occurred, out of which grew the report of Livingstone's murder by the natives, which so profoundly excited

the public mind, and led to the sending out of the Livingstone Search Expedition, under the command of Mr. E. D. Young. Under the above date we have the following entry in the traveller's Journal:—"An Arab passed us yesterday, his slaves going by another route across the base of Cape Maclear. He told Musa that all the country in front was full of Mazitu; that forty-four Arabs and their followers had been killed by them at Kasungu, and he only escaped. Musa and all the Johanna men now declared that they would go no farther. Musa said, 'No good country that; I want to go back to Johanna to see my father and mother, and son.' I took him to Marenga, and asked the chief about the Mazitu. He explained that the disturbance was caused by the Manganja finding that Jumbe brought Arabs and ammunition into the country every year, and they resented it in consequence; they would not allow more to come, because they were the sufferers, and their nation was getting destroyed. I explained to Musa that we should avoid the Mazitu. Marenga added, 'There are no Mazitu near where you are going,' but Musa's eyes *stood out* with terror, and he said, 'I no can believe that man.' But I inquired, 'How can you believe the Arab so easily?' Musa answered, 'I ask him to tell me true; and he say true, true.'

"When we started, all the Johanna men walked off, leaving the goods on the ground. They have been such inveterate thieves that I am not sorry to get rid of them; for, though my party is now inconveniently small, I could not trust them with flints in their guns, nor allow them to remain behind, for their object was invariably to plunder their loads. I ought to mention that the stealing by the Johanna men was not the effect of hunger; it attained its height when we had plenty. . . . Musa knew it all, and connived at it; but it was terror that drove him away at last." Such is Livingstone's own account of the origin of the story which, at first, seemed too true. To the effect of that story, and the prompt and vigorous measures taken to ascertain if it was true, we shall refer hereafter.

At Kumisa's village, Livingstone remained some days. This chief was very hospitable, and showed his visitor much kindness. From here the path was an ascent, and in three hours and a quarter, they had risen to two thousand two hundred feet above the lake. The country is thus described:—"9th October. Both barometer and boiling-point showed an altitude of upwards of four thousand feet above the sea. This is the hottest month, but the air is delightfully clear and delicious. The country is very fine, lying in long slopes, with mountains rising all round, from two to three thousand feet above this upland. They are mostly jagged and rough (not rounded like those near to Mataka's). The long slopes are nearly denuded of trees, and the patches of cultivation are so large and often squarish in form, that but little imagination is requisite to transform the whole into the cultivated fields of England; but no hedgerows exist. The trees are in clumps on the

tops of the ridges, or at the villages, or at the places of sepulture. Just now the young leaves are out, but are not yet green. In some lights they look brown, but with transmitted light, or when one is near them, crimson prevails. A yellowish-green is met sometimes in the young leaves, and brown, pink, and orange-red. The soil is rich, but the grass is only excessively rank in spots; in general, it is short. A kind of trenching of the ground is resorted to; they hoe deep, and draw it well to themselves: this exposes the other earth to the hoe. The soil is burned too. The grass and weeds are placed in flat heaps, and soil placed over them. The burning is slow, and most of the products of combustion are retained to fatten the field. In this way the people raise large crops.

“Men and women and children engage in field labour, but at present, many of the men are engaged in spinning buaze and cotton. The former is made into a coarse sacking-looking stuff, immensely strong, which seems to be worn by the women alone; the men are clad in uncomfortable goat-skins. No wild animals seem to be in the country, and, indeed, the population is so large, they would have very unsettled times of it. At every turning we meet people, or see their villages; all armed with bows and arrows. The bows are unusually long. I measured one made of bamboo, and found that along the bow-string it measured six feet four inches. Many carry large knives of fine iron; and indeed the metal is abundant. Young men and women wear the hair long; a mass of small ringlets comes down and rests on the shoulders, giving them the appearance of the ancient Egyptians. One side is often cultivated, and the mass hangs jauntily on that side; some few have a solid cap of it. Not many women wear the lip-ring. The example of the Waiyau has prevailed so far; but some of the young women have raised lines crossing each other on the arms, which must have cost great pain; they have also small cuts, covering, in some cases, the whole body. The Maravi or Manganja here may be said to be in their primitive state. We find them very liberal with their food; we give a cloth to the headman of the village where we pass the night, and he gives a goat, or at least cooked fowls and porridge, at night and morning.”

The huts were well built. The roof, with the lower part plastered, is formed so as not to admit a ray of light, and the only visible mode of ingress for it is by the door. The party now passed through many villages in quick succession. In one they saw a smithy, and watched the founder at work, drawing off slag from the bottom of his furnace. He broke through the hardened slag, by striking it with an iron instrument inserted in the end of a pole, when the material flowed out of the small hole left for the purpose in the bottom of the furnace. The ore was like sand, and was put in at the top of the furnace, mixed with charcoal. Only one bellows was at work, and the blast was very poor. Some of the chiefs of these villages had the Assyrian

type of face—a fine forehead and nose. At Chimuna's town, which was large and surrounded by many villages, they found the men all on guard, watching for the Mazitu, who were out on one of their murderous raids. A long line of villagers was just arriving from the south, and the smoke of burning settlements in that direction could be plainly seen. The natives of this place were very industrious and skilful. "The eldest inhabitant had never travelled far from the spot in which he was born, yet he had a good knowledge of soils and agriculture, hut-building, basket-making, pottery, and the manufacture of bark-cloth and skins for clothing, as also making of nets, traps, and cordage. There was the greatest courtesy and politeness among them all."

Marching westwards, they came, on the 29th, to Makosa's village. In the afternoon, there was a thunder shower, the first rain that had fallen for some time, and all the people were off to their gardens to sow their seeds. On the 1st of November, they reached the village of Kangerje, situated on a mass of mountains. Kangerje was naturally a disagreeable man, and treated the strangers with great incivility. They were now travelling on a level and elevated country, though there were mountains all about; and they were on the watershed, apparently between the Loangwa of Zumbo on the west, and the lake on the east. Buffaloes, elephants, and lions, abounded. The people of the country through which they passed showed great industry, combining agriculture, and hunting with nets, with their trade as smiths. The hammer, which was a large stone, bound with the strong inner bark of a tree, and loops left for handles, was heard from dawn till sunset. Two pieces of bark formed the tongs, and a big stone sunk into the ground the anvil. The metal was good, and was made from yellow hæmatite, which abounds all over the country. The iron trade must have been carried on for a very long time; for it is impossible to go a quarter of a mile without meeting pieces of slag and broken pots, calcined pipes, and fragments of the furnaces, which are converted by the fire into brick. The people say that they were taught to smelt iron by Chisumpi, which is the name of Mulungu (God).

They now descended, and proceeded rapidly along a valley district towards the Loangwa River. The following extracts from Livingstone's Journal indicate the course at this time, and supply other interesting information:—"30th November. We are now near the Loangwa country, covered with a dense dwarf forest, and the people collected in stockades. They are generally smiths. A mass of iron had just been brought in from some outlying furnaces. It is made into hoes, which are sold for native cloth down the Loangwa."—"3rd December. March through a hilly country covered with dwarf forest to Kande's village. A continuous tap-tapping in the villages shows that bark-cloth is being made. The bark, on being removed from the tree, is steeped in water, or in a black muddy hole, till the outer of the two inner barks can be separated; then commences the tapping with a mallet.

The head of this mallet is very frequently made of ebony, with the face cut into small furrows, which, without breaking, separates and softens the fibres."—"4th December. Marched westwards, over a hilly, dwarf forest covered country; as we advanced, trees increased in size, but no inhabitants."—"11th December. We are now detained in the forest, at a place called Chonde Forest, by set-in rains. It rains every day, and generally in the afternoon. This forest is of good sized-trees, many of them mopane. The birds now make much melody and noise—all intent on building."—"13th December. A set-in rain came on after dark, and we went through slush, the trees sending down heavier drops than the showers; as we neared the Loangwa, we forded a number of deep gullies, all flowing north or north-west into it. The paths were running with water, and when we emerged from the large Mopane Forest, we came on the plain of excessively adhesive mud on which Maranda's stronghold stands, on the left bank of Loangwa, here a good sized river."

The people here were all afraid of them, and food was scarce. The Mazitu had been there three times; and though they had been successfully resisted, they had inspired such fear as to prevent agricultural operations from being carried on. Not being able to obtain food at any price, Livingstone crossed the Loangwa, and pushed on with his party through a bushy country without paths, in which he found game abundant, though wild. He observed that the people had placed corn-granaries at different parts of the forest, and had been careful to leave no track to them—a provision in case of further visits of Mazitu. The Babisa, who inhabit this part of the country, have round bullet heads, snub noses, often high cheek-bones, an upwards slant of the eyes, and look as if they had a lot of Bushmen blood in them; and a good many would pass for Bushmen or Hottentots. The teeth of the women are filed to points, they wear no lip-ring, and the hair is parted so as to lie in a net at the back part of the head. The mode of salutation among the men is to lie down nearly on the back, clapping the hands, and making a rather inelegant half-kissing sound with the lips. "The population," he says, "is very great and very ceremonious. When we meet any one, he turns aside and sits down; we clap the hand on the chest and say, 'Re peta—re peta,' that is, 'we pass,' or 'let us pass.' This is responded to at once by the clapping of hands together. When a person is called at a distance, he gives two loud claps of assent; or, if he rises from near a superior, he does the same thing, which is a sort of leave-taking."

"Clapping the hand in various ways is the polite way of saying, 'Allow me,' 'I beg pardon,' 'Permit me to pass,' 'Thanks;' it is resorted to in respectful introduction and leave-taking, and also is equivalent to 'Hear, hear.' When inferiors are called, they respond by two brisk claps of the hands, meaning, 'I am coming.' They are very punctilious. A large ivory bracelet marks the head man of a village; there is nothing else to show differences

of rank. The morning was lovely, the whole country bathed in bright sunlight, and not a breath of air disturbed the smoke as it slowly curled up from the heaps of burning weeds, which the native agriculturist wisely destroys: the people generally were busy hoeing in the cool of the day. One old man in a village where we rested, had trained the little hair he had left into a tail, which, well plastered with fat, he had bent on itself and laid flat on his crown; another was carefully paring a stick for stirring the porridge, and others were enjoying the shade of the wild fig-trees which are always planted at villages. It is a sacred tree all over Africa and India, and the tender roots which drop down towards the ground are used as medicine—a universal remedy. I like to see the men weaving or spinning, or reclining under these glorious canopies, as much as I love to see our more civilised people lolling on their sofas or ottomans. The party still suffered much from hunger, and, on the night of the 30th, Livingstone had had so little to eat, that he dreamed the night long of dinners he had eaten, and might have been eating.

With the following entry, he closes the year 1866:—"31st *December*. When we started this morning after rain, all the trees and grass dripping, a lion roared, but we did not see him. A woman had come a long way and built a neat miniature hut in the burnt-out ruins of her mother's house; the food-offering she placed in it, and this act of filial piety no doubt comforted this poor mourner's heart. We arrived at Chitembo's village, and found it deserted. The Babisa dismantle their huts and carry off the thatch to their gardens, where they live till harvest is over. Chitembo was working in his garden when we arrived, but soon came, and gave us the choice of all the standing huts. Three or four women whom we saw performing a rain dance at Moerwa's were here doing the same; their faces smeared with meal, and axes in their hands, imitating as well as they could the male voice. I got some mære or millet here, and a fowl. We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake."

Such was the spirit in which Livingstone endured all his hardships and sufferings, and fulfilled his self-imposed and noble task. His heart was set on the elevation of the African race, and the promotion of God's glory. Writing to his brother John, some years after, he says—"If the good Lord above gives me strength and influence to complete the task, I shall not grudge my hunger and toil; above all, if He permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of this island slave-trade, I shall bless His name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my little helping hand in the great revolution that in His all-

embracing providence He has been carrying on for ages." The notion that Livingstone had proved unfaithful to his calling as a missionary when he started upon his career as an explorer, is held by many otherwise good and sensible people even now. The various entries we have noted in his Journals, and the above extract from his correspondence with his brother, put the matter in its proper light. He knew that the scientific men of the age, and the great ones of the earth, would become interested in new peoples, living in novel conditions, in hitherto unexplored territories, when they could not be got to feel any great interest in savage tribes, living on the outskirts of civilisation. In telling the wonderful story of vast and populous regions hitherto unknown, he had the opportunity, which he never let slip, of telling these parties of the spiritual and physical needs of their inhabitants, and of pointing out how easy a matter it would be for the people in more favoured countries to render them assistance. His discoveries, while they were intensely interesting to himself, were most valuable in his sight, because, to use his own words, they enabled him "to open his mouth among men."

CHAPTER XIX.

The New Year—Pushes for the Chambeze—Chitapanzwa and his People—Course for Lake Tanganyika—Arrives at the Lake—Report reaches England of the Murder of Livingstone on the Coast of Lake Nyassa, in 1866—Search Expedition of Mr. Young—News of Livingstone's Safety—Meanwhile he Visits Lake Moco—Arrives at Casembe's Town—Second Visit to Moco—Close of 1867.

THE first day of 1867 was spent at Chitembo's, for three reasons:—It was the desire of the boys, as Livingstone calls his companions; it was New Year's day; and last, though not the least of the three, because there they could get some food. We see, from a sentence or two in his Journal, how the leader of the party began the year. "1st January, 1867. May He who was full of grace and truth impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour; for His mercy's sake!" The next four days they were weather-bound at the same place; but on the 6th, they resumed their journey. At first, they met no people except at wide intervals, neither any animals. They passed gigantic timber trees and bamboos; came to spots of exceeding beauty—undulations that were masses of green foliage—gay flowers, such as the scarlet mastagon; bright blue or yellow gingers; red, orange, yellow, and pure white orchids; pale lobelias, and many others. Rain fell daily; food was scarce; all the party suffered much from hunger. On the 9th, Livingstone's personal stock of meal was exhausted; and Simon, one of his boys, gave him some of his. The next day he says—"Simon gave me a little more of his meal this morning, and went without himself; I took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger. We got some wretched wild fruit like that called 'jambos' in India, and at mid-day reached the village of Chafunga. Famine here too, but some men had killed an elephant and came to sell the dried meat; it was high, and so were their prices; but we are obliged to give our best from this craving hunger."

They had to cross frequently broad streams and rivers, and, in consequence of the constant and continued heavy rains, all their travelling was over sloppy ground. The water, when they were crossing the small Lake Mapampa at its eastern end, where it was fully a mile wide, was waist-deep;

the bottom was soft peaty stuff, with deep holes in it, and the northern side was infested by leeches. Day after day, our traveller had his feet constantly wet, while the famine grew worse. He writes on the 19th:—"Nothing but famine and famine prices, the people living on mushrooms and leaves. Of mushrooms, we observe that they choose five or six kinds, and rejected ten sorts. One species becomes as large as the crown of a man's hat; it is pure white, with a blush of brown in the middle of the crown, and is very good roasted. We get some elephant's meat from the people, but high is no name for its condition. It is very bitter, but we use it as a relish to the mære porridge. None of the animal is wasted; skin and all is cut up and sold. Not one of us would touch it with the hand if we had aught else, for the gravy in which we dip our porridge is like an aqueous solution of aloes, but it prevents the heartburn, which mære causes when taken alone. I take mushrooms boiled instead; but the meat is never refused when we can purchase it, as it seems to ease the feeling of fatigue which jungle-fruit and fare engenders. The appetite in this country is always very keen, and makes hunger worse to bear. The want of salt probably makes the gnawing sensation worse."

On the day following this last-quoted entry, a calamity befell Livingstone, the sad importance of which cannot be exaggerated. Two of his attendants deserted him, and carried away, among other things, his medicine-chest. They left him in the forest, and heavy rain came on, which obliterated every vestige of their footsteps. Referring to the fact, he says—"The forest was so dense and high, there was no chance of getting a glimpse of the fugitives, who took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambeze, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie." It cannot be doubted that the severity of his subsequent attacks of disease was much owing to this loss, which rendered him powerless to meet them with quinine and other appropriate medicines.

Hunger and famine were still their companions. "Mushroom diet," writes the leader, "in our experience, is good only for producing dreams of the roast beef of bygone days. The saliva runs from the mouth in these dreams, and the pillow is wet with it in the mornings. In changing my dress this morning, I was frightened at my own emaciation." On the 31st, they reached a village called Molemba, and found it surrounded by a triple stockade, the inner one being defended also by a deep, broad ditch and hedge of a thorny shrub. It was about two hundred yards broad and five hundred long; the huts not planted very closely. Chitapangwa, the chief, sent to inquire if Livingstone wanted an audience. On intimating assent, he was conducted through the inner stockade, and then on to an enormous hut, where

sat Chitapangwa, with three drummers and ten or more men, with two rattles in their hands. The drummers beat furiously, and the rattlers kept time to the drums, two of them advancing and receding in a stooping posture, with rattles near the ground, as if doing the chief obeisance, but still keeping time with the others. Here they were able to obtain food, and some fresh meat—a thing they had not tasted for upwards of six weeks. Still, the chief was a grasping and selfish man. He could not understand that Livingstone could have any but a selfish object in view in travelling through the country; and when told it was for a public benefit, he pulled down the underlid of the right eye, as much as to say, “Do you see any green there?” During his stay at this place, Livingstone had his first attack of rheumatic fever, and had now no medicine; but, in noting the fact, he adds—“I trust in the Lord, who healeth His people.”

After a delay of nearly three weeks the party left Molemba, on the 20th of February, and shaped their course towards Lake Tanganyika. They soon ascended the plateau which enclosed the village; and as they proceeded found wild pigs abundant, and saw many marks of former cultivation. Three days after starting they reached the village of a chief called Moamba, on the left bank of the Merenge—a stream flowing north, and having its banks covered with fine, tall, straight, evergreen trees. The village was surrounded by a stockade, and a dry ditch some fifteen or twenty feet wide, and as many deep. Livingstone found this chief intelligent and hearty. He was very anxious to know why he was going to Tanganyika; for what he came; what he would buy there; and if he had any relations there. One day, “a case was in process of hearing, and one old man spoke an hour on end, the chief listening all the while with the gravity of a judge. He then delivered his decision in about five minutes, the successful litigant going off lullilooing. Each person, before addressing him, turns his back to him, and lies down on the ground, clapping the hands: this is the common mode of salutation. Another form here in Solemba, is to rattle the arrows, or an arrow on the bow, which all carry. A great deal of copper-wire is here made, the wire-drawers using for one part of the process a seven-inch cable. They make very fine wire, and it is used chiefly as leglets and anklets; the chief’s wives being laden with them, and obliged to walk in a stately style from the weight: the copper comes from Katanga.”

On leaving this place, they pursued a north-westerly course till they met the Chikoshu flowing west, and after that the Likombe. The country through which they passed was one extensive forest, dense but scrubby. On the 6th of March, they came to a village on the Molilanga, flowing east into the Loombe, where they met for the first time with bananas. They had now to cross one river after another. The Loombe, at the time of crossing, was in some parts up to the waist, and the water flowing fast. All the people were

busy transplanting their tobacco from the spaces under the eaves of the huts into the fields. The leader now suffered much from fever, and was very weak. He could scarcely keep up the march, though formerly he was always first, and had to hold in his pace not to leave the people who were with him altogether behind. The Balungu—the people who live in this part of the country—are marked by three or four little knobs on the temples, and the lobes of the ears are distended by a piece of wood, which is ornamented with beads; bands of beads go across the forehead and hold up the hair. On the 20th, they reached a village belonging to Kasonso, the chief of Lake Tanganyika, and a very large tract of country all round it, and met the chief himself there. The surrounding country was very beautiful. Large green valleys were scooped out, and long wooded slopes were on every side. They had descended considerably into the broad valley of the lake, and felt it warmer than on the heights. Livingstone says that, at this place, “a shower of rain set the driver ants on the move, and about two hours after we had turned in we were overwhelmed by them. To describe this attack is utterly impossible. I wakened covered with them; my hair was full of them. One by one they cut into the flesh, and the more they are disturbed, the more vicious are their bites; they become quite insolent. I went outside the hut, but there they swarmed everywhere; they covered the legs, biting furiously.”

We must now leave Livingstone for a while, on the borders of the Tanganyika, while we briefly advert to the report which at this time reached Europe of his death; and to the steps which were taken to ascertain the truth of the sad news. In March, 1867, the whole civilised world was startled by the intelligence that the great traveller had been slain in an encounter with a party of Mazitu on the western side of Lake Nyassa, at a place called Kampunda. The intelligence came in a despatch from Dr. Seward, Acting Consul at Zanzibar to Lord Stanley (now Earl Derby), then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. By the same mail Sir Roderick Murchison received several letters from Dr. Kirk, then Assistant Consul at Zanzibar, entering more fully into the report which had reached Zanzibar, and expressing his own belief that it was substantially true. A subsequent despatch to the Foreign Office, from Mr. Seward, greatly tended to the fostering of a hope that the sad report was false. “I have the honour,” he says, “to inform you, that, in pursuance of an intention expressed in my last despatch concerning the asserted death of Dr. Livingstone, I have personally made inquiries amongst the traders of Kilwa and Kiringi, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead. The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazitu-haunted district, and, for, ought they know to the contrary, Dr. Livingstone may yet be alive.” This suspicion, proved to be correct.

The letters of Mr. Seward and Dr. Kirk were read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 25th of March. That Livingstone should fall by the hand of violence in his efforts to penetrate the interior of Africa, was no unlikely circumstance; and the story was so circumstantial in detail, that it was no matter of surprise that many should accept it as true. Still, many of the traveller's friends declined to believe that he was yet dead; chief of whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, Messrs E. D. Young, and Horace Waller. The latter gentleman knew something of the Johanna men, and of Musa their leader, and the chief agent in circulating the rumour, in particular; and the grave doubts expressed by them as to the value of these people's evidence, communicated itself to the public; and within a very short space of time, the hope was generally current that their statements were not worthy of belief. In April, the Royal Geographical Society expressed an opinion that it was desirable that an expedition should be sent out to ascertain if possible the correctness or otherwise of the report, and a hope that the Government would aid in the movement; and, on the 27th of May, Sir Roderick was in a position to intimate that the Government had agreed to co-operate with the Society, and that an expedition was about to start for the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, by way of the Zambesi, which would set this perplexing matter at rest.

The expedition went out under the command of Mr. Young, and reached the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, on the 25th of July. While putting together, on the 29th of August, after they had passed the Murchison Cataracts, the steel boat they had taken out with them, they were informed by some natives that a white man had been seen some time before in Pamalombi, a small lake on the Shire, not far below its outlet from Nyassa; and that he had left there in a westerly direction. On the shores of Lake Nyassa they heard of him again, and here they got a most graphic and accurate description of Livingstone's person, apparel, and various belongings. All the natives here remembered also the names of Chumah, Wekatoni, and Musa, and gave a full account of the other members of his party. They knew now that they had only to follow up his line of march to learn the truth or falsehood of the report to which Musa had given circulation. Coming across the traveller's trail on the western shore of the lake, at a place called Pacahoma, they found that Musa and the Johanna men had not been with him there. They felt sure now that it was a case of desertion on the part of these fellows, and that the report of his death had been circulated to cover their own misconduct. They were informed that he had gone into the Babisa country.

At Marenga's village, Mr Young says that "a black mass of heads stood far and wide on the shore to witness our approach. I stood up in the bow of the boat, and, taking off my cap, to show that I was not an Arab, I called out that we were English, who were about to visit the chief. This caused the

most friendly demonstration of hand-clapping and gesticulating, and our reception was as warm as if we had landed at Plymouth, instead of at a village on this far lone lake in Africa, all but unknown even in name. We landed, and on making our request to see Marenga, we were conducted by one of his wives to the old chief's hut. I found myself in the presence of a fat, jovial-looking old fellow, the very picture of good living and good humour. Without further to do he seized me by the hand, and shook it most violently, clearly demonstrating, not only his respect for my countrymen, but also for their mode of salutation. This ended, he asked me at once if I had brought his old friend, the other Englishman, with me. On hearing that he was not with us, and that, on the contrary, our object was to learn what had become of him, the old fellow very frankly volunteered all the information in his power."

Marenga told Mr. Young that Livingstone had stayed with him a day, and that two days after his departure Musa and his companions had returned to his village, giving the following as their reasons for having deserted their leader:—"They were merely Arabs," they said, "who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be a limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested natures in assisting a traveller; and having, as it were, torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must get back to the coast." Marenga further informed Mr. Young, that if anything had happened to Livingstone, even at a long distance to the north, he would have heard of it, as he had tidings of his well-being for a month's journey from his village. On the 20th of September, after getting the latitude of Marenga's village, the expedition bade him adieu. As they had satisfactorily established the falsehood of Musa's story, their object was now accomplished. In sailing down the lake, they encountered several storms. Descending the Shire, they visited the graves of Bishop Mackenzie and his companions. Arrived at Shupanga, the native crew was paid off. Early in November, the party dropped down to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, where H. M. S. "Raccoon" called for them according to arrangement, on the 1st of December; and, on the 27th of January, 1868, Mr. Young, and Mr. Faulkner, his companion, made their report to the Royal Geographical Society.

The public now waited with impatience for news from Livingstone himself. The first account of his movements from himself, reached this country in the shape of a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, about the 20th of April. The letter was written on the 10th of November, 1866, in the country of the Chipeta—far to the north-west of the point to which the search-expedition had traced him. In January, 1867, and February the 1st, he wrote again. In the last communication he spoke of the loss of his medicine-chest, which he called his sorest grief. His next communication was written on February 2nd,

and was addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison. It and other letters were read to the members of the Royal Geographical Society in April, 1868. Early in October of that year, intelligence came to England that Livingstone was on his way to the coast, and was, at the time of its transmission, within a few miles of Zanzibar; but on the 20th and 23rd, news reached London from Dr. Kirk, that he had letters from him dated from Marenga. He had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, and waiting for the close of a native war before proceeding to Ujiji; thus his progress northward had been delayed. On the 14th of December, 1867, he wrote to Dr. Seward from Casembe, and speaks of going to Ujiji in two days. On the 19th of April, 1869, news arrived in England that he had reached Zanzibar, and was on his way home: this report, however, proved untrue. He was not on his way home, nor thinking of it; for, on the 24th of October, a telegram was received here, to the effect that Dr. Kirk had had a letter from him, dated July 8th, 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, in which he said, "I have found the source of the Nile between 10° and 12° south." He was in good health and spirits. A caravan, which had recently arrived at Zanzibar, reported him at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika.

In the "Times" of December 13th, 1869, the following letter appeared, written by the traveller to Dr. Kirk. It is dated Ujiji, May the 30th, 1869, and is as follows:—"This note goes by Musa Kamaals, who was employed by Koraji to drive the buffaloes hither, but by over-driving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in herding, they all died before he got to Unyanyembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods and got a share of them; and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way back to Zanzibar. He has done nothing here. He neither went near the goods here, nor tried to prevent them being stolen on the way. I suppose that pay for four months in coming, other four of rest, and four in going back, would be ample, but I leave this to your decision. I could not employ him to carry my mail back, nor can I say anything to him, for he at once goes to the Ujijians, and gives his own version of all he hears. He is untruthful and ill-conditioned, and would hand over the mail to any one who wished to destroy it. The people here are like the Kilwa traders, haters of the English. Those Zanzibar men whom I met between this and Nyassa were gentlemen, and traded with honour. Here, as in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slavery is a source of forays, and they dread exposure by my letters. No one will take charge of them. I have got Thana bin Suelim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a cheque on Ritchio, Stewart and Co., of Bombay, for two thousand rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them

all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the headman to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no assistance in procuring carriers; and as you will see, if the mail comes to hand, I sent to Zanzibar, for fifteen good boatmen to act as carriers if required, eighty pieces of meritano, forty ditto of kinitra, twelve farasales of the beads called jasain, shoes, etc. etc. I have written to Seyd Majid, begging two of his guards to see to the safety of the goods here into Thani bin Suelim's hands, or into those of Mohammed bin Sahib.

"As to the work done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered, from five hundred to seven hundred miles south of Speke and Baker, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows from latitude 120° south is so large, I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika, Ujiji, Chowambe (Baker's), are one water, and the head of it is three hundred miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to the Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this district, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika, if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar; I earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men. £400 to be sent by Mr. Young must surely have come to you through Fleming Brothers. A long box, paid for to Ujiji, was left at Unyanyembe, and so with other boxes."

Again the outside world lost sight of the renowned traveller. His fate became enveloped in darkness and mystery. There was a very general impression, that by some means or other he must have fallen a martyr to his brave endeavour to penetrate a country all but impreguably guarded by disease, and the suspicions and cruelty of savage tribes. The Government shared in the anxiety felt by the public. In May, 1870, £1,000 was sent to the Consul at Zanzibar, to be expended in efforts to discover and relieve him. In January, 1871, intelligence arrived which excited the hope that he was yet alive; and in the following May this intelligence was confirmed. It was reported that he was at a place called Manakosa, waiting for the caravans, being himself without means, and with only eight followers; that he could not move elsewhere, or come down to Ujiji. The news that a war had broken out between the Arab colony in the district of Unyanyembe, and a powerful native chief between Ujiji and Kasagne, and that, consequently, the road to the coast was effectually closed, added to the public anxiety. We now come to the period when Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the "New York Herald," sent out H. M. Stanley, with orders to "FIND LIVINGSTONE."

Before, however, entering on that part of our work, we shall, by the aid of Livingstone's own Journals, furnish a narrative of his journey and experience during all the anxious time, since the report of his death.

We left him at the end of March, 1867, on the coast of Lake Tanganyika. Under date of April the 1st, he says—"We went up a low ridge of hills at its lowest part, and soon after passing the summit the blue water loomed through the trees. I was detained, but soon heard the boys firing their muskets on reaching the edge of the ridge, which allowed of an undisturbed view. This is the south-eastern end of Liemba, or, as it is sometimes called, Tanganyika. We had to descend at least two thousand feet before we got to the level of the lake. It seems about eighteen or twenty miles broad, and we could see about thirty miles up to the north. Four considerable rivers flow into the space before us. The nearly perpendicular ridge, of about two thousand feet, extends with breaks all around, and there, embosomed in tree-covered rocks, reposes the lake peacefully in the huge cup-shaped cavity. I never saw anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and causes the waves to assume a bluish tinge. Several rocky islands rise in the eastern end, which are inhabited by fishermen, who capture abundance of fine large fish, of which they enumerate about twenty-four species. In the north, it seems to narrow into a gateway, but the people are miserably deficient in geographical knowledge, and can tell us nothing about it. They suspect us, and we cannot get information, or indeed much of anything else. I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively weak—cannot walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head, but the Highest will lead me further.

"After being a fortnight at this lake, it still appears one of surpassing loveliness. Its peacefulness is remarkable, though at times it is said to be lashed up by storms. It lies in a deep basin, whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright-red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green. Down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes, wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not two miles from the perpendicular. The village (Pambete), at which we first touched the lake, is surrounded by palm-oil trees—not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a bunch of the ripe fruit. In the morning and the evening huge crocodiles may be observed quietly making their way to their feeding grounds: hippopotami snort by night and at early morning. After I had been a few days here, I had a fit of insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine. I found myself floundering outside my hut, and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back, by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright I let them go, and fell

back heavily on my head on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness; some hours elapsed before I could recognise where I was."

On the 30th, he began his return march, and reached Pambete, where he first touched the lake. He had intended going in a north-westerly direction, but was deterred by the reported presence of the marauding Mazitu. The people here cultivate tobacco and cotton: the former they lay in the sun till it has undergone partial fermentation, then they pound it in a mortar, and put it again in the sun to dry for use; the latter they manufacture into shawls. In going westwards on the upland country, he found it covered with scraggy forest, and full of elephants. Returning to Chitimba's village in the south, he waited for several weeks with a party of Arabs before he could pursue his westward journey to Lake Moero. The broad country between him and the lake was in a disturbed state—the Arabs and the natives were at war; so travelling was unsafe. Nsama, the chief against whom the Arabs were fighting, was said to be an enormously bloated old man, who could not move unless carried; and women were reported to be in constant attendance, pouring pombe into him. Under date July the 28th, the traveller gives us an episode of every-day occurrence in the wake of the slave-dealer. The Arabs had burned some native villages, and brought away some of the people as slaves. "A poor old woman and child are among the captives; the boy, about three years old, seems a mother's pet. His feet are sore from walking in the sun. He was offered for two fathoms" (about four yards of unbleached calico), "and his mother for one fathom; he understood it all, and cried bitterly, clinging to his mother. She had, of course, no power to help him; they were separated at Karungu afterwards."

After a delay of three months and ten days at Chitimba's village, Livingstone and his men started, on the 30th of August, for Moero. On the 9th of September, he visited Nsama: before entering the inner stockade of the chief's village, the people felt the traveller's clothes to see that no fire-arms were concealed about his person. "Nsama's people have generally small, well-chiseled features, and many are really handsome, and have nothing of the West Coast Negro about them, but they file their teeth to sharp points, and greatly disfigure their mouths. The only difference between them and the Europeans is the colour. Many of the men have finely-formed heads, and so have the women; and the fashion of wearing the hair sets off their foreheads to advantage. The forehead is shaved off to the crown, the space narrowing as it goes up; then the back hair is arranged into knobs of about ten rows." Peace having been made between the native chief and the Arabs, the former engaged to give Hamees, the headman of the latter, his daughter to wife, by way of cementing it. Her arrival is thus described—"She came riding 'pickaback'

on a man's shoulders; a nice, modest, good-looking young woman, her hair rubbed all over with *nkola*, a red pigment, made from the camwood, and much used as an ornament. She was accompanied by about a dozen young and old female attendants, each carrying a small basket with some provisions, as cassava, ground-nuts, etc. The Arabs were all dressed in their finery, and the slaves, in fantastic dresses, flourished swords, fired guns, and yelled. When she was brought to Hamce's hut she descended, and with her maids went into the hut. She and her attendants had all small, neat features."

Continuing his journey towards Moero, our traveller crossed the Chisera River on the 26th. It was more than a mile wide, and full of papyrus and other aquatic plants, and was consequently very difficult to ford. It took an hour and a half to cross it. Elephants, zebras, buffaloes, and other animals, were grazing on its long sloping banks. On the 16th of October, they buried an Arab who had been long ill. No women were allowed to come near. A long silent prayer was uttered over the corpse when it was laid beside the grave, after which it was committed to its last resting-place. A feast was made by the friends of the departed, and portions sent to all who had attended the funeral. A great many of the women of this district have the swelled thyroid gland called *goitre*, or Derbyshire neck; men, too, appeared with it, and, in addition, had hydrocele of large size. Five hours travelling, on the 28th, brought them to the Choma River and the villages of Chifupa. They rested for the remainder of the day on the banks of the Choma, which is a muddy stream coming from the north and going to the south-west to join the Chisera. It has worn itself a deep bed in the mud of its banks, and is twenty yards wide, and in some spots waist-deep; at other parts it is unfordable. It contains plenty of fish, and hippopotami and crocodiles abound. Two days after, Livingstone found two ugly images in huts built for them, which were used in rain-making and curing the sick. This, he remarks, was the nearest approach to idol-worship he had seen in the country.

On the 8th of November, they approached Lake Moero. "It seems," says Livingstone, "of goodly size, and is flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. Its banks are of coarse sand, and slope gradually down to the water; outside these banks stands a thick belt of tropical vegetation, in which fishermen build their huts. The country called Rua lies on the west, and is seen as a lofty range of dark mountains; another range of less height, but more broken, stands along the eastern shore, and in it lies the path to Casembe. We slept in a fisherman's hut on the north shore. They brought a large fish, called 'monde,' for sale; it has a slimy skin, and no scales, a large head, with tentaculæ like the Siluridæ, and large eyes; the great gums in its mouth have a brush-like surface, like a whale's in miniature; it is said to eat small fish. A bony spine rises on its back (I suppose for defence), which is two and a half inches long, and as thick as a quill. They

are very retentive of life. The people here are Babemba. They carry on a trade in salt from different salt springs and salt mud to Lunda and elsewhere. On the 12th, they came to the Kalongosi River, about sixty yards wide, and flowing fast over stones. It was deep enough, although the rainy season had not commenced, to require canoes. Having crossed this river, they were now in the Lunda country, the people being called Balunda. They saw that the Kalongosi went north till it met a large meadow on the shores of Moero, and, turning westwards, it entered there. The fishermen gave them the names of thirty-nine species of fish in the lake. ♀

Having reached the town of Casembe, Livingstone was presented to him on the 24th, in a grand reception. He was a heavy, uninteresting looking man, without beard or whiskers, his features somewhat of the Chinese type. He smiled but once during the day, and that was pleasant enough, says our traveller, "though the cropped ears and lopped hands, with human skulls at the gate, made me indisposed to look on anything with favour. His principal wife came with her attendants, after he had departed, to look at the Englishman. She was a fine, tall, good-featured lady, with two spears in her hand; the principal men who had come around made way for her, and called on to me to salute. I did so; but she, being forty yards off, I involuntarily beckoned her to come nearer; this upset the gravity of her attendants; all burst into a laugh, and ran off. Casembe's smile was elicited by a dwarf making some uncouth antics before him. His executioner also came forward to look; he had a broad Lunda sword on his arm, and a curious scissor-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears. On saying to him that his was nasty work, he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears a moment; many men of respectability show that at some former time they have been thus punished. Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation, carried by six, or more commonly by twelve men, in a sort of palanquin: she has European features, but light-brown complexion. A number of men run before her, brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear the way: she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. She is very attentive to her agriculture; cassava is the chief product; sweet potatoes, maize, sorghum, penisetum, millet, ground-nuts, cotton. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen; they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me."

Livingstone, after staying a month at Casembe's, was desirous to leave. He had again and again resolved to prosecute his journey to the south end of Moero, but Casembe continually advised him to remain, promising to send guides with him at a future time. On the 19th of December, he said good-bye to Casembe. Three days after, he crossed the Lunda River, and the following day the Chungu. Christmas day was a day of drizzly showers, and

was spent encamped on a soil of black mud. On the 27th, the Mandapala was crossed, at a place where it was waist deep. The following is the last entry in the traveller's journal for this year:—"28-31st *December*, 1867. We came on to the rivulet Chirongo, and then to the Kabukwa, where I was taken ill. Heavy rains kept the convoy back. I have had nothing but coarsely-ground sorghum meal for some time back, and am weak; I used to be the first in the line of march, and am now the last; Mohamad presented a meal of finely-ground porridge and a fowl, and I immediately felt the difference, though I was not grumbling at my coarse dishes. It is well that I did not go to Bangweolo Lake, for it is now very unhealthy to the natives, and I fear that, without medicine, continual wettings by fording rivulets, might have knocked me up altogether. As I have mentioned, the people suffer greatly from swelled thyroid gland or Derbyshire neck, and Elephantiasis scroti."

During his stay at Casembe's town, he prepared, among other writings, a despatch to Lord Clarendon, which was afterwards found with a note attached, to the effect that it was not copied or sent, as he had no paper for the purpose. From that despatch we give the following account of his visit to Casembe:—"When at the lower end of Moero, we were so near Casembe that it was thought well to ascertain the length of the lake, and see Casembe too. We came up between the double range that flanks the east of the lake; but mountains and plains are so well covered with well-grown forest, that we could seldom see it. We reached Casembe's town on the 28th November. It stands near the north end of the Lakelet Mofwe; this is from one to three miles broad, and some six or seven long: it is full of sedgy islands, and abounds in fish. The country is quite level, but fifteen or twenty miles west of Mofwe we see a long range of the mountains of Rua. Between this range and Mofwe, the Luapula flows past into Moero, the lake called Moerookata—the great Moero, being about fifty miles long. The town of Casembe covers a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being dotted over that space. Some have square enclosures of reeds, but no attempt has been made at arrangement: it might be called a rural village, rather than a town. No estimate could be formed by counting the huts, they are so irregularly planted, and hidden by cassava; but my impression from other collections of huts, was, that the population was under a thousand souls. The court, or compound of Casembe—some would call it a palace—is a square enclosure of three hundred yards by two hundred yards. It is surrounded by a hedge of high reeds. Inside, where Casembe honoured me with a grand reception, stands a gigantic hut for Casembe, and a score of small huts for domestics. The queen's hut stands behind that of the chief, with a number of small huts also. Most of the enclosed space is covered with a plantation of cassava, *Curcus purgaris*, and cotton.

"Casembe sat before his hut on a square seat, placed on lion and leopard skins. He was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print, edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds, so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs, and head, were covered with sleeves, leggings, and cap made of various coloured beads in neat patterns: a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. Each of his headmen came forward, shaded by a huge, ill-made umbrella, and, followed by his dependants, made obeisance to Casembe, and sat down on his right and left; various bands of musicians did the same. When called upon, I rose and bowed, and an old counsellor, with his ears cropped, gave the chief as full an account as he had been able to gather, during our stay, of the English in general, and my antecedents in particular. My having passed through Lunda to the west of Casembe, and visited chiefs, of whom he scarcely knew anything, excited most attention. He then assured me that I was welcome to his country, to go where I liked, and do what I chose. We then went (two boys carrying his train behind him) to an inner apartment, where the articles of my present were exhibited in detail. He had examined them privately before, and we knew that he was satisfied. They consisted of eight yards of orange-coloured serge, a large striped table-cloth; another large cloth made at Manchester, in imitation of West Coast native manufacture, which never fails to excite the admiration of Arabs and natives, and a large richly-gilded comb for the back hair, such as ladies wore fifty years ago: this was given to me by a friend at Liverpool, and as Casembe and Nsama's people cultivate the hair into large knobs behind, I was sure that this article would tickle the fancy. Casembe expressed himself pleased, and again bade me welcome.

"I had another interview, and tried to dissuade him from selling his people as slaves. He listened awhile, then broke off into a tirade on the greatness of his country, his power and dominion, which Mohamad bin Saleh, who has been here for ten years, turned into ridicule, and made the audience laugh by telling how other Lunda chiefs had given me oxen and sheep, while Casembe had only a poor little goat and some fish to bestow. He insisted also, that there were but two sovereigns in the world, the Sultan of Zanzibar and Victoria. When we went on a third occasion to bid Casembe farewell, he was much less distant, and gave me the impression that I could soon become friends with him; but he has an ungainly look, and an outward squint in each eye. A number of human skulls adorned the entrance to his courtyard, and great numbers of his principal men having their ears cropped, and some with their hands lopped off, showed his barbarous way of making his ministers attentive and honest. I could not avoid indulging a prejudice against him.

"The Portuguese visited Casembe long ago; but as each new Casembe builds a new town, it is not easy to fix on the exact spot to which strangers

came. The last seven Casembes have had their towns within seven miles of the present one. Dr. Lacerda, Governor of Tette, on the Zambesi, was the only visitor of scientific attainments, and he died at the river called Chungu, three or four miles from this. The spot is called Nshinda, or Inchinda, which the Portuguese wrote Lucenda, or Ucenda. The latitude given is nearly fifty miles wrong, but the natives say that he lived only ten days after his arrival, and if, as is probable, his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed, those who have experienced what that is will readily excuse any mistake he may have made. His object was to accomplish a much-desired project of the Portuguese, to have an overland communication between their eastern and western possessions. This was never made by any of the Portuguese nation; but two black traders succeeded partially with a part of the distance, crossing once from Cassange, in Angola, to Tette, on the Zambesi, and returning with a letter from the Governor of Mozambique. It is remarkable that this journey, which was less by a thousand miles than from sea to sea and back again, should have for ever quenched all white Portuguese aspirations for an overland route.

“The different Casembes visited by the Portuguese seem to have varied much in character and otherwise. Pereira, the first visitor, said (I quote from memory) that Casembe had twenty thousand trained soldiers, watered his streets daily, and sacrificed twenty human victims every day. I could hear nothing of human sacrifices now, and it is questionable if the present Casembe could bring a thousand stragglers into the field. When he usurped power five years ago, his country was densely peopled; but he was so severe in his punishments, cropping ears, lopping off the hands, and other mutilations, selling the children for very slight offences, that his subjects gradually dispersed themselves in the neighbouring countries beyond his power. This is the common mode by which tyranny is cured in parts like these, where fugitives are never returned. The present Casembe is very poor. When he had people who killed elephants, he was too stingy to share the profits of the sale of the ivory with his subordinates. The elephant hunters have either left him or neglect hunting, so he has now no tusks to sell to the Arab traders who come from Tanganyika. Major Monteiro, the third Portuguese who visited Casembe, appears to have been badly treated by this man's predecessor, and no other of his nation has ventured so far since. They do not lose much by remaining away, for a little ivory and slaves are all that Casembe ever can have to sell. About a month to the west of this, the people of Katanga smelt copper-ore (malachite) into large bars, shaped like the capital letter I. They may be met with of from fifty pounds to one hundred pounds' weight all over the country, and the inhabitants draw the copper into wire for arm-lets and leglets. Gold is also found at Katanga, and specimens were lately sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar.”

Livingstone was now growing much disheartened. Disease which, on account of the loss of his medicines, he was not able to counteract—fatigue of travel—lack of suitable and nourishing food—the desertion of his attendants—all these things were acting injuriously both on mind and body. He complains, in a letter, that all his attendants, except four, had, on various pretences, absconded. “The fact is,” he says, “they are all tired of this everlasting tramping, and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope, that, by making the country and the people better known, I am doing good; and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally, I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence, which now forms part of the belief of all the more intelligent of our race; and my efforts may be appreciated in the good times yet to come.” Only a few years have passed away, and already this self-sacrificing and philanthropic man is regarded as one of Africa’s best friends, and his memory is cherished with grateful admiration.

CHAPTER XX.

New Year's Day—Further Exploration of Lake Moero—Ascent of the Rua Mountains—Return to Casembe's—Lake Bangweolo—Earthen Sponges—Cataracts of the Kalongosi—The Imbozhwa—End of 1868.

LIVINGSTONE begins the year 1868 by commending himself to God in prayer. "1st January, 1868. Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year, for Thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it." He now visited Lake Moero several times with a view of getting a correct idea of its size. The first fifteen miles in the north are from twelve to thirty-three miles in breadth; further south it was over forty, and even sixty miles broad. Land could not be seen across with a good glass on the clearest day. The natives said Moero was larger than Tanganyika, because, in the latter, they see the land on both sides, while at Moero, nothing but sea horizon can be seen when one looks south-west of the Rua Mountains. Leaving the lake, on the 15th, and going north, the party soon got on to a plain flooded by the Luao. They had to wade through very adhesive black mud, generally ankle deep, and having many holes in it much deeper. After four hours of this, they came to the Luao itself, and wading up a branch of it waist deep, for at least a quarter of a mile, crossed a narrow part by means of a rude bridge of branches and trees. On the 26th and 27th, Livingstone was again ill with fever. On the 17th March, he ascended the Rua Mountains, and reached the village of Mpweto, situated in a valley between two ridges, about a mile from the right bank of the Lualaba, where it comes through the mountains. Not meeting here with a welcome reception, he and his party soon left. At noon, on the 25th, they reached Kabwabwata. Here they were informed that the water was so deep before them, that it was impossible to go north.

Seeing that it was likely there would be a detention of two months at least before a passage could be made, Livingstone now thought of going to Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo. "I think," he says, on the 12th of April, "of starting to-morrow for Bangweolo, even if Casembe refuses a passage beyond him; we shall be better than we are here, for everything at Kabwabwata is scarce and dear. There we can get a fowl for one string of beads, here it costs six; there fish may be bought, here none." Retracing their steps, they

crossed the Luao again, and had four hours of wading through three miles of flooded plain towards Lake Moero. The bottom was black tenacious mud; and as they came near Moero, the water became half-chest, and even whole-chest deep; all perishable articles had to be put on the head. When they reached the lake, they found a party of fishermen on the sands; Livingstone got a hut, a bath in the clear but tepid waters, and a change of dress, and felt quite refreshed. The water of the lake was 83° at three o'clock in the afternoon. He noted that the lake was at least twenty feet higher now than it was on his former visits, and that there were banks showing higher rises even than this.

Making for the ford of the Kalongosi River, on the 24th, he observed marigolds and foxgloves in full bloom all over the forest. The people here chew the pith of the papyrus, which is three inches in diameter, and as white as snow. The headman of the village to which they went was out cutting wood for a garden, and his wife refused them a hut; but, when he returned home in the evening, scolded her, and all the women of the village, for such treatment of strangers, and then pressed Livingstone to come indoors. As, however, he was well enough in his mosquito curtain outside, he declined the invitation. On the 29th, they reached the Mandapala River again; and after halting here for some days, started on the 4th of May for Casembe's village, which they reached the following day. The chief would not, however, give the traveller an audience until the 15th. He then sent for him, and told him that as he wished to go to Bangweolo, he was at liberty to go, and he would furnish him with guides. There were yet tedious delays, and it was not till the 11th of June that Livingstone was able to get quite clear of Casembe, and start for Lake Bangweolo. On that day he crossed the Mbereze, ten yards broad, and thigh deep, and, ascending a range of low sandstone hills, covered with forest, directed his course south-east. After this, he descended into a densely-wooded valley, in which buffaloes and elephants were numerous. A party of men passed him, carrying a lion slung on a pole. It was a small, maneless variety, called "the lion of *Nyassi*," or long grass. It had killed a man, and they killed it. They had its mouth carefully strapped, and the paws tied across its chest, and were taking it to Casembe. Two or three days after, he visited Moenempanda, Casembe's brother, on the Luluputa, a stream twenty yards wide, and flowing west.

He was at this time deeply affected by the condition of the poor wretches who were held in slavery. One slave tried to break out of his slave-stick, and actually broke half an inch of tough iron with his fingers; the end stuck in the wood, or he would have freed himself. Six men-slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. He asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea of coming back after death, and haunting and killing those who sold them.

Descending the country near the Luongo, through which he was then travelling, he says—"We went over flat forest, with patches of brown hæmatite cropping out; this is the usual iron ore, but I saw in a village pieces of specular iron-ore, which had been brought for smelting. The Luongo flowed away somewhat to our right or west, and the villagers had selected their site where only well-water could be found; we went ten minutes towards the Luongo and got abundance. The gardens had high hedges round to keep off wild beasts. We came to a grave in the forest; it was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it the usual native way. It was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put upon it. A little path showed that it had visitors. This is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die." And then he adds, alluding to the grave of his beloved wife—"Poor Mary lies on Shupangabrae, 'and beeks fornent the sun.'"

On the 18th of July, he saw the shores of Lake Bangweolo for the first time. The smaller part of the lake is called Bemba, but that name is confusing, because Bemba is the name of the country in which a portion of the lake lies; the more convenient and the more correct name for the whole is Bangweolo. "We went down," he says, "to Masantu's village, which is on the shore of the lake, and by a spring called Chipka, which comes out of a mass of disintegrated granite. It is seldom that we see a spring welling out beneath a rock: they are covered by oozing sponges, if indeed they exist. Here we had as a spectator a man walking on stilts tied to his ankles and knees. There are a great many Babisa among the people. The women have their hair ornamented with strings of cowries, and well oiled with the oil and fat from the seeds of the Mosikisi trees. I sent the chief a fathom of calico, and got an audience at once. The country around the lake is all flat, and very much denuded of trees, except the Motsikiri or Mosikisi, which has fine dark, dense foliage, and is spared for its shade and the fatty oil yielded by its seeds. We saw the people boiling large pots full of the dark-brown fat, which they use to lubricate their hair. The islands, four in number, are all flat, but well peopled. The men have many canoes, and are all expert fishermen; they are called Mboghwa, but are marked on the forehead and chin as Babisa, and file the teeth to points. They have many children, as fishermen usually have. No hot fountains or earthquakes are known in this region. The bottom of the lake consists of fine white sand, and a broad belt of strong rushes, say one hundred yards wide, shows shallow water. In the afternoons quite a crowd of canoes anchor at its outer edge to angle; the hooks are like ours, but without barbs. The fish are perch chiefly, but others similar to those that appear

in the other lakes are found, and two which attain the large size of four feet by a foot and a half in thickness; one is called sampa."

For some days the wind was very high, and consequently the lake so rough, that it was impossible to navigate these newly-discovered waters. On the 25th, though there was a strong south-east wind still blowing, they embarked in a fine canoe, forty-five feet long, four feet deep, and four broad. The waves were high, but the canoe was very dry, and five stout men propelled her quickly towards an opening in Lifunge Island. Here they stopped a while to let the sea go down, and then started for Mpabala, another island, which they reached after dark. The canoe-men said they dared not go to the island of Kisi, because they had stolen their canoe from thence. The water was of a deep sea-green colour, probably from the reflection of the fine white sand at the bottom. Only one shell was seen on the shores. It was bitterly cold when they reached Mpabala, from the amount of moisture in the air. Here they tarried for the night. The next morning Livingstone walked across the island, and found it to be about a mile broad. He also took bearings of Chirubi Island, which is the largest of the group, and contains a large population, possessing many sheep and goats. The canoe-men, having heard that the Kisi people had got an inkling of where their canoe was, and were coming to take it, resolved to return, although two days of the time for which Livingstone had engaged them still remained. He was, therefore, obliged to submit with patience, and return to Masantu's village with them. He set down, believing that he was considerably within the mark, Lake Bangweolo as a hundred and fifty miles long by eighty broad. Not a single case of Derbyshire neck, or of Elephantiasis, was observed anywhere near the lake, although the neighbourhood had been reported to him as very unhealthy.

They commenced their march back, on the 30th, and on the 5th of August reached Kombokombo, who pressed them to stay a day with him. Livingstone now resolved to go north by way of Casembe, and guides were ready to start; but they were determined to divine, by means of a cock, to see if it would be lucky to go then, and it was decided not to go. The guides (Banyamwezi) were employed now to smelt copper and balls for war. Rumours of danger, arising out of disagreements still continued between the Arab traders and the natives, became so circumstantial, that it was deemed necessary to make all preparation for the worst. In smelting, "the Banyamwezi use a hammer shaped like a cone, without a handle. They have both kinds of bellows, one of goatskin, the other of wood, with a skin over the mouth of a drum, and a handle tied to the middle of it; with these they smelt pieces of the large bars of copper into a pot, filled nearly full of wood-ashes. The fire is surrounded by masses of ant-hills, and in these there are hollows made to receive the melted metal. The metal is poured while the pot is held in the

hands, protected by wet rags." While waiting here, he notices that, "Bin Omar, a Suaheli, came from Muabaso on Chambeze in six days, crossing in that space twenty-two burns or oozes, from knee to waist deep."

The following description of these oozes or sponges will be read with interest:—"In going to Bangweolo from Kizinga, I crossed twenty-nine of these reservoirs in thirty miles of latitude, on a south-east course: this may give about one sponge for every two miles. The word 'bog' conveys much of the idea of these earthen sponges; but it is inseparably connected in our minds with peat, and these contain not a particle of peat; they consist of black porous earth, covered with a hard wiry grass, and a few other damp-loving plants. In many places the sponges hold large quantities of the oxide of iron, from the big patches of brown hæmatite that crop out everywhere; and streams of this oxide, as thick as treacle, are seen moving slowly along in the sponge like small red glaciers. When one treads on the black earth of the sponge, though little or no water appears on the surface, it is frequently squirted up the limbs, and gives the idea of a sponge. In the paths that cross them, the earth readily becomes soft mud, but sinks rapidly to the bottom again, as if of great specific gravity: the water in them is always circulating and oozing. The places where the sponges are met with are slightly depressed valleys without trees or bushes, in a forest country, where the grass being only a foot or fifteen inches high, and thickly planted, often looks like a beautiful glade in a gentleman's park in England. They are from a quarter of a mile to a mile broad and from two to ten or more miles long. The water of the heavy rains soaks into the level forest lands: one never sees runnels leading it off, unless occasionally a footpath is turned to that use. The water, descending about eight feet, comes to a stratum of yellow sand, beneath which there is another stratum of fine white sand, which at its bottom cakes, so as to hold the water from sinking further.

"It is exactly the same as we found in the Kalahari Desert, in digging sucking places for water for our oxen. The water, both here and there, is guided by the fine sand stratum into the nearest valley, and here it oozes forth on all sides through the thick mantle of black porous earth, which forms the sponge. There, in the desert, it appears to damp the surface sands in certain valleys, and the Bushmen, by a peculiar process, suck out a supply. When we had dug down to the caked sand there years ago, the people begged us not to dig further, as the water would all run away; and we desisted, because we saw that the fluid poured in from the fine sand all round the well, but none came from the bottom or cake. Two stupid Englishmen afterwards broke through the cake in spite of the entreaties of the natives, and the well and the whole valley dried up hopelessly. Here the water, oozing forth from the surface of the sponge mantle, collects in the centre of the slightly depressed valley which it occupies, and near the head of the depression forms a sluggish

stream ; but, further down, as it meets with more slope, it works out for itself a deeper channel, with perpendicular banks, with, say, a hundred or more yards of sponge on each side, constantly oozing forth fresh supplies to augment its size. When it reaches rocky ground it is a perennial burn, with many aquatic plants growing in its bottom. One peculiarity would strike any one; the water never becomes discoloured or muddy. I have seen only one stream muddied in flood, the Choma, flowing through an alluvial plain in Lopere. Another peculiarity is very remarkable; it is, that after the rains have entirely ceased, these burns have their largest flow, and cause inundations. It looks as if towards the end of the rainy season the sponges were lifted up by the water off their beds, and the pores and holes, being enlarged, are all employed to give off fluid. The waters of inundation run away. When the sponges are lifted up by superabundance of water, all the pores therein are opened; as the earthen mantle subsides again, the pores act like natural valves, and are partially closed, and by the weight of earth above them, the water is thus prevented from running away altogether; time also being required to wet all the sand through which the rains soak, the great supply may only find its way to the sponge a month or so after the great rains have fallen.

“ I travelled in Lunda when the sponges were all supersaturated. The grassy sward was so lifted up that it was separated into patches or tufts, and if the foot missed the row of tufts of this wiry grass, which formed the native path, down one plumped up to the thigh in slush. At that time we could cross the sponge only by the native paths, and the central burn only where they had placed bridges; elsewhere they were impassable, as they poured off the waters of inundation; our oxen were generally bogged—all four legs went down up to the body at once. When they saw the clear sandy bottom of the central burn they readily went in, but usually plunged right over head, leaving their tail up in the air to show the nervous shock they had sustained.

“ These sponges are a serious matter in travelling. I crossed the twenty-nine already mentioned at the end of the fourth month of the dry season, and the central burns seemed then to have suffered no diminution; they were then from calf to waist deep, and required from fifteen to forty minutes in crossing; they had many deep holes in the paths, and when one plumps therein every muscle in the frame receives a painful jerk. When past the stream, and apparently on partially dry ground, one may jog in a foot or more, and receive a squirt of black mud up the thighs: it is only when you reach the trees and are off the soft land that you feel secure from mud and leeches. As one has to strip the lower part of the person in order to ford them, I found that often four were as many as we could cross in a day. Looking up these sponges a bird's eye view would closely resemble the lichen-like

vegetation of frost on window panes; or that vegetation in Canada-balsam which mad philosophical instrument makers *will* put between the lenses of the object-glasses of our telescopes.

“But few of the sponges on the watershed ever dry; elsewhere many do; the cracks in their surface are from fifteen to eighteen inches deep, with lips from two to three inches apart. Crabs and other animals in clearing out their runs reveal what I verified by actually digging wells at Kizinga and Kabuire, and also observed in the ditches fifteen feet deep dug by the natives round many of their stockades, that the sponge rests on a stratum of fine whitewashed sand. The cracks afford a good idea of the effect of the rains; the partial thunder-storms of October, November, December, and January, produce no effect on them; it is only when the sun begins to return from his greatest southern declination that the cracks close their large lips. The whole sponge is borne up, and covers an enormous mass of water, oozing forth in March and April, forming the inundations.”

Confusion now prevailed all over the country; and Livingstone, though maintaining a neutral position among the contending parties, was more than once in circumstances of great peril. On one occasion, he was surrounded by a party of furious Imbozhwa, who stood within fifteen or twenty yards, with spears poised and arrows set in the bowstrings, and some even took aim at him. The two Arab traders now in the country felt that they must unite their forces, and thus endeavour to effect a safe retreat. Livingstone took advantage of their protection. They marched from Kizinga on the 23rd of September, and built fences every night to protect themselves. They were not molested, however, and came nearly north to the Kalongosi. The country was all covered with forest, and thrown up into ridges of hardened sandstone, capped occasionally with fine-grained clay schist. Trees often appeared of large size and of a species closely resembling the gum-copal tree. On the heights there were masukos and rhododendrons. On the 7th of October, they came to the Kalongosi, flowing over five cataracts made by five islets in a place called Kabwerume. On the 12th, they crossed the Kalongosi, at the ford called Mosolo. The river here was two hundred and forty yards broad, thigh deep, and ran so strongly that it was with difficulty Livingstone kept his feet. After crossing, they passed down between the ranges of hills on the east of Mocro, the path the traveller followed when he first visited Casembe. A week later, he went to the chief village of Muabo, and begged that chief to show him the excavations in his country. He declined to do so then, evidently not wishing to let his strongholds be known. All his people could go into them, though over ten thousand; they are all abundantly supplied with water, and form the storehouses for grain. Muabo told him to go to Kabwabwata, and wait awhile there, and meanwhile he would consider whether he would show him his underground houses or not; but although through various cir-

cumstances he waited here for several weeks, Muabo refused to gratify his request.

The wars between the Arabs and the natives continued, much to Livingstone's disgust and peril. He was powerless, however, to prevent them. Of the many scenes he describes, one or two may be given:—"Next morning we were assailed by a crowd of Imbozhwa on three sides. We had no stockade, but the men built one as fast as the enemy allowed, cutting down trees, and carrying them to the line of defence, while others kept the assailants at bay with their guns. Had it not been for the crowd of Banyamwezi which we have, who shot vigorously with their arrows, and occasionally chased the Imbozhwa, we should have been routed. I did not go near the fighting, but remained in my house to defend my luggage if necessary. The women went up and down the village with sieves, as if winnowing, and singing songs, and lullilooing, to encourage their husbands and friends who were fighting; each had a branch of the *Ficus indica* in her hand, which she waved, I suppose, as a charm. About ten of the Imbozhwa are said to have been killed, but dead and wounded were at once carried off by their countrymen. They continued the assault from early dawn till 1 P.M., and showed great bravery, but they wounded only two with their arrows. Their care to secure the wounded was admirable; two or three at once seized the fallen man, and ran off with him, though pursued by a great crowd of Banyamwezi with spears, and fired at by the Suaheli. It was evident to me that the Suaheli Arabs were quite taken aback by the attitude of the natives; they expected them to flee as soon as they heard a gun fired in anger, but instead of this we were very nearly being cut off, and should have been, but for our Banyamwezi allies."—"24th December. The Imbozhwa came early this morning to renew the fight. I have nothing to do with it, but feel thankful that I was detained, and did not, with my few attendants, fall into the hands of these justly infuriated men. They kept up the attack to-day, and some went out to them, fighting till noon; when a man was killed and not carried off, the Banyamwezi brought his head and put it on a pole on the stockade—six heads were thus placed."

Speaking of the superstitions of the district in which he was at this time detained, Livingstone says—"A sort of idol is found in every village in this part; it is of wood, and represents the features, markings and fashions of the hair of the inhabitants; some have little huts built for them, others are in common houses. The Imbozhwa, or Babemba, call them *Nkisi* ('Saucau' of the Arabs); the people of Rua name one *Kalubi*; the plural, *Tulubi*; and they present pombe, flour, bhang, tobacco, and light a fire for them to smoke by. They represent the departed father or mother, and it is supposed that they are pleased with the offerings made to their representatives, but all deny that they pray to them. Casembe has very many of these *Nkisi*; one with

long hair, and named *Motombo*, is carried in front when he takes the field; names of dead chiefs are sometimes given to them. I have not met with any one intelligent enough to explain if prayers are ever made to any one; the Arabs, who know their language, say they have no prayers, and think that, at death, there is an end of the whole man, but other things lead me to believe this is erroneous! Slaves laugh at their countrymen, in imitation of their masters, and will not reveal their own thoughts: one said that they believed in two Superior Beings—Reza above, who kills people, and Reza below, who carries them away after death.”

Referring to the care which he had always taken to give the position of places with the utmost accuracy, and the compliments paid to the success with which he had done this on the Zambesi and the Shire by scientific men, he says—“It is not very comforting, after all my care and risk of health, and even of life—it is not very inspiring to find two hundred miles of lake tacked on to the north-west end of Nyassa, and then two hundred miles perched up on the upland region, and passed over some three thousand feet higher than the rest of the lake! We shall probably hear that the author of this feat in fancyography claims therefrom to be considered a theoretical discoverer of the sources of the Nile.” After stating several instances in which his positions had been unwarrantably changed, he says—“The desecration my positions have suffered is probably unknown to the Council, but that is all the more reason why I should adhere to my resolution to be the guardian of my own observations until publication. I regret this, because the upsetting of a canoe, or any accident happening to me, might lead to the entire loss of the discoveries. My borrowed paper is done, or I should have given a summary of the streams which, flowing into the Chambezi, Luapula, Lualaba, and the lakes, may be called sources. Thirteen, all larger than the Isis at Oxford, or the Avon at Hamilton, run into one line of drainage, five into another, and five into a third receptacle—twenty-three in all.”

After a long and weary delay, our traveller was able to make a start, on the 11th of December, with the Arabs, who were bound eastwards for Ujiji. On that day they marched four hours unmolested by the natives; and the next day crossed the Lokinda River, and its feeder, the Mookosi, travelling between two ranges of tree-covered mountains—continuations of those on each side of Lake Moero. The country was covered with cotton-grass and brackens, showing its great humidity. Rain fell daily. A pretty little light-grey owl, called “ukwekwe,” was killed one day; it had a black ring round its face, and black ears, which gave it all the appearance of a cat, whose habits it follows. On the 22nd they crossed the Lofunso river, wading three branches, the first of forty-seven yards, then the river itself, fifty yards, and neck-deep to men and women of ordinary size. Two were swept away and drowned; other two were saved by men rescuing them. A crocodile bit one

person badly, but was struck and driven off. Two slaves escaped that night; a woman loosed her husband's yoke from the tree, and got clear off. On Christmas day, they marched past Mount Katanga, leaving it on their left, to the River Kapeta; and, as they could buy nothing except the very coarsest food—not a goat or fowl—Livingstone slaughtered a favourite kid to make a Christmas dinner. The following day, they marched up an ascent for two hours and a half, and got upon one of the mountain ridges. Three hours along this ridge brought them to the Kibawe River. There were no people on the height over which they travelled. The country, however, was very fine, green and gay with varying shades of that colour. There were patches of brackens five feet high, and gingers in flower. On the 30th they crossed the Lokivwa River, twelve yards wide, and very deep, and travelled on till they reached the Lofuko. The last entry in the traveller's Journal this year is as follows—"31st December. We reached the Lofuko yesterday in a pelting rain; not knowing that the camp with huts was near, I stopped and put on a bernouse, got wet, and had no dry clothes. Remain to-day to buy food. Clouds cover all the sky from N. W. The river, thirty yards wide, goes to Tanganyika east of this. Scenery very lovely."

CHAPTER XXI.

Beginning of 1869—Dangerous Illness—Arrives at Tanganyika—Reaches Ujiji—Explores Manyema—1870—The Soko—Continued Illness—Detention at Buni-barre—Ivory—Strange Diseases—Sufferings of Slaves.

THE year 1869 began gloomily. "I have been wet times without number," says our traveller, "but the wetting of yesterday was once too often. I felt very ill, but fearing that the Lofuko might flood, I resolved to cross it. Cold up to the waist, which made me worse, but I went on for two and a half hours E." The day but one after he says of himself—"Very ill all over." Two or three days further on, he writes—"Cannot walk. Pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night. Distressing weakness." On the 9th of January, we have this entry—"Mohamad Bogharib offered to carry me. I am so weak I can scarcely speak. We are in Marungu proper now—a pretty, but steeply-undulating country. This is the first time in my life I have been carried in illness, but I cannot raise myself to the sitting posture. No food except a little gruel. Great distress in coughing all night; feet swelled and sore. I am carried four hours each day on a kitanda or frame, like a cot; carried eight hours one day. Then sleep in a deep ravine."

The distressing illness continued. From day to day he was carried in his kitanda; but even this method of travelling was painful to him. On the 14th of February, he arrived at Tanganyika. His cough and chest-pain now diminished; but his body was greatly emaciated. On the 26th, he embarked on the lake, and, after seven hours' paddling, slept at Katonga. He was now voyaging to Ujiji. Day after day they made various stages, some larger and some shorter. Ill as he was, he did not fail to make his observations, as they went along; thus—"March 8th. On Kasanga islet. Cochin-China fowls and Muscovy ducks appear, and plenty of a small milkless breed of goats. Tanganyika has many deep bays running in four and five miles; they are choked up with aquatic vegetation, through which canoes can scarcely be propelled. When the bay has a small rivulet at its head, the water in the bay is decidedly brackish, though the rivulet be fresh. It made the Zanzibar people remark on the lake water, 'It is like that we get near the sea-shore—a little salt;' but as soon as we get out of the shut-in bay or lagoon into the lake

proper, the water is quite sweet, and shows that a current flows through the middle of the lake lengthways." He was now nearing Ujiji, but his patience was greatly exercised, as the slaves who paddled were tired, and progress was very slow. Speaking of his health, he says, "I have a good appetite and sleep well; these are the favourable symptoms; but am dreadfully thin, bowels irregular, and I have no medicine. Sputa increases; hope to hold out to Ujiji. Cough worse."

He reached Ujiji on the 14th. He had arranged that supplies should be forwarded to that place by inland-bound caravans from Zanzibar; but most unfortunately, they were sent in all directions. The disappointment, to a man shattered in health, and craving for letters and stores, must have been very deep. The medicines, wine, and cheese, had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days to the east. Milk was not to be had, as the cows had not calved; but a present of Assam tea had come from Calcutta, in addition to which he had his own coffee and a little sugar. Butter he bought, and four-year old flour, with which he made bread. He found great benefit from the tea and coffee, and still more from flannel to the skin. By the 28th, his cough had ceased, and he was able to walk half a mile. A large portion of the month of April, was spent in writing letters home; and he finished no fewer than forty-two, all of which, however, must have been destroyed by the Arabs, for not one arrived at Zanzibar. They must have suspected an exposure of their conduct, and resolved that the information should not be given. On the 20th of May, he received part of his goods from Unyanyembe; but, though the carriage of them had been paid at Zanzibar, he had to pay it over again. Theft, and extortionate dealing, abounded on all hands. He says of Ujiji—"This is a den of the worst kind of slave-traders; those whom I met in Urungu and Itawa were gentlemen slavers; the Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and Portuguese, are the vilest of the vile."

After a stay of some months at Ujiji, he contemplated visiting Manyuema. He had heard that Moenekuss, the paramount chief of the Manyuema, was a very good man, and that his people had not been spoiled by contact with Arab traders. On the 12th of July, he set out for this new country. After a journey of upwards of two months, he reached the chief village and the seat of royalty. The earlier part of the journey was by water; the latter by land, in a northerly direction. The appearance of the country varied much. In some places it was covered with ferns and gingers, and miles and miles of cassava. In some parts it was very mountainous, and the deep dells were filled with gigantic trees. Livingstone measured one twenty feet in circumference, and sixty or seventy feet high to the first branches. On the 15th of September, the vast valley of Mamba opened out before them; very beautiful, and much of it cleared of trees. There they met a trader carrying eighteen thousand pounds of ivory, purchased in this new field very

cheaply, because no traders had been there before. The following day they came to the first palm-oil trees which they had seen in their way since they had left Tanganyika. They had evidently been planted at villages. Light-grey parrots, with red tails, also became common, whose name, *kuss*, gives the chief his name, *Moenekuss* (Lord of the Parrot). As they proceeded, they found the country full of palm-oil palms, and very beautiful. The people had their bodies tattooed with new and full moons, stars, crocodiles, and gardens.

On the 20th, Livingstone thus writes—"Up to a broad range of high mountains of light-grey granite, there are deep dells on the top filled with gigantic trees, and having running rills in them. Some trees appear with enormous roots—butfresses, in fact—like mangroves in the coast swamps, six feet high at the trunk diameter. There are many villages dotted over the slopes which we climbed; one had been destroyed, and revealed the hard clay walls and square forms of Manyuema houses. Our path lay partly along a ridge, with a deep valley on each side; one on the left had a valley filled with primeval forests, into which elephants, when wounded, escaped completely. The forest was a dense mass, without a bit of ground to be seen, except a patch on the south-west. The bottom of this great valley was two thousand feet below us, then ranges of mountains, with villages on their bases, rose as far as they could reach. On our right, there was another deep but narrow gorge, and mountains much higher than on our ridge close adjacent. One ridge looked like a glacier, and it wound from side to side, and took us to the edge of deep precipices, first on the right, then on the left, till down below we came to the villages of Chief Monandenda. The houses here are all filled with firewood on shelves, and each has a bed on a raised platform in an inner room. The paths are very skilfully placed on the tops of the ridges of hills, and all gullies are avoided. If the highest level were not in general made the ground for passing through the country, the distances would at least be doubled, and the fatigue greatly increased. The paths seems to have been used for ages: they are worn deep on the heights; and in hollows a little mound rises on each side, formed by the feet tossing a little soil on one side."

When they reached Bambarre, the chief village of Manyuema, on the 21st of September, they found that Moenekuss had lately died, and left his two sons to fill his place. Moenembagg, the elder, was the most sensible, and the spokesman on all important occasions; but his younger brother, Moenemgoi, was the chief—the centre of authority. They showed symptoms of suspicion on the arrival of the strangers, and thought they had come to kill them. Livingstone presented the two brothers with two table-cloths, four bunches of beads, and one string of neck-beads, with which they were well satisfied. They have but little of their father's power, but they try to behave to strangers as he did. The men here build the houses; but the women have

to keep them well filled with firewood, and supplied with water. They carry the wood, and almost everything else, in large baskets, hung to the shoulders, like the Edinburgh fishwives. The men help to cultivate the soil. Small-pox comes every three or four years, and kills many of the people. The rite of circumcision is general among all the Manyuema; it is performed on the young. If a headman's son is to be operated on, it is tried on a slave first; certain times of the year are unpropitious, as during a drought, for instance; but having by this experiment ascertained the proper time, they go into the forest, beat drums, and feast as elsewhere. Contrary to all African custom, they are not ashamed to speak about the rite, even before women. One day in October, two fine young men visited Livingstone in his house; and after putting several inquiries as to where his country lay, and so forth, they asked him whether people died in his country, and where they went to after death. They seemed very intelligent, and when told that English Christians prayed to the Great Father, and that He heard all who prayed to Him, they thought all this very natural and good. Ants constitute one item of food with the people. When the white ants cast off their colony of winged emigrants, a canopy is erected like an umbrella over the ant-hill. As soon as the ants fly against the roof they tumble down in a shower and their wings instantly become detached from their bodies. They are then helpless, and are swept up in baskets to be fried, when they make a very palatable food.

Livingstone now determined on going to Lualaba, with a view of exploring that river. His course was west and south-west, through a country surpassingly beautiful, having numerous well-built villages. "The streets often run east and west, in order that the bright blazing sun may lick up the moisture from off them. The dwelling-houses are generally in line, with public meeting houses at each end, opposite the middle of the street; the roofs are low, but well thatched with a leaf resembling the banana leaf, but more tough: it seems from its fruit to be a species of *Euphorbia*. The leaf-stack has a notch made in it of two or three inches lengthways, and this hooks on to the rafters, which are often of the leaf-stalks of palms, split up so as to be thin; the water runs quickly off this roof, and the walls, which are of well-beaten clay, are screened from the weather. In some cases, where the south-east rains are abundant, the Manyuema place the backside of the houses to this quarter, and prolong the low roof down, so that the rain does not reach the walls. These clay walls stand for ages, and men often return to the villages they left in infancy and build again the portions that many rains have washed away." The country was very mountainous, and the tops were crowned with graceful palms. In the forests, which were generally about five miles broad, climbers as thick as a cable hung in great numbers among the gigantic trees: many wild fruits were found, some as large as a child's head; and strange birds and monkeys abounded.

As they penetrated the country into the interior, they found themselves treated here and there with suspicion. Dugumbe, the slave-trader whom they had met returning with such a large quantity of ivory, had been there, and his people had maltreated the natives; and they looked upon Livingstone as being in some way a connection of his. When they reached one place, about ten miles from the confluence of the Luamo River with the Lualaba, they learnt that all the people had been plundered, and some killed by Dugumbe's slaves. The Luamo was two hundred yards wide, and very deep; and the people refused to ferry them over. They would not even sell them a canoe. The women especially insisted on Livingstone's connection with the trader; and when one lady was asked to look if he was of the same colour with Dugumbe, she replied with a bitter little laugh, "Then you must be his father." The rainy season now came on, and this, coupled with the hostility of the people, rendered any attempt at further progress unadvisable. They consequently returned to Bambarre on the 19th of December.

Christmas day was spent at Bambarre; and the following morning our traveller started on his explorations again. He was suffering from fever, still he set off, and kept marching, as he always found that the best remedy for fever was to keep moving, if possible. By the 28th they were near Luamo River once more. A man passed them that day, who had a human finger wrapped in a leaf: it was to be used as a charm, and belonged to a man killed in revenge. On the last day of this year, they crossed the Luamo in canoes.

There are repeated indications in Livingstone's Journal that he was now getting anxious to complete the task he had set for himself. The first entry for the year 1870 runs thus:—"1st January, 1870. May the Almighty help me to finish the work in hand, and retire through the Basango before the year is over. Thanks for all last year's loving-kindness." On the 3rd, they marched five hours through forest, and crossed three rivulets and much stagnant water, which the sun could not reach to evaporate. They passed several huge traps which had been laid for elephants. The women here do up their hair in a novel style; they plait it into the form of a basket behind: it is first rolled into a very long coil, then wound round something till it is about eight or ten inches long, projecting from the back of the head. Their course now was nearly due north, through wilderness and many villages and running streams. The approaches to the villages were all made as difficult as possible. The people were civil; but, from the fact of their being unaccustomed to see strangers, they were excited and uproarious: they ran alongside the travellers, gazing at them and making loud and energetic remarks concerning them to each other, like noisy children. Visitors came to see them from a distance, bringing with them their large wooden shields. Many of the men were tall and handsome; but the women were mostly plain. In one district

their course lay through a river covered with tikatika, a living vegetable bridge made by a species of glossy-leaved grass, which felts itself into a mat capable of bearing a man's weight, but it bends in a foot or fifteen inches every step. The lotus, or sacred lily, which grows in nearly all the shallow waters of this country, sometimes spreads its broad leaves over the bridge so as to lead careless observers to think that it is the bridge-builder; the grass, however, is the real agent.

Heavy rains and sloppy ground brought on repeated attacks of fever, and the latter part of January was spent by our traveller in camp, resting through sickness. Recovered somewhat, he renewed his journey. Who can wonder at his sickness, when reading such entries as the following, and remembering that he was without medicine:—"3rd February. Caught in a drenching rain, which made me fain to sit, exhausted as I was, under an umbrella for an hour trying to keep the trunk dry. As I sat in the rain a little tree-frog, about half an inch long, leaped on to a grassy leaf, and began a tune as loud as that of many birds, and very sweet: it was surprising to hear so much music out of so small a musician. I drank some rain-water as I felt faint: in the paths it is now calf-deep. I crossed a hundred yards of slush waist-deep in mid channel, and full of holes made by elephants' feet, the path hedged in by reedy grass, often intertwined and very tripping. I stripped off my clothes on reaching my hut in a village, and a fire during night nearly dried them. At the same time I rubbed my legs with palm oil, and in the morning had a delicious breakfast of sour goat's milk and porridge.—5th February. The drenching told on me sorely, and it was repeated after we had crossed the good-sized rivulets of Mulunkula and many villages; and I lay on an enormous boulder under a Muabe palm, and slept during the worst of the pelting. I was seven days southing to Mamohela, Kalomba's camp, and quite knocked up and exhausted. I went into winter quarters on 7th February, 1870."

Rest, shelter from the rains, drinking only water which had been previously boiled, and above all, the use of a new species of potato, called nyumbo, much famed among the natives as a restorative, soon put him all right. Speaking of this vegetable, he says that, but for a slightly medicinal taste, which is got rid of by boiling in two waters, it would be equal to English potatoes. The camp in which he was now staying was the camp of the headmen of the ivory traders, who were now away for ivory. Wood, water, and grass, the requisites of a camp, abounded; and the Manyuema brought large supplies of food every day: forty large baskets of maize for a goat; fowls, bananas, and nyumbo, very cheap. Iron bracelets were the common medium of exchange, and coarse beads and cowries. The rains continued till June, and by that time fifty-eight inches had fallen. On the 26th of June, Livingstone left the Arabs' camp, and set off, with only three attendants, to the

north-west for the Lualaba. The journey in some places was tedious, through the number of rivulets, as many as fourteen, some of them thigh deep, having to be crossed in a day. On this journey, his feet failed him for the first time in his life; and, having only three attendants, he felt that it would be unwise to go farther in that direction. Instead of healing quickly, as heretofore, when torn by hard travel, irritable eating ulcers fastened on both feet; and, on the 22nd of July, he limped back to Bambarre. When he put his foot to the ground, there was a discharge of bloody ichor, and the same discharge happened every night, with considerable pain, that prevented sleep. The sores eat through everything—muscle, tendon, and bone, and often produce permanent lameness. Medicines have very little effect on such wounds; and their periodic return seems to say that they are allied to fever. While at Bambarre, the traveller learnt much of the barbarous character of the people there. As they told of each other's deeds, they disclosed a horrid state of bloodthirsty callousness. Kandahara, the brother of Moenekuss, killed three women and a child; and a trading man, who came over from Kasangangaye, was murdered for no other reason than to eat his body. Though cannibalism, connected with superstitious notions, existed in other parts, in Bambarre alone was it practised from a depraved taste.

Among the animals which Livingstone describes as abounding in some parts of Manyuema, and which he saw at Bambarre, is the soko, which is either a gorilla, or a species of chimpanzee. He gives the following account of it:—"24th August. Four gorillas, or sokos, were killed yesterday: an extensive grass-burning forced them out of their usual haunt, and coming on the plain they were speared. They often go erect, but place the hand on the head, as if to steady the body. When seen thus, the soko is an ungainly beast; the most sentimental young lady would not call him 'a dear,' but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals, especially the antelopes, are graceful, and it is pleasant to see them, either at rest or in motion; the natives also are well made, lithe and comely to behold; but the soko, if large, would do well to stand for a picture of the devil.

"He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers, and faint apology for a beard; the forehead, villainously low, with high ears, is well in the background of the great-dog mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyuema devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals: they say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be exceedingly knowing, successfully stalking men and women while at their work, kidnap-

ping children, and running up trees with them: he seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and as he lifts that, drops the child: the young soko, in such a case, would cling closely to the arm-pit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko: it seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, 'Soko has caught me.' The soko bit off the ends of his fingers, and escaped unharmed. Both men are now alive at Bambarre.

"The soko is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes, that no one can stalk him in front without being seen, hence, when shot, it is always in the back; when surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back too, otherwise he is not a very formidable beast: he is nothing as compared in power of damaging his assailant, to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Numbers of them come down in the forest within a hundred yards of the camp, and would be unknown, but for giving tongue like foxhounds: this is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko, and seized; he roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him, as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall.

"The soko kills the leopard occasionally, by seizing both paws, and biting them so as to disable them; he then goes up a tree, groans over his wounds, and sometimes recovers, while the leopard dies: at other times, both soko and leopard die. The lion kills him at once, and sometimes tears his limbs off, but does not eat him. The soko eats no flesh; small bananas are his dainties, but not maize. His food consists of wild fruits, which abound; one, Stafene, or Manyuema Mamwa, is like large sweet sop, but indifferent in taste and flesh. The soko brings forth at times twins. A very large soko was seen by Mohamad's hunters sitting picking his nails: they tried to stalk him, but he vanished. Some Manyuema think that their buried dead rise as sokos, and one was killed with holes in his ears, as if he had been a man. He is very strong, and fears guns, but not spears: he never catches women. Sokos collect together, and make a drumming noise. If a man has no spear, the soko goes away satisfied, but, if wounded, he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheeks of his victim, and bites, without breaking the skin. He draws out a spear (but never uses it), and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch the blood: he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm, and never molests them: a man without a spear is nearly safe from him. Manyuema say, 'Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him.' They live

in communities about ten, each having his own female: an intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another over a grassy space; he then gives it to the mother."

Our traveller gives the following interesting description of a young soko that he received as a present:—"Katomba presented a young soko or gorilla that had been caught while its mother was killed; she sits eighteen inches high, has fine long black hair all over, which was pretty so long as it was kept in order by her dam. She is the least mischievous of all the monkey tribe I have seen, and seems to know that in me she has a friend, and sits quietly on the mat beside me. In walking, the first thing observed is that she does not tread on the palms of her hands, but on the backs of the second line of bones of the hands; in doing this the nails do not touch the ground, nor do the knuckles; she uses the arms thus supported crutch fashion, and hitches herself along between them; occasionally one hand is put down before the other, and alternates with the feet, or she walks upright and holds up a hand to any one to carry her. If refused, she turns her face down, and makes grimaces of the most bitter human weeping, wringing her hands, and sometimes adding a fourth hand or foot to make the appeal more touching. Grass or leaves she draws around her to make a nest, and resents any one meddling with her property. She is a most friendly little beast, and came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelled my clothing, and held out her hand to be shaken. I slapped her palm without offence, though she winced. She began to untie the cord with which she was afterwards bound, with fingers and thumbs, in quite a systematic way, and on being interfered with by a man looked daggers, and, screaming, tried to beat him with her hands; she was afraid of his stick, and faced him, putting her back to me as a friend. She holds out her hands for people to lift her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf."

Livingstone found Manyuema an unhealthy country. It was not so much that fever prevailed, as that there was debility of the whole system, induced by damp, cold, and indigestion. Rheumatism is common, and cuts the natives off. Tape-worm too is frequently met with, and neither the Arabs nor the natives know any remedy for it. For the irritable ulcers, of which many die, he found lunar caustic useful. The Arabs use a plaster of wax, and a little finely-ground sulphate of copper. There is an interesting fact to be noted in connection with the affliction under which he was now suffering.

Hidden away in the pocket of the note-book which he used at the time, there was found after his death a small scrap of printed paper, which tells its own tale. On one side there was written in his well-known hand—"Turn over, and see a drop of comfort found when suffering from irritable eating ulcers on the feet in Manyuema, August 1870." On the other side is a printed extract from a favourable review in the "*British Quarterly*" of his "*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*." The extract is as follows (and this is the "drop of comfort") :—"Few achievements in our day have made a greater impression than that of the adventurous missionary who, unaided, crossed the Continent of Equatorial Africa. His unassuming simplicity, his varied intelligence, his indomitable pluck, his steady religious purpose, form a combination of qualities rarely found in one man. By common consent, Dr. Livingstone has come to be regarded as one of the most remarkable travellers of his own or of any other age."

By the 26th of September, he was able to report some improvement in his health. For eighty days he had been laid up by the ulcers in his feet, but they were now healing. Fever, however, came on again, and for twenty days longer he was confined to his hut. His appetite was good, but the third mouthful of any food caused nausea and vomiting—purging took place, and profuse sweating; it was choleraic, and many persons in Manyuema died of it. On the 10th of October, he came out of his hut, and was thankful to feel himself well. Well or ill, he was always seeking to gather information, and noted down all he saw. The Manyuema, though blood-thirsty towards one another, and as was natural full of ill-feeling towards the Ujijian traders, were friendly towards himself. Their cultivation of the soil was very imperfect, yet it was so rich and soft, that there was no need for deep ploughing. The roots of maize, ground nuts, sweet potatoes, and dura, found their way in easily; and bananas, if only cleared of weeds, yielded abundantly. One measure of rice would produce one hundred and twenty measures. Moenekuss paid smiths to teach his sons, and they learned to work copper and iron; but he never could get them to imitate his own generous and obliging deportment; when he died he virtually left no successor. The people buy their wives from each other; and a pretty girl fetches usually ten goats.

Week after week he longed to leave Bambarre, but no favourable opportunity presented itself. He waited for some ivory trader to come along, under whose escort he might march. On the 6th of December, he says—"Oh, for Dugumbe or Syde to come! but this delay may be all for the best." Two or three days after, he says again—"I am sorely let and hindered in this Manyuema. Rain every day, and often at night; I could not travel now, even if I had men, but I could make some progress: this is the sorest delay I ever had. I look above for help and mercy." On the 12th, he again writes—"It may be all for the best that I am so hindered, and compelled to inac-

tivity." Two elephants were killed at this time, which, though large, had only small tusks; although the flesh was eaten by the natives, to the trader the chief value of these animals lay, of course, in the ivory.

The following items of information concerning ivory are not inappropriate here, and will prove interesting to our readers: their accuracy may be relied on, as they are supplied by Mr. F. D. Blyth, whose long and large experience qualifies him to speak upon the subject with authority:—"England imports about five hundred and fifty tons annually—of this, two hundred and eighty tons pass away to other countries, whilst the remainder is used by our manufacturers, of whom the Sheffield cutlers require about one hundred and seventy tons. The whole annual importation is derived from the following countries, and in the quantities given below, as near as one can approach to actual figures:—

Bombay and Zanzibar export.....	160 tons.
Alexandria and Malta.....	180 "
West Coast of Africa.....	140 "
Cape of Good Hope.....	50 "
Mozambique	20 "

"The Bombay merchants collect ivory from all the southern countries of Asia, and the east Coast of Africa, and after selecting that which is most suited to the wants of the Indian and Chinese markets, ship the remainder to Europe. From Alexandria and Malta we receive ivory collected from Northern and Central Africa, from Egypt, and the countries through which the Nile flows. Immediately after the Franco-German war, the value of ivory increased considerably; and when we look at the prices realised on large Zanzibar tusks at the public sales, we can well understand the motive power which drove the Arab ivory hunters further and further into the country from which the chief supply was derived when Dr. Livingstone met them.

In 1867 their price varied from £39 to £42	
" 1868 " " " " 39 " 42	
" 1869 " " " " 41 " 44	
" 1870 " " " " 41 " 44	
" 1871 " " " " 41 " 44	
" 1872 " " " " 58 " 61	
" 1873 " " " " 68 " 72	
" 1875 " " " " 53 " 58	

"Single tusks vary in weight from one pound to one hundred and sixty-five pounds: the average of a pair of tusks may be put at twenty-eight

pounds, and therefore forty-four thousand elephants, large and small, must be killed yearly to supply the ivory which *comes to England alone*; and when we remember that an enormous quantity goes to America, to India and China, for consumption there, and of which we have no account, some faint notion may be formed of the destruction that goes on amongst the herds of elephants. Although naturalists distinguish only two living species of elephants, viz., the African and Asiatic, nevertheless, there is a great difference in the size, character, and colour of their tusks, which may arise from variations in climate, soil, and food.

“The tusks from India, Ceylon, etc., are smaller in size, partly of an opaque character, and partly translucent (or, as it is technically called, ‘bright’), and harder and more cracked, but those from Siam and the neighbouring countries are very ‘bright,’ soft, and fine-grained: they are much sought after for ear-rings and ornamental work. Tusks from Mozambique and the Cape of Good Hope seldom exceed seventy pounds in weight each: they are similar in character to the Zanzibar kind. Tusks which come through Alexandria and Malta differ considerably in quality: some resemble those from Zanzibar, whilst others are white and opaque, harder to work, and more cracked at the points; and others again are very translucent and hard, besides being liable to crack: this latter description fetches a much lower price in the market. From the West Coast of Africa we get ivory which is always translucent, with a dark outside or coating, but partly hard and partly soft. The soft ivory which comes from Ambriz, the Gaboon River, and the ports south of the equator, is more highly valued than any other, and is called ‘silver grey:’ this sort retains its whiteness when exposed to the air, and is free from that tendency to become yellowish in time, which characterises Asiatic and East African ivory.

“Hard tusks, as a rule, are proportionately smaller in diameter, sharper, and less worn than soft ones, and they come to market much more cracked, fetching, in consequence, a lower price. In addition to the above, a few tons of mammoth ivory are received from time to time from the Arctic regions and Siberia; and although of unknown antiquity, some tusks are equal, in every respect, to ivory which is obtained in the present day from elephants newly killed. This, no doubt, is owing to the preservative effects of the ice in which the animals have been imbedded for many thousands of years. In the year 1799, the entire carcase of a mammoth was taken from the ice, and the skeleton, and portions of the skin, still covered with reddish hair, are preserved in the Museum of St. Petersburg: it is said that portions of the flesh were eaten by the men who dug it out of the ice.”

One or two strange diseases were observed here by our traveller, and are thus described:—“*Safura* is the name of the disease of clay or earth-eating at Zanzibar. It often affects slaves, and the clay is said to have a pleasant

odour to the eaters; but it is not confined to slaves, nor do slaves eat in order to kill themselves; it is a diseased appetite, and rich men, who have plenty to eat, are often subject to it. The feet swell, flesh is lost, and the face looks haggard; the patient can scarcely walk for shortness of breath and weakness, and he continues eating till he dies. Here many slaves are now diseased with safura; the clay built in walls is preferred, and Manyuema women, when pregnant, often eat it. The cure is effected by drastic purges composed as follows:—Old vinegar of cocoa-trees is put into a large basin, and old slag red-hot cast into it; then ‘Moneye,’ asafœtida, half a rupee in weight, copperas sulph., ditto; a small glass of this fasting, morning and evening, produces vomiting and purging of black dejections. This is continued for seven days; no meat is to be eaten, but only old rice or dura and water; a fowl in course of time; no fish, butter, eggs, or beef, for two years on pain of death. Mohamad’s father had skill in the cure, and the above is his prescription. Safura is thus a disease *per se*; it is common in Manyuema, and makes me in a measure content to wait for my medicines. From the description, inspissated bile seems to be the agent of blocking up the gall-duct and duodenum, and the clay or earth may be nature trying to clear it away; the clay appears unchanged in the stools, and in large quantity. A Banyamwezi carrier, who bore an enormous load of copper, is now by safura scarcely able to walk; he took it at Lualaba, where food is abundant, and he is contented with his lot. Squeeze a finger-nail, and if no blood appears beneath it, safura is the cause of the bloodlessness.

“The strangest disease I have seen in this country, seems really to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves. My attention was drawn to it when the elder brother of Syde bin Habib was killed in Rua by a night attack, from a spear being pitched through his tent into his side. Syde then vowed vengeance for the blood of his brother, and assaulted all he could find, killing the elders, and making the young men captives. He had secured a very large number, and they endured the chains until they saw the broad River Lualaba roll between them and their free homes: they then lost heart. Twenty-one were unchained, as being now safe. However, all ran away at once; but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot, though many think that the organ stands high up under the breast-bone. Some slaves expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat, and no work. One fine boy, of about twelve years, was carried, and when about to expire, was kindly laid down on the side of the path, and a hole dug to deposit the body in. He, too, said he had nothing the matter with him, except pain in his heart: as it attacks only the free (who are captured, and never slaves), it seems to be really broken hearts of which they die.”

Some additional particulars were given by Livingstone's servants, who reached this country, of the dreadful sufferings of these captives. "The sufferings endured by these unfortunate captives, whilst they were hawked about in different directions, must have been shocking indeed; many died because it was impossible for them to carry a burden on the head whilst marching in the heavy yoke or taming-stick, which weighs from thirty to forty pounds as a rule; and the Arabs knew that, if once the stick were taken off, the captive would escape on the first opportunity. Children, for a time, would keep up with wonderful endurance, but it happened sometimes that the sound of dancing, and the merry tinkle of the small drums, would fall on their ears in passing near to a village, then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them; they cried and sobbed, the 'broken heart' came on, and they rapidly sank. The adults, as a rule, came into the slave-sticks from treachery, and had never been slaves before. Very often the Arabs would promise a present of dried fish to villagers if they would act as guides to some distant point, and as soon as they were far enough away from their friends, they were seized and pinned into the yoke, from which there is no escape. These poor fellows would expire in the way Livingstone mentions, talking to the last of their wives and children, who would never know what had become of them. On one occasion, twenty captives succeeded in escaping, as follows:—Chained together by the neck, and in the custody of an Arab armed with a gun, they were sent off to collect wood; at a given signal, one of them called the guard to look at something, which he pretended he had found; when he stooped down they threw themselves upon him, and overpowered him, and after he was dead managed to break the chain and make off in all directions."



THE MOUNTAINS OF HOMBORI

CHAPTER XXII.

The Year 1871—Detention at Bambarre—Reaches the Lualaba—Life at Nyangwe—The Bakuss—Slaughter of Women by the Arabs—Returns to Ujiji—Arrival of Mr. Stanley—Livingstone and Stanley visit Unyanyembe—Stanley leaves to Return to England.

THE hindrances which Livingstone had to encounter in the prosecution of his work—his frequent detentions and feeble health—were a sore trial. He earnestly desired to be able to finish what he had been privileged to begin, and so far to carry on. Hence he begins the year 1871 with this prayer:—“O Father! help me to finish this work to Thy honour.” He was still detained at Bambarre; but there was a report of a caravan on its way from the coast, and he hoped it would bring him both men and goods. Early in February the men arrived, but they all came with a lie in their mouth, and, instead of being ready to accompany him, they all swore that they had orders from Dr. Kirk, the consul at Zanzibar, not to go forward, but to force him back; and they spread the tale all over the country that a certain letter had been sent to him with orders to return forthwith. Through fear, however, they were constrained to obey Livingstone’s will, and accompany him in his further journeyings. On the 16th of February, he started from Bambarre; and on the 24th, came to a village near Lolande River. From there, he went to Mamohela, where he was welcomed by the Arabs who were staying there, and got various letters that were waiting for him. Leaving Mamohela on the 2nd of March, he travelled over fine grassy plains, having tree-covered mountains on both sides, and crossing, in six hours, fourteen running rills, from three to ten or fifteen feet broad, and from calf to thigh deep. On the 5th, he came to some villages called Basilange. These villages he describes as “very pretty, standing on slopes. The main street generally lies east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his clear hot rays from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drained off by the slopes. A little verandah is often made in front of the door, and here, at dawn, the family draws round a fire, and, while enjoying the heat needed in the cold that always accompanies the first darting of the light or sun’s rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air, and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various shaped leaves of the forest all

around their village, and near their nestlings, are bespangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle; the kids gambol and leap on the backs of their dams quietly chewing the cud; other goats make believe fighting. Thrifty wives often bake their new clay pots in a fire, made by lighting a heap of grass roots; the next morning they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this morning scene of peaceful enjoyment is indescribable."

In some cases, Livingstone found all the villages deserted. The people, dreading a repetition of the outrages of the Arabs and their slaves, had fled at the approach of him and his men; and there were instances in which the still smoking fires told the tale of recent flight from the slave-traders. Many, however, found out that he did not belong to their number; and he overheard them at times telling one another that he was the "good one." On the 29th, he crossed the Kunda River, and seven miles more brought him to Nyangwe. Here he reached the Lualaba, narrower at this place than it is higher up, but still a mighty river, at least three thousand yards wide, and always deep. It never can be waded at any point, or at any time of the year. The banks are steep and deep, and the current is about two miles an hour away to the north. The banks of the river are well peopled; but it is necessary to see the gathering at the market of Nyangwe to judge of their numbers. Sometimes as many as three thousand assemble on market-day. With the market-women it seems to be a pleasure of life to haggle and joke, and laugh and cheat. All carry very heavy loads of dried cassava and earthen pots, which they exchange for palm-oil, fish, salt, pepper, and relishes for their food. The men appear in gaudy lambas, and carry little save their iron wares, fowls, grass, cloth, and pigs. White ants also roasted, and snails, are among the marketable commodities.

Among other visitors to Nyangwe were several persons belonging to the Kuss country. These people, called Bakuss, live near Lomane. They use large and very long spears, with great expertness, both in hunting and in war. They "cultivate more than the southern Manyuema, especially Pennisetum and dura, or *Holcus sorghum*. Common coffee is abundant, and they use it highly scented with vanilla, which must be fertilised by insects: they hand round cups of it after meals. Pine-apples, too, are abundant. They bathe regularly twice a day: their houses are of two stories. The women have rather compressed heads, but very pleasant countenances, and ancient Egyptian round wide-awake eyes. Their numbers are prodigious; the country literally swarms with people, and a chief's town extends upwards of a mile. But little of the primeval forest remains. Many large pools of standing water have to be crossed, but markets are held every eight or ten miles from each other, and to these the people come from far, for the market is as great an institution as shopping is with the civilised. Illicit intercourse is

punished by the whole of the offender's family being enslaved. They smelt copper from the ore and sell it very cheaply to the traders for beads."

As an illustration of the barbarous way in which the Arab slave-traders treat the natives, our traveller describes the following scene, which he witnessed in the market of Nyangwe, on the 15th of July:—"It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market; but I attributed it to their ignorance; and it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun. Crowds dashed off from the place, threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the heads of people near the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many. Men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off. In going towards it, they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour. If they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank the current would have aided them on, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land; as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those who would inevitably perish.

"Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with hands and arms. Three canoes got out in haste, picked up sinking friends till all went down together, and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head; he had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning. By-and-by all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming to the lot of a slave. The Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those who went down stream may have escaped; but

the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between three hundred and thirty and four hundred souls. The shooting party near the canoes were so reckless they killed two of their own people; and a Banyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more."

It grieved our traveller sorely that he was powerless to prevent this massacre. He says, "The open murder perpetrated on hundreds of unsuspecting women fills me with unspeakable horror." In another place he writes, "The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on severe headache, which might have been serious, had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood. I was laid up all yesterday afternoon with the depression the bloodshed made—it filled me with unspeakable horror. 'Don't go away,' say the Manyuema chiefs to me; but I cannot stay here in agony." On the 20th of July, he started back from Ujiji. Crossing the river Kunda, he ascended from the valley in which it flows to the ridge of Lobango, some three hundred feet high, on which several villages are built. The path ran along the top of the ridge; and he could see the fine country below all spread out with different shades of green, according to the different plantations. On the journey, four men passed him and his party in great haste, to announce the death of a woman at their village, to her relations at another. After them came twenty-two men, with large square black shields capable of completely hiding the whole person, to receive the body of their relative that they might carry her to her own home for burial. About twenty women followed, and the men waited under the trees, till the women wound up the body and wept over it. They smeared their bodies with clay and their faces with soot.

On the 31st, he passed through the defile between Mount Kimazi and Mount Kijila. The party now went through a great many villages that were all deserted, many of them burnt to the ground, till at last they came to Kittette. Livingstone had often observed effigies of men made of wood in Manyuema; on asking about them at Kittette, he for the first time obtained reliable information: they are called Bathata—fathers or ancients, and the name of each is carefully preserved. On certain occasions the people offer goat's flesh to them; men eat it, and allow no young person or woman to partake. The flesh of the parrot is only eaten by very old men; the belief being that, if eaten by young men, their children will have the waddling gait of the bird. On the 8th of August, Livingstone was in great peril. He came to a village, from which the people all ran away; they appeared in the distance armed, and refused to come near; then they came and threw stones at the travellers, and afterwards tried to kill those who went for water.

Livingstone thus describes the scene and the circumstances of danger:—"They would come to no parley. They knew their advantage, and the wrongs they had suffered from Bin Juma and Mohamad's men" (slave-

traders) "when they threw down the ivory in the forest. In passing along the narrow path, with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand, we came to a point where an ambush had been placed, and trees cut down to obstruct us while they speared us; but for some reason it was abandoned. Nothing could be detected; but by stooping down to the earth, and peering up towards the sun, a dark shade could sometimes be seen; this was an infuriated savage, and a slight rustle in the dense vegetation meant a spear. A large spear from my right lunged past and almost grazed my back, and stuck firmly into the soil. The two men from whom it came appeared at an opening in the forest only ten yards off and bolted, one looking back over his shoulder as he ran. As they are expert with the spear, I don't know how it missed, except that he was too sure of his aim, and the good hand of God was upon me.

"I was behind the main body, and all were allowed to pass till I, the leader, who was believed to be Mohamad Boharib, or Kolokolo himself, came up to the point where they lay. A red jacket they had formerly seen me wearing was proof to them that I was the same that sent Bin Juma to kill five of their men, capture eleven women and children, and twenty-five goats. Another spear was thrown at me by an unseen assailant, and it missed me by about a foot in front. Guns were fired into the dense mass of forest, but with no effect; for nothing could be seen; but we heard the men jeering and denouncing us close by. Two of our party were slain. Coming to a part of the forest cleared for cultivation, I noticed a gigantic tree, made still taller by growing on an ant-hill twenty feet high; it had fire applied near its roots. I heard a crack, which told that the fire had done its work, but felt no alarm till I saw it come straight towards me. I ran a few paces back, and down it came to the ground one yard behind me and, breaking into several lengths, it covered me with a cloud of dust. Had the branches not previously been rotted off, I could scarcely have escaped.

"Three times in one day was I delivered from impending death. My attendants, who were scattered in all directions, came running back to me, calling out, 'Peace! peace! you will finish all your work in spite of these people, and in spite of everything!' Like them, I took it as an omen of good success to crown me yet; thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men. We had five hours of running the gauntlet, waylaid by spearmen, who all felt that if they killed me, they would be revenging the death of relations. From each hole in the tangled mass we looked for a spear; and each moment expected to hear the rustle which told of deadly weapons hurled at us. I became weary with the constant strain of danger, and, as I suppose happens with soldiers on the field of battle, not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not. When at last we got out of the forest, and crossed the Liya, on to the cleared lands near the villages of Monanbundwa, we lay down to rest."

Fresh proof was furnished to Livingstone at this time of the cannibalism of the Manyema. There was a great fight, and some of the victims were eaten. The meat was cut up, and cooked with bananas. It is difficult to know what originated this horrid custom. It could not have been want; for the country is full of food. Of farinaceous food, the people have maize, dura, pennisetum, cassava, and sweet potatoes; of fatty ingredients, they have palm-oil, ground-nuts, sessamum, and a tree whose fruit yields a fine sweet oil; saccharine diet is found in the sugar-cane, bananas, and plantains. Goats, sheep, fowls, dogs, pigs, abound in the villages; whilst the forest affords elephants, zebras, buffaloes, antelopes; and in the streams there are many varieties of fish. The nitrogenous ingredients are abundant; and they have dainties in palm-toddy and tobacco. The only reason for their delight in the taste of human flesh seems to be a depraved appetite. It is said that they will bury a dead body for a day or two in the forest; and then, when through the heat of the climate it is quite decomposed, will dig it up, and cook and eat it.

Our traveller continued his journey to Ujiji, though very wearied and ill. The march sorely knocked him up. During the latter part of it, he felt as if dying on his feet. Almost every step was in pain; his appetite failed; the least food caused violent diarrhoea, whilst his mind, greatly depressed, re-acted on the body. He felt disappointed, thwarted, baffled, in the great object of his pursuit. The great source of his support and comfort was the Word of God. Under date October 3rd, he writes—"I read the whole Bible through four times while I was in Manyema." At last, on the 23rd of October, he reached Ujiji. He was reduced to a skeleton, and was suffering from ophthalmia, caused by the dust of the march; and, to add to his troubles, he found, on his arrival, that nearly all his property at Ujiji had been stolen and sold. "I felt," he says, "in my destitution, as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, but I could not hope for priest, Levite, or good Samaritan, to come by on either side. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand; for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think, 'This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end like me! (28th October.) It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the 'New York Herald,' sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone, if living, and, if dead, to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been full two years without any tidings from Europe, made my whole frame thrill. Appe-

tite returned, and, instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity.”

We must now break off for a little the thread of Livingstone’s narrative, to notice the circumstances in which the Stanley expedition originated, and the way in which it was carried out. In October, 1869, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the “New York Herald,” was in Paris, and staying at the Grand Hotel, when he resolved on attempting to succour Dr. Livingstone. He had among his staff of travelling correspondents a Mr. Henry M. Stanley, a young man, with an almost exhaustless fund of information, of fertile expedients, determined courage, and unceasing perseverance, who had represented his newspaper during the campaign against King Theodore in Abyssinia, and had thus obtained considerable insight into the peculiarities and dangers of African travel. It struck Mr. Bennett that this was the man who could find the lost traveller, around whose fate a cloud of mystery and darkness was once more enveloped, if he were alive. He therefore telegraphed at once to Madrid, where Mr. Stanley was then staying, in the prosecution of his duties, and requested him to come immediately to Paris. Mr. Stanley, not knowing what business was in hand, instantly left Madrid, and, arriving at the Grand Hotel, Paris, at eleven o’clock at night, went straight to Mr. Bennett’s room. The interview which resulted we give in Mr. Stanley’s own words:—“I went straight to the Grand Hotel, and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett’s room. ‘Come in!’ I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed. ‘Who are you?’ he asked. ‘My name is Stanley,’ I answered. ‘Ah, yes! Sit down; I have important business on hand for you! After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennett asked, ‘Where do you think Dr. Livingstone is?’—‘I really do not know, sir.’ ‘Do you think he is alive?’—‘He may be, and he may not be,’ I answered. ‘Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him.’ ‘What!’ said I. ‘Do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?’—‘Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps’—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—‘the old man may be in want; take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE.’

“Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa

to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men believed to be dead, 'Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?' 'What will it cost?' he asked abruptly.—'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.' Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand; and when that is spent, draw another thousand; and when you finish that, draw another thousand; and so on, but—**FIND LIVINGSTONE.**'"

After some further conversation, Mr. Stanley asked if he was to go at once. "No," said Mr. Bennett; "I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warner is making some interesting discoveries there. Then next to Constantinople, and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan. Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may go through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis. Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway; then, when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all; good night, and God be with you."

That Livingstone's safety should be determined, and his wants supplied, at the cost of a proprietor of a New York newspaper, and through the pluck and daring of one of his subordinates, who went at his bidding to look for Livingstone in Central Africa, just as he would have gone to collect news in any of the great centres of European civilisation, was a singular way of accomplishing a great object, saddly puzzling for a time to many; and fears were entertained that the whole was an audacious canard, which only a Yankee journalist would dare to perpetrate. By and by, as the original intelligence of Livingstone's discovery came to be supplemented, it became apparent that not only was Stanley's story true, but that this young journalist was one who, in determined courage and resolute perseverance, was in every way worthy to take his place among the heroes of African discovery and travel. We may here properly devote a few pages to a brief narrative of the early history of this daring and capable young man. He was born in 1841, in a humble cottage on the site of the old castle of Denbigh, North Wales. His father, John Rowlands, was the son of a small farmer; and his mother, Elizabeth Parry, the daughter of a respectable butcher of that town; and for

fifteen years he went by the name of his father and grandfather, John Rowlands. When five years of age, the child was left totally dependent upon strangers, and was received into the workhouse at St. Asaph. For ten years he was an inmate of that institution, where, amongst other experiences of much use to him in after life, he received an admirable elementary education. He was notable among his compeers in the class-room and the play-ground as a lad of more than ordinary parts and pluck. In the class-room there was only one lad who approached him in diligence and success; but in the play-ground, whether in the amusements proper to his years, or in a rough stand-up fight, he was without a rival. Notwithstanding that he enjoyed at St. Asaph comfort, and even indulgence, his adventurous disposition manifested itself in more than one attempt to escape from the house. "He burst the trammels of beadleedom," says Mr. Hughes, who knew him well, "three times! The widow of his uncle, Mrs. Parry, of Dale Street, Denbigh, tells that on one occasion he presented himself at her house at an unusually late hour, and without any companion—circumstances which, taken in connection with his sheepish look, led her to suspect that something was wrong. On asking him some questions, she found he had run away. After consulting some of her friends, John got supper and went to bed. Next morning he was sent to St. Asaph in the coach, in charge of the guard, who had strict orders to leave him at the school. Before he left, Mrs. Parry gave him a sixpence, which gratified him much, and reconciled him to his return. Years afterwards, in speaking of this incident of his life, he spoke of the feeling of being rich, which the possession of that sixpence gave him."

When he was fifteen years of age, he left St. Asaph, and joined a cousin, who was teacher of the National School at Mold, with whom he remained for some time, acting as his assistant. The young man and the boy had nothing in common, and quarrels and bickerings were the result. His residence at Mold was therefore a period of much trial and discomfort. Speaking of him at this time, Mr. Hughes describes him as being possessed of "an indomitable will, that really knew no impediment to its purpose. His youthful struggles, the character of his reading, and his bold, inflexible nature, eminently fitted him for adventure." This being his character, and his cousin having become jealous of his superior abilities, he endeavoured to crush his proud spirit, by putting him to menial occupations, and by parading his authority over him; we need not wonder, therefore, that, after a year at Mold, John Rowlands walked straight away into the great world, with only a few pence in his pocket. He walked to Liverpool, and within a few hours engaged himself as extra hand on board a New Orleans cotton ship, which carried passengers on their outward voyages.

On landing at New Orleans, he parted with his shipmates, and went his way in search of what fortune might bring him. He was not long in learning

that a cotton-broker, of the name of Stanley, was in want of a youth to assist him in the counting-house. He applied for the situation, and was fortunate enough to get it. Mr. Stanley was a bachelor, and was noted for an eccentric and kindly disposition. Our hero filled the situation to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Stanley; and the latter having induced him to tell the story of his early years, his sympathies were excited in his favour, and within a very few months, at his suggestion, he took the name of his friend and benefactor, and adopted the name by which he is now so well known. Further intimacy so deepened the affection which the old merchant bore to his friendless assistant, that he intimated to him that he would take the charge of his future while he lived, and provide for him by will at his death. Unfortunately, Mr. Stanley's death took place suddenly, before he had executed a will, and the relations, who looked with no kindly eye on the young man who had so narrowly escaped coming between them and what they would naturally suppose to be their rightful inheritance, turned him adrift. He was now about nineteen years of age, and capable of looking after himself. The next two years were spent in various commercial situations. When the American civil war broke out, his adventurous spirit induced him to enlist in the Southern army. He took part in several engagements, and at length was taken prisoner. While being conveyed, with a number of others, to prison, he determined on making his escape; and in the most daring manner burst through the armed escort, and, plunging into a river, swam across, and got clear off. More than a dozen shots were fired at him, but he escaped without a scratch.

After making his escape, he returned immediately to England, and visited his mother in Wales. After a short stay, he went to Liverpool, where he filled a situation as clerk for several months, living with some of his father's relatives. Not agreeing with his friends, he shipped again for the United States, and landed at New York. The war was still raging, and he, with characteristic promptness and audacity, enlisted as a common seaman in the Federal navy. His quality rapidly asserted itself, and within four months we find him secretary to the Admiral, on board the "Ticonderoga," the flagship. This apparently unwarlike appointment did not prevent him from embracing opportunities of showing the stuff that was in him; and his next step in promotion was the most fitting reward for a most gallant and daring exploit. In the heat of an action, he swam five hundred yards under the fire of a fort mounting twelve guns, and fixed a rope to a Confederate steamer, out of which the crew had been driven by the Federal fire, thus enabling the "Ticonderoga" to secure her as a prize. He was raised to the rank of ensign on the spot. He fought in several engagements, both on sea and land, in all of which he acquitted himself with great courage and heroism, and concluded his fighting career as a naval officer, by taking part in the attack on Fort Fisher, on the 13th of January, 1865. Ten months after this decisive

engagement, the "Ticonderoga" was sent on a cruise, and arrived at Constantinople in the year 1866.

Having obtained leave of absence, Rowlands, *alias* Stanley, visited Denbigh, and was well received by his relatives and friends. Visiting the old Castle, the scene of his birth, and the first four or five years of his life, he made the following entry in the visitor's book :—

December 14th, 1866.

John Rowlands, formerly of this Castle, now Ensign in the United States Navy, in North America, belonging to the U. S. Ship "Ticonderoga," now at Constantinople, Turkey; absent on furlough.

It is worthy of notice, that while he was known in the world as Henry M. Stanley, and all his friends and acquaintances in and around Denbigh knew that he had assumed that name, in the scene of his infant years, he makes use of his baptismal name—John Rowlands. He called upon all his old friends, and visited the workhouse at St. Asaph, and made a speech to the children. Shortly after this, he resigned his commission.

Early in 1867, he returned to the United States, and acted for some time as correspondent of the "New York Tribune" and the "Missouri Democrat," with General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowa and Cheyenne Indians. On his return from this expedition, he and a companion constructed a raft, and floated down the Platte River to its junction with the Missouri, a distance of seven hundred miles. He now received the appointment of travelling correspondent to the "New York Herald," and in this capacity he accompanied the British forces to Abyssinia. On his return to England from Abyssinia, he spent several weeks with his relatives in Wales, before starting for Spain, to furnish an account of the revolution which resulted in the flight of Queen Isabella. He was at Madrid, as we have seen, when Mr. Bennett sent for him to Paris, for the purpose of despatching him in search of Dr. Livingstone.

With the foregoing brief sketch of Mr. Stanley's previous history, we must now follow him in his search for Livingstone. He carried out the programme Mr. Bennett chalked out for him, in all its details; and chronicled the incidents of his journeyings in the "New York Herald." He thus sums up his wanderings in his introduction to "How I found Livingstone:"—"There is no need to recapitulate what I did before going to Central Africa. I went up the Nile, and saw Mr. Higginbotham, chief engineer in Baker's Expedition, at Philæ, and was the means of preventing a duel between him and a mad young Frenchman, who wanted to fight Mr. Higginbotham with pistols, because that gentleman resented the idea of being taken for an Egyptian, through wearing a Fez cap. I had a talk with Captain Warren at Jerusalem, and descended one of the pits with a sergeant of engineers to see the marks of the

Tyrian workmen on the foundation stones of the Temple of Solomon. I visited the mosques of Stamboul with the Minister Resident of the United States and the American Consul-General. I travelled over the Crimean battle-grounds with Kinglake's glorious books for reference in my hand. I dined with the widow of General Liprandi at Odessa. I saw the Arabian traveller Palgrave at Trebizond, and Baron Nicolay, the Civil Governor of the Caucasus, at Tiflis. I lived with the Russian Ambassador while at Teheran, and wherever I went through Persia I received the most hospitable welcome from the gentlemen of the Indo-European Telegraph Company; and following the examples of many illustrious men, I wrote my name upon one of the Persepolitan monuments. In the month of August, 1870, I arrived in India." This was a marvellous nine months' journey.

On the 12th of October, Stanley sailed from Bombay; and, on the 6th of January, 1871, he arrived at Zanzibar. On the 5th of February, the expedition having been fully organized set sail from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo. Though the distance across is only about twenty-five miles, yet it took the dull and lazy dhows ten hours to perform the voyage. The first caravan of the expedition started from Bagamoyo on the 16th of March, and the last on the 21st, each being under the escort of a certain number of soldiers. The entire number of persons forming the expedition was one hundred and ninety-two. About the middle of April, Mr. Stanley reached the town of Simbamwenni, which was the largest and most important town he came across in his wanderings. "The town," he says, "may contain a population of three thousand, having about one thousand houses; being so densely crowded, perhaps five thousand would more closely approximate. The houses in the town are eminently African, but of the best type of construction. The fortifications are on an Arabic-Persic model, combining Arab neatness with Persian plan. Through a ride of nine hundred and fifty miles in Persia I never met a town outside of the great cities better fortified than Simbamwenni. In Persia the fortifications were of mud, even those of Kasvin, Teheran, Ispahan, and Shiraz; those of Simbamwenni are of stone, pierced with two rows of loop-holes for musketry. The area of the town is about half a square mile, its plan being quadrangular. Well-built towers of stone guard each corner; four gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors made of African teak, and carved with the infinitessimally fine and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were made either at Zanzibar or on the coast, and conveyed to Simbamwenni plank by plank; yet, as there is much communication between Bagamoyo and Simbamwenni, it is just possible that native artisans are the authors of this ornate workmanship, as several doors chiselled and carved in the same manner, though not quite so elaborately, were visible in the largest houses.

The palace of the Sultan is after the style of those on the coast, with long sloping roof, wide eaves, and verandah in front."

Two days' journey beyond Simbanwenni, Mr. Stanley had his first attack of fever. On the Mpwapa slopes the party suffered from a plague of ear-wigs, and also from the white ants. The population was very numerous, and at every village hundreds of natives crowded to see the Masungu, or white men. The Wahumba, a tribe of shepherds, excited our traveller's admiration; and he thus speaks of them:—"The men are positively handsome, tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or a flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small: the nose is that of the Greeks; and so universal was this peculiar feature, that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully; athletes from their youth, shepherd-bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for the sculptor who would wish to immortalise in marble an Antinous, a Hyglas, a Daphnis, or an Apollo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebony skins, not coal-black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass, pendent from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass-wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining the calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and, depending from the shoulder, shade one half of the bosom, and fall to the knees."

In the Ugogo country Mr. Stanley's expedition was joined by the caravans of two Arab traders, and he had ample opportunity of observing how these traders are compelled to pay heavy black mail to every chief who is in a position to demand it. While passing through Ugogo they had to force their way at one time through thirty miles of swamp, and flooded streams and moors; but, as they reached the district of Unyanyembe, the heat of the sun was all but unbearable, and they suffered much from hunger and thirst. On the 21st of June, they entered Kwikuru, the chief Arab settlement of Unyanyembe; and, though they were hungry and jaded, they managed to march in with banners flying and trumpets blowing, and the discharge of fire-arms. From Kwikuru they proceeded to Tabora, the principal Arab settlement in Central Africa. "It contains," says Stanley, "over a thousand huts and tembes, and one may safely estimate the population, Arabs, Wangwana, and natives, at five thousand people. They were a fine, handsome body of men, these Arabs. They mostly hailed from Oman; others were Wasawahih; and each of my visitors had quite a retinue with him. At Tabora they live quite luxuriously. The plain on which the settlement is situated is exceedingly fertile, though naked of trees; the rich pasturage it furnishes permits them to keep large herds of cattle and goats, from which

they have an ample supply of milk, cream, butter, and ghee. Rice is grown everywhere, sweet potatoes, yams, muhogo, *holeus* sorghum, maize, or Indian corn, sesame, millet, field peas, or vetches, called choroko, are cheap, and always procurable. Around their tembes the Arabs cultivate a little wheat for their own purposes, and have planted orange, lemon, papaw, and mangoes, which thrive here fairly well. Onions and garlic, chilies, cucumbers, tomatoes, and binijalls, may be procured by the white visitor from the more important Arabs, who are undoubted epicureans in their way. Their slaves convey to them from the coast, once a year at least, their stores of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine cloths and articles as they require for their own personal use. Almost every Arab of any eminence is able to show a wealth of Persian carpets and most luxurious bedding, complete tea and coffee services, and magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers. Several of them sport gold watches and chains—mostly all a watch and chain of some kind. And, as in Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkey, the harems form an essential feature of every Arab's household."

From Kwihara, in Unyanyembe, Mr. Stanley wrote to the "New York Herald," giving a brief account of his journey.

"Kwihara, Unyanyembe, September 20th, 1871.

"The African expedition of the "New York Herald" arrived at Unyanyembe on June 23rd, 1871. It has suffered considerably in its *personnel* and transport. One of the white men has died; he but lived to reach half-way here; two of the armed escort, as well as eight pagazis, died also from dysentery and small-pox. Two horses and twenty-seven asses have also perished. On arriving at Unyanyembe your correspondent wrote two letters and entrusted them to Said Ben Salim (Burton and Speke's former Raseafilah), now Governor of Unyanyembe. One gave an account of our journey from the coast here; the other of our battle with Mirambo, who occupied the country lying between the "Herald" expedition and the object of its search. I then prepared for the second stage, viz., the journey to Ujiji and Manyuema. But difficulties had been on the increase for about a month before our arrival here.

"Mirambo, King of Uyowa, in western Unyamwezi, had been levying black-mail to an unconscionable amount upon all caravans bound westward to Ujiji, the lake and the regions lying behind, to Urundi, to Karagwah, Uganda, and Unyoro. The road to these countries led through his country—a serious misfortune, not only to the expedition, but to all caravans bound anywhere westward. About the time the expedition arrived, Mirambo capped his arbitrary course by taken from a caravan five bales of cloth, five guns, and five kegs of powder, and then refusing it permission to pass, declar-

ing that none should pass any more except over his body. This, of course, led to a declaration of war on the part of the Arabs, which was given after I had secured new carriers and was almost ready for the journey.

"The Arabs were so confident of easy victory over the African king, declaring that fifteen days at the most would suffice to settle him, that I was tempted in an unlucky moment to promise them my aid, hoping that by this means I should be enabled to reach Livingstone sooner than by stopping at Unyanyembe awaiting the turn of events. Mirambo was but twenty-seven hours' march from Unyanyembe. On the first day we burned three of his villages, captured, killed, or drove away the inhabitants. On the second, I was taken down with the ever-remitting fever of the country. On the third, a detachment was sent out and audaciously attacked the fenced village where the king was, and after an hour's fighting entered it at one gate while Mirambo left it at another. In returning to our camp this detachment was waylaid by Mirambo and his men, and a great slaughter of the Arabs took place. Seventeen Arab commanders were slain, among them one or two personal friends of mine who had travelled with me from the coast. Five of the soldiers of the "Herald" expedition were killed. The fourth day was a frightful retreat, from the simple cause of seeing smoke in the distance, which was believed to be caused by Mirambo's advance, or Ruga Ruga's freebooters. Without informing each other, the Arabs, followed by their slaves, rushed out of their village, and I was left in my tembe alone, in a fever. My own men, frightened by their isolation, lost courage and ran, all but six, my Arab boy, Selim, and the Englishman, Shaw. With these I reached Mfuto, half-way to Unyanyembe, at midnight. After this graceless retreat, it became evident to me that it was going to be a long affair between Arab and African. Livingstone's caravan, which had gone to its first camp preparatory for the journey, had been ordered back, and the goods had been safely lodged in my house.

"The Arabs' cowardly retreat invited Mirambo to follow them to their homes. While I was debating what to do (knowing that speed was a necessity with the expedition), Mirambo entered Tabora, the Arab capital of Central Africa, with his ferocious allies, the Watuta. Tabora is one mile from Kwihara, the place where I date this telegram. The Kazeh of Speke and Burton is not known here, except as the fenced residence of an old Arab. The Arabs of Kwihara were in great alarm, and their thorough selfishness came out strongly. The Governor and others were for running to the coast at once, declaring Central Africa for ever closed to travel and trade. About one-fourth of Tabora was burned; five eminent Arabs were killed; cattle, ivory, and slaves, carried away. Expecting attack, I turned the Governor's house into a little fort, in order to defend the property of the expedition and that of Livingstone, from the Watuta. All fugitives from Tabora who were armed

were invited in, until I had a hundred and fifty armed men within the tembe. Provisions and water were brought, to last five days. At the end of that time, Mirambo and his allies retired with great booty. During the state of siege the American flag was hoisted.

"After this event I informed the Arabs that I could not assist them any more, for if they ran away once, they would run away again; and declared my intention to travel at once to Ujiji by another road. They all advised me to wait until the war was over—that I was going straight to death by travelling during war time. But I was obstinate, and they looked on me as a lost man. I engaged thirty men of Zanzibar at treble prices. The effects of the expedition were reduced to the smallest scale consistent with the actual necessities of the journey. As the day drew near, the restlessness of the men increased, and Bombay (Burton and Speke's handy man, but always my stumbling block) did his utmost to slacken the courage of the armed escort; the Englishman, Shaw, even became so smitten with fear that he could not assist in my preparations. The Arab reports of the wars along our road were influencing the men of the expedition."

On the day when the foregoing letter was written, Stanley commenced the march to Ujiji by a southern route, through a country comparatively unknown. On the 28th of September, he and his party arrived at a small snug village, embosomed within a forest, called Beuta, three hours and a quarter from Ugunda. The road led through the corn-fields of the Wagunda, and then entered the clearings around the villages of Kisari. Leaving Kisari, they marched through a thin jungle, over sun-cracked ground, with here and there a dried-up pool, the bottom of which was well tramped by elephants and rhinoceros. Buffalo and zebra tracks were also frequent, and they were buoyed up with the hope that before long they would meet game. The next day, after travelling in a south-westerly direction, they reached Kikwru. The march lasted for five hours over sun-cracked plains, growing the black jack, and ebony and dwarf shrubs, above which numerous ant-hills, of light chalky-coloured earth, appeared like sand-dunes. On the 1st of October, they arrived at a large pool, known as the Ziwani. Here they discovered an old half-burnt khambi, sheltered by a magnificent sycamore, the giant of the forests of Unyamwezi, which, after an hour, they transformed into a splendid camp. The stem of the tree measured thirty-eight feet in circumference. The diameter of the shadow it cast on the ground was one hundred and twenty feet. A regiment might with perfect ease have reposed during a noon halt under its enormous dome of foliage.

The following day, they traversed the forest and plain extending from the Ziwani to Manyara, which occupied them six hours and a half. The sun was intensely hot, but the blended foliage of the trees which grew at intervals formed a grateful shade. The path was clear and easy, the firm red

soil offering no obstructions. The only provocation they suffered was from the attacks of the tsetse, which swarmed here. They knew they were approaching an extensive habitat of game. Two giraffes were already seen, and plenty more awaited them at the Gombe River, where they intended to halt. On the 4th, they came in sight of a herd of noble zebras. Two hours afterwards they had entered a grand expanse of park land, where a far-stretching carpet of verdure, darkly flecked here and there by miniature clumps of jungle, with occasional spreading trees, constituted one of the finest scenes in Africa. Herds after herds of buffalo and zebra, giraffe, and antelope, were visible; at last they had reached the hunter's paradise.

Our traveller thus describes the scene:—"Having settled the position of the camp, which overlooked one of the pools found in the depression of the Gombe creek, I took my double-barrelled smooth bore, and sauntered off to the park-land. Emerging from behind a clump, three fine plump spring-bok were seen browsing on the young grass just within one hundred yards. I knelt down and fired; one unfortunate antelope bounded upward instinctively, and fell dead. Its companions sprang high into the air, taking leaps about twelve feet in length, as if they were quadrupeds practising gymnastics, and away they vanished rising up like india-rubber balls, until a knoll hid them from view. My success was hailed with loud shouts from the soldiers, who came running out from the camp as soon as they heard the reverberation of the gun, and my gun-bearer had his knife at the beast's throat, uttering a fervent 'Bismillah!' as he almost severed the head from the body. Hunters were now directed to proceed east and north to procure meat, because in each caravan it generally happens that there are fundi, whose special trade it is to hunt for meat for the camp. Some of these are experts at stalking, but often find themselves in dangerous positions, owing to the near approach necessary, before they can fire their most inaccurate weapons with any certainty.

"After luncheon, consisting of spring-bok steak, hot corn-cake, and a cup of delicious Mocha coffee, I strolled towards the south-west, accompanied by Kalulu and Majwara, two boy gun-bearers. The tiny perpusilla started up like rabbits from me as I stole along through the underbush; the honey-bird hopped from tree to tree, chirping its call, as if it thought I was seeking the little sweet treasure, the hiding-place of which it only knew. But no! I neither desired perpusilla nor the honey. I was on the search for something great this day. Keen-eyed fish-eagles and bustards, poised on trees above the sinuous Gombe, thought, and probably with good reason, that I was after them, judging by the ready flight with which both species disappeared as they sighted my approach. Ah, no! Nothing but hartebeest, zebra, giraffe, eland, and buffalo, this day! After following the Gombe's course for about a mile, delighting my eyes with long looks at the broad and lengthy reaches of water to which I was so long a stranger, I came upon a scene which delighted

the innermost recesses of my soul ; five, six, seven, eight, ten zebras switching their beautiful striped bodies, and biting one another within about one hundred and fifty yards. The scene was so pretty, so romantic ! Never did I so thoroughly realise that I was in Central Africa ; I felt momentarily proud that I owned such a vast domain, inhabited by such noble beasts. Here I possessed, within reach of a leaden ball, any one I chose of the beautiful animals, the pride of the African forests ! It was at my option to shoot any of them ! Mine they were without money and without price, yet, knowing this, twice I dropped my rifle, loth to wound the royal beasts, but—crack ! and one was on his back, battling the air with his legs. Ah, it was such a pity ! But, hasten ; draw the keen sharp-edged knife across the beautiful stripes which fold around the throat, and—what an ugly gash ! It is done, and I have a superb animal at my feet. Hurrah ! I shall taste of Ukonongo zebra to-night.

“ I thought a spring-bok and zebra enough for one day’s sport, especially after a long march. The Gombe, a long stretch of deep water, winding in and out of green groves, calm, placid, with lotus leaves slightly resting on its surface, all pretty, picturesque, peaceful as a summer’s dream, looked very inviting for a bath. I sought out the most shady spot, under a wide-spreading mimosa, from which the ground sloped smooth as a lawn, to the still, clear water. I ventured to undress, and had already stepped in to my ancles in the water, and had brought my hands together for a glorious dive, when my attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the surface that I was about to explore by a ‘header.’ Great heavens, it was a crocodile ! I sprang backward instinctively, and this proved my salvation, for the monster turned away with the most disappointed look, and I was left to congratulate myself upon my narrow escape from his jaws, and to register a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African River.”

Further on, he says—“ The adventures of the day were over ; the azure of the sky had changed to a dead grey ; the moon was appearing just over the trees ; the water of the Gombe was like a silver belt ; hoarse frogs bellowed their notes loudly by the margin of the creek ; the fish-eagles uttered their dirge-like cries as they were perched high on the tallest trees ; elands snorted their warning to the herds in the forest. Stealthy forms of the carnivora stole through the dark woods outside of our camp. Within the high enclosure of bush and thorn which we had raised around our camp, all was jollity, laughter, and radiant, genial comfort. Around every camp-fire dark forms of men were seen squatted ; one man gnawed at a luscious bone ; another sucked the rich marrow in a zebra’s leg-bone ; another turned the stick, garnished with huge Kabobs, to the bright blaze ; another held a large rib over a flame ; there were others busy stirring industriously great black pots full of

ugali, and watching anxiously the meat simmering, and the soup bubbling, while the fire light flickered and danced bravely, and cast a bright glow over the naked forms of the men, and gave a crimson tinge to the tall tent that rose in the centre of the camp, like a temple sacred to some mysterious god: the fires cast their reflection on the massive arms of the trees, as they branched over our camp, and, in the dark gloom of their foliage, the most fantastic shadows were visible. Altogether it was a wild, romantic, and impressive scene. But little recked my men for shadows and moonlight, for crimson tints and temple-like tents—they were all busy relating their various experiences, and gorging themselves with the rich meat our guns had obtained for them. One was telling how he had stalked a wild boar, and the furious onset the wounded beast made on him, causing him to drop his gun and climb a tree, and the terrible grunt of the beast he well remembered, and the whole welkin rang with the peals of laughter which his mimic powers evoked. Another had shot a buffalo-calf, and another had bagged a hartebeest; the Wakonongo related their laughable rencontre with me in the woods, and were lavish in their description of the stores of honey to be found in them; and all this time Selim and his youthful subs were trying their sharp teeth on the meat of a young pig which one of the hunters had shot, but which no one else would eat, because of the Mohammedan aversion to pig, which they had acquired during their transformation from negro slavery to the useful docility of the Zanzibar freedman."

The camp was broken up on the 7th, much to the great regret of the men, to whom flesh-pots full of meat were much more pleasant than the fatigues of constant tramping. So reluctant were they to start, that at first they mutinied, and refused to proceed; and it was not till after their leader had adopted the severest measures, and threatened their lives that he might preserve his own, that the journey was begun. On the 9th, they made a long march in a southerly direction, and formed their camp in the centre of a splendid grove of trees. Water was very scarce on the road, which was a great inconvenience. They had been travelling for several days in a south-westerly direction, having made little more than one degree of latitude. They were now in Ukonongo, having entered that district when they passed the Gombe creek. By the 12th they came to another creek, which, during the wet season, flows into the Gombe. Here the feathered species were well represented by ibis, fish-eagles, pelicans, storks, cranes, several snowy spoonbills, and flamingoes. Though they were yet twelve or fifteen marches from Lake Tanganyika, they perceived its influence. The jungles increased in density, and the grasses became enormously tall. In a narrow strip of marsh between Mwaru and Mrera, they saw a small herd of wild elephants. It was the first time Stanley had seen these animals in their native state, as the free and unconquerable lords of the forest and the marsh. Starting from Mrera on the

17th, they continued their journey north-westward. The following day, they traversed at least a dozen marshy ravines, the depth of mire and water in which caused the utmost anxiety. Our traveller sank up to his neck in deep holes caused by the elephants, and had to tramp through the oozy beds of the Rungwa sources with his clothes wet, and black with mud and slime. A march of nearly five hours, on the 20th, brought them to the Mpokwa River, one of the tributaries of the Rungwa, and to a village lately deserted by the Wazavira. The huts were almost all intact, precisely as they were left by their former inhabitants. In the gardens were yet found vegetables, which, after living so long on meat, were most grateful to them; and on the branches of trees there still rested a number of large and exceedingly well-made earthen pots.

On the 22nd, Stanley saw for the first time the home of the lion and the leopard. Soon after encamping that day, the herd-keeper who attended the goats and donkeys drove the animals to water, through a tunnel in the brake caused by elephants and rhinoceros. They had barely entered the dark cavernous passage, when a black-spotted leopard sprang and fastened its fangs in the neck of one of the donkeys, causing it, from the pain, to bray hideously. Its companions set up such a frightful chorus, and so lashed their heels in the air at the feline marauder, that the leopard bounded away through the brake, as if in sheer dismay at the noisy cries which the attack had provoked. The donkey's neck exhibited some frightful wounds, but the animal was not dangerously hurt.

The brave young traveller was now approaching the place where the object of his search was to be found. We give the first information of him he received, in his own words:—"November 3rd. About 10 A.M., appeared, from the direction of Ujiji, a caravan of eighty Waguhha, a tribe which occupies a tract of country on the south-western side of the Lake Tanganyika. We asked the news, and were told a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyema. This news startled us all. 'A white man?' we asked. 'Yes, a white man,' they replied. 'How is he dressed?' 'Like the master,' they answered, referring to me. 'Is he young, or old?' 'He is old. He has white hair on his face, and he is sick.' 'Where has he come from?' 'From a very far country, away beyond Uguhha, called Manyema.' 'Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?' 'Yes, we saw him about eight days ago!' 'Do you think he will stop there until we see him?' 'Don't know.' 'Was he ever at Ujiji before?' 'Yes, he went away a long time ago.'"

Stanley felt sure that this white man was Livingstone. He set out at once from the banks of the Malagarazi, for Ujiji, his men having agreed, induced by the promise of a reward, to march thither without a single halt. It was an agreement, however, which could not be fulfilled. There were before them several days' hard and toilsome marching over a rough hilly

country; and they had to endure patiently the obstacles thrown in their way by the chiefs through whose districts they passed. The demands made upon our traveller for tribute amounted to robbery, and left him comparatively poor. At last they came to the base of a hill from the top of which they had been told they would obtain a view of Lake Tanganyika. On reaching the top, they beheld it—a great inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south, without bounds. After feasting their eyes on this longed-for prospect, they hurried on with eager footsteps, three hours of rapid marching appearing to their excited imagination to occupy only a fourth of that time. At length they came within three hundred yards of the village of Ujiji. The rest shall be told in Stanley's own words:—

“Suddenly, I hear a voice on my right say, ‘Good morning, sir!’ Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply round in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask, ‘Who the mischief are you?’ ‘I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,’ said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth. ‘What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?’ ‘Yes, sir!’ ‘In this village?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Are you sure?’ ‘Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.’ ‘Good morning, sir,’ said another voice. ‘Hallo,’ said I, ‘is this another one?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Well, what is your name?’ ‘My name is Chumah, sir.’ ‘What! Are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?’ ‘Yes, sir!’ ‘And is the Doctor well?’ ‘Not very well, sir.’ ‘Where has he been so long?’ ‘In Manyuema.’ ‘Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ and off he darted like a madman.”

Susi soon came running back, to ask Stanley his name. He had told Livingstone a white man was coming, but he could not tell him his name. Meanwhile the Doctor had come out from his verandah to discuss the matter with the Arab magnates resident there, and to await the stranger's arrival. Stanley shall speak for himself again:—“I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap, with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said—‘Doctor Livingstone, I presume?’ ‘Yes,’ said he, with a kind smile, lifting

his cap slightly. I replaced my hat on my head, and he put on his cap, and we both grasped hands, and then I said aloud—‘I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you!’ He answered, ‘I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.’

“I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of ‘Yambos’ I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe. He points to the verandah, or, rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested, namely a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to prevent his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me; but the Doctor will not yield—I must take it. We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east. Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten.

“The Arabs rose up, with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves. I sent Bombay with them, to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. I delivered into the Doctor’s hands the letter-bag I found waiting for him at Unyanyembe, and which had left Zanzibar a year ago. The Doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then presently opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children’s letters, his face in the meanwhile lighting up. He asked me to tell him the news. ‘No, Doctor,’ said I, ‘read your letters first, which I am sure you must be impatient to read.’ ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘I have waited years for letters, and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No, tell me the general news. How is the world getting along?’ ‘You probably know much already. Do you know that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened, and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?’ ‘I did not hear of the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?’

“Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration—of any penny-a-line news, or of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a Regent had been appointed; General Prim

was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark, and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the 'Man of Destiny' was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe; the Queen of fashion and the Empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in the purple had lost for ever the Imperial crown intended for his head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke; and France, the proud empire, was humbled to the dust.

"We kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was being brought to us all that afternoon; and we kept on eating every time it was brought, until I had eaten to repletion, and the Doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Hilimah, the female cook of the Doctor's establishment, was in a state of the greatest excitement. She had been protruding her head out of the cook-house to make sure that there were really two white men sitting down in the verandah, when there used to be only one, who would not, because he could not, eat anything; and she had been considerably exercised in her mind about this fact. She was afraid the Doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abilities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten. I had a healthy, stubborn digestion—the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order; but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and, as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, he kept repeating, 'You have brought me new life. You have brought me new life.'

"This day, like all others, though big with happiness to me, at last was fading away. We, sitting with our faces looking to the east, as Livingstone had been sitting for days preceding my arrival, noted the dark shadows which crept up above the grove of palms beyond the village, and above the rampart of mountains which we had crossed that day, now looming through the fast approaching darkness; and we listened, with our hearts full of gratitude to the great Giver of good, and Dispenser of all happiness, to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganyika, and to the chorus which the night-insects sang. Hours passed, and we were still sitting there with our minds busy upon the day's remarkable events, when I remembered that the traveller had not yet read his letters. 'Doctor,' I said, 'you had better read your letters. I will not keep you any longer.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'it is getting late, and I will go and read my friends' letters. Good night, and God bless you.' 'Good night my dear doctor; and let me hope that your news will be such as you desire.'"

Mr. Stanley stayed with Livingstone for a considerable period; and before they left for Unyanyembe, at which place Livingstone was to await stores and assistance from Zanzibar, they set off for the head of the Tangan-

yika, to settle the question as to whether the Rusizi is an influent or an effluent of the lake—a question which was greatly exciting the minds of geographers at home. The following letter, sent by Stanley to the “New York Herald,” gives a brief account of this visit to Tanganyika.

“Ujiji, Lake Tanganyika, December 23rd, 1871.

“A few days after the arrival of the “Herald” Expedition at Ujiji, I asked the Doctor if he had explored the head of the Tanganyika. He said he had not; that he had not thought it of so much importance as the central line of drainage; besides, when he had proposed to do it, before leaving for Manyuema, the Wajiji had shown such a disposition to fleece him, that he had desisted from the attempt. Your correspondent then explained to him what great importance was attached to the lake by geographers, as stated in the newspapers, and suggested to him that it were better, seeing that he was about to leave for Unyanembe, and that something might occur in the meanwhile to hinder him from ever visiting it, to take advantage of the offer I made of putting myself, men, and effects of the expedition, at his service, for the purpose of exploring the northern head of the Tanganyika. He at once accepted the offer, and like a hero, lost no time in starting.

“On the 20th of November, Dr. Livingstone and your correspondent, with twenty picked men of the “Herald” Expedition Corps, started. Despite the assertion of Arabs that the Warundi were dangerous, and would not let us pass, we hugged their coast closely, and, when fatigued, boldly encamped in their country. Only once were we obliged to fly, and this was at dead of night—from a large party which we knew to be surrounding us on the land side. We got to the boat safely, and we might have punished them severely had the Doctor been so disposed. Once also we were stoned, but we paid no heed to them, and kept on our way along their coast until we arrived at Mokamba’s, one of the chiefs of Usige. Mokamba was at war with a neighbouring chief, who lived on the left bank of the Rusizi. That did not deter us, and we crossed the head of the Tanganyika to Mugihewah, governed by Ruhinga, brother of Mokamba. Mugihewah is a tract of country on the right bank of the Rusizi, extending to the lake. With Mokamba and Ruhinga we became most intimate; they proved to be sociable, good-natured chiefs, and gave most valuable information concerning the countries lying to the north of Usige; and if their information is correct, Sir Samuel Baker will be obliged to curtail the ambitious dimensions of his lake by one degree, if not more.

“A Mgwana, living at Mokamba’s, on the eastern shore of the lake, had informed us that the river Rusizi certainly flowed out of the lake, and after joining the Kitangule, emptied into the Lake Nyanza (Victoria). When we entered Ruhinga’s territory of Mugihewah, we found ourselves but three

hundred yards from the river, about which a great deal has been said and written. At Unyanyembe, I was told that the Rusizi was an affluent. At Ujiji, all Arabs but one united in saying the same thing, and within ten miles of the Rusizi, a freedman from Zanzibar swore it was an affluent. On the morning of the eleventh day of our departure from Ujiji, we were rowed towards the river. We came to a long narrow bay, fringed on all sides with tall, dense reeds, and swarming with crocodiles, and soon came to the mouth of the Rusizi. As soon as we had entered the river, all doubt vanished before the strong, turbid flood, against which we had to contend in the ascent. After about ten minutes we entered what seemed a lagoon, but which was the result of a lake inundation. About an hour higher up, the river began to be confined to its proper banks, and is about thirty yards broad, but very shallow. Two days higher up, Ruhinga told us the Rusizi was joined by the Loanda, coming from the north-west.

"There could be no mistake then. Dr. Livingstone and myself had ascended it, had felt the force of the strong inflowing current; the Rusizi was an influent, as much so as the Malagarazi, the Linche, and Rugufu, but with its banks full, it can only be considered as ranking third among the rivers flowing into the Tanganyika. Though rapid, it is extremely shallow; it has three mouths, up which an ordinary ship's boat, loaded, might in vain attempt to ascend. Burton and Speke, though they ascended to within six hours' journey by canoe from the Rusizi, were compelled to turn back by the cowardice of the boatmen. Had they ascended to Meuta's capital, they could easily have seen the head of the lake. Usige is but a district of Wumdi, governed by several small chiefs, who owe obedience to Mwezi, the great king of Wumdi. We spent nine days at the head of the Tanganyika, exploring the islands and many bays that indent its shores. In returning to Ujiji, we coasted along the west side of the Tanganyika, as far as the country of the Wasansi, whom we had to leave on no amicable terms, owing to their hostility to Arabs, and arrived at Ujiji on the 18th of December, having been absent twenty-eight days." They entered the port of Ujiji very quietly, and without the usual firing of guns, as they were short of powder and ball. As they landed, their soldiers and the Arab magnates came to the water's edge to meet them, and welcome them back.

This month's excursion had been a season of great enjoyment to both travellers—especially to Livingstone. The visit of Stanley had been to him like the visit of an angel. He was not a demonstrative man; but his gratitude, both to the proprietor and to the correspondent of the "*New York Herald*," was great. "I wish," he said to Stanley, "I could embody my thanks to Mr. Bennett in suitable words; but if I fail to do so, do not, I beg of you, believe me the less grateful." The following letter, addressed to Mr. Bennett shortly after Stanley's arrival, expresses his gratitude both to the

originator and to the leader of the Expedition. On this and on other accounts it will be read with interest :—

“Ujiji-on-Tanganyika, November, 1871.

“MY DEAR SIR—It is, in general, somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an abstract idea ; but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region, takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt ; and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

“If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles beneath a vertical blazing sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves, sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the truly woeful sights I had seen of ‘man’s inhumanity to man,’ re-acted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say, that almost every step of the weary sultry way I was in pain and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead. He had also written to the governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well from men who had seen me, that I was alive and waiting for the goods and men ; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot ; and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, said ‘that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife: we could have no success after that.’ After that, the idea of despair has to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous, it is out of the question.

“Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumours of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho ; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan, could

possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him;' and off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'

"The news Mr. Stanley had to tell me was thrilling; the mighty political changes on the Continent, the success of the Atlantic cables, the election of General Grant, and many topics, riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few "Saturday Reviews" and copies from "Punch" for 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore—the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866—with the information that Her Majesty's Government had kindly sent £1,000 to my aid. Up to his arrival, I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and my friends should know that, though uncheered by letters, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last.

"The watershed of South Central Africa is over seven hundred miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the watershed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins at 10°-12° south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem, and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? 'We drank our fill, and let the rest run by.' The Portuguese who visited Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned, until almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

"My last work, in which I have been greatly hindered from want of suitable attendants, was following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyuema, or shortly, Manyema. This line of drainage has four large lakes in it. The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It was from one to three miles broad, and never can be waded at any point or at any time of the year. There are two western drains. The Lufira, or Bartle Frere's river, flows into it at Lake Kamalondo. Then the great River Lomane flows through Lake Lincoln into it too, and seems to

form the western arm of the Nile on which Petherick traded. Now, I know about six hundred miles of the watershed, and, unfortunately, the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole, for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and each of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river. Two of these run north to Egypt, Lufira and Lomane, and two run south into inner Ethiopia, as the Liambai, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kafue. Are these not the sources of the Nile mentioned by the secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais, to Herodotus? I have heard of them so often, and at great distances off, that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, I wish to finish up by their re-discovery.

“Five hundred pounds’ worth of goods have again unaccountably been entrusted to slaves, and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months. I must go to where they lie (Unyanyembe), at Mr. Stanley’s and your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work; and if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slaving should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave-trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together. Now that you have done with domestic slavery for ever, lend us your powerful aid towards this great object. This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave-dealers.

“I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am, gratefully yours,

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.”

Stanley thus describes the impression Livingstone made upon him, and the estimate he had come to form of his character:—“Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome, with a most unpretending binding. Within, the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus, outside, Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the mobility of prime age, just enough to show that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very grey. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with grey over the temples; otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone show indications of being

worn out; the hard fare of Londa and Manajenia have made havoc in their rows. His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking, he has the heavy step of an over-worked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round visor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and re-place what travel has worn.

“Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man, a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete, if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with owning all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome, and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmen even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man, and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined; and it has made him—to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions, and indulgent of masters. . . . Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ear insincerely; but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately, viz., natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address, in the Kirawahili language, about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.”

Livingstone, though he would not listen to Stanley's entreaties to return with him to Europe—always urging that he had not yet accomplished his work, resolved to accompany the young traveller to Unyanyembe, in order to meet his stores, which had been forwarded from Zanzibar in 1870. After spending Christmas at Ujiji, the two white men, escorted by forty Wanguana soldiers, well armed, left for Unyanyembe, on the 27th of December, 1871. In order to avoid the districts through which Mr. Stanley had passed, and, in which he had been so heavily mulcted in tribute, the party went south, along the east coast of the lake, partly on foot, and partly by boat, to Urimba, from whence they struck across country to Unyanyembe. For several days their route lay through unexplored country. For long distances the dense grass and brushwood, and the want of a path, made the progress tedious and

difficult. On the 17th of January, 1872, they reached Imrera, where Mr. Stanley and his party had previously camped, on their march to Ujiji. Both Livingstone and Stanley suffered from sore feet, which were cut and bleeding from the long and trying march; Livingstone's shoes were worn out, and cut and slashed all over to save his blistered feet, and Stanley's were in no better state. They rested for a day, and on the 19th, Stanley shot a male and female zebra. As they had had no flesh-meat for a considerable time, the possession of such an amount of meat had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of their tired-out followers.

On the 21st, Stanley shot a giraffe. This was the noblest animal which had as yet fallen to his rifle; but he could not feel in his heart that its death was a triumph. "I was rather saddened than otherwise," he says, "at seeing the noble animal stretched before me. If I could have given her her life back, I think I should have done so. I thought it a great pity that such splendid animals, so well adapted to the service of man in Africa, could not be converted to some other use than that of food. Horses, mules, and donkeys, die in these sickly regions; but what a blessing for Africa would it be, if we could tame the giraffes and zebras for the use of explorers and traders. Mounted on a zebra, a man would be enabled to reach Ujiji in one month from Bagamoyo; whereas it took me over seven months to travel that distance." On the 27th, the party disturbed a huge swarm of bees, which stung the men and animals frightfully. This is no unusual incident in African travel. A kind of bee, which makes its nest among the long grass, when disturbed rushes out in vast numbers, and stings every animal within reach. There is nothing for it but flight in such circumstances, and men and beasts rush from the enraged insects with all the speed they may.

Arrived at Unyanyembe, the two toil-worn travellers found welcome letters and newspapers from home. When Livingstone's boxes came to be opened, Stanley, who had been looking forward to luxuriating on all the delicacies of civilisation, was grievously disappointed. We must let him tell the result in his own words. It is a fine commentary on commercial morality, and the watchful care of the traveller's friends. "The first box opened contained three tins of biscuits, six tins of potted hare—tiny things, not much larger than thimbles, which, when opened, proved to be nothing more than a tablespoonful of minced meat, plentifully sprinkled with pepper: the Doctor's stores fell five hundred degrees below zero in my estimation. Next were brought out five pots of jam, one of which was opened. This was also a delusion. The stone-jars weighed a pound, and in each was found a little over a teaspoonful of jam. Verily, we began to think our hopes and expectations had been raised to too high a pitch. Three bottles of curry were next produced. But who cares for curry? Another box was opened, and out tumbled a fat, dumpy Dutch cheese, hard as a brick, but sound and good,

although it is bad for the liver in Unyamwezi. Then another cheese was seen, but this was all eaten up: it was hollow, and a fraud. The third box contained nothing but two sugar-loaves; the fourth, candles; the fifth, bottles of salt, Harvey, Worcester, and Reading sauces, essences of anchovies, pepper, and mustard. Bless me! what food were these for the revivifying of a moribund such as I was? The sixth box contained four sheets, two stout pair of shoes, some stockings, and shoe-strings, which delighted the Doctor so much when he tried them on, that he exclaimed, 'Richard is himself again!'

"The five other boxes contained potted meat and soups. But the twelfth, containing one dozen of medicinal brandy, was gone; and a strict cross-examination of Asmani, the head man of Livingstone's caravan, elicited the fact, that not only was one case of brandy missing, but also two bales of cloth, and four bags of the most valuable beads in Africa—sami-sami—which are as gold with the natives. I was grievously disappointed after the stores had been examined. Everything proved to be deceptions in my jaundiced eyes."

Asmani had also broken into Stanley's stores at Unyanyembe, and abstracted cloth and other articles. It was evident that, if the two travellers had been much longer in reaching Unyanyembe, the Doctor's stores would have entirely disappeared. The stolen goods found in possession of Asmani were taken from him, and he was at once discharged. Nearly one-half of the stores which Stanley had brought from Bagamoyo were at Unyanyembe, and the greater portion of them were handed over to Livingstone for use in the work yet before him. On the 14th of March, Stanley departed for the coast, and left Livingstone at Unyanyembe, to await there the sending of carriers, and further stores for his future journey. The parting of these two brave men must have been a serious task to both. The courageous young man who had succoured the great traveller, could hardly avoid thinking that possibly they who had met so opportunely in the heart of Africa might never meet again; and the dauntless explorer, when he looked his last upon the lithe and active figure of the young man who had come to him in his great need, would not fail to think that this might be to him the last glimpse—the last visible embodiment of civilisation he was destined to see.

The night before Stanley's departure, he said to Livingstone, "To-morrow night, Doctor, you will be alone!" "Yes; the house will look as though a death had taken place. You had better stop until the rains which are now near, are over. "I would to God I could, my dear Doctor; but every day I stop here, now that there is no necessity for me to stay longer, keeps you from your work and home." "I know; but consider your health—you are not fit to travel. What is it? Only a few weeks longer. You will travel to the coast just as quickly when the rains are over as you will by going now. The plains will be inundated between here and the coast." "You think so;

but I will reach the coast in forty days; if not in forty, I will in fifty—certain. The thought that I am doing you an important service, will spur me on.”

On the morning of the following day, the two men had a sad breakfast together. They could not eat, for their hearts were full. They found something to do which kept them longer together. Stanley thought to have left at five o'clock, but he was not gone at eight. At last the hour came. Livingstone accompanied him a part of the way, and then the moment of separation was at hand. “Now, my dear Doctor,” said Stanley, “the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back.” “Well, I will say this to you; you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend!” “And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend—FAREWELL!” They wrung each other's hands, and Stanley tore himself away. “Good-bye, Doctor—dear friend!” “Good-bye!”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Livingstone's Second Letter to Mr. Bennett—Stay at Unyanyembe—Further Explorations—Rounds the South End of Tanganyika—Crosses Bangweolo—Returns North to Ilala—Prolonged Affliction and Death—Homeward March with the "Master's" Body—Arrival of the Body in England—Funeral in Westminster Abbey—National Respect and Honour.

IN February, Livingstone had written a second letter to Mr. Bennett, giving his views of the slave-trade and other matters. It was forwarded by Mr. Stanley, and appeared in the "New York Herald" on the following 27th of July. On account of its importance, we insert it here.

"South-Eastern Central Africa, February, 1872.

"MY DEAR SIR—I wish to say a little about the slave-trade in Eastern Africa. It is not a very inviting subject, and to some I may appear as supposing your readers to be very much akin to the old lady who relished her paper for neither births, deaths, nor marriages, but for good racy, bloody murders. I am, however, far from fond of the horrible—often wish I could forget the scenes I have seen, and certainly never try to inflict on others the sorrow which, being a witness of, 'man's inhumanity to man,' has often entailed on myself.

"Some of your readers know that about five years ago I undertook, at the instigation of my very dear old friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., the task of examining the watershed of South Central Africa. The work had a charm for my mind, because the dividing line between North and South was unknown, and a fit object for exploration. Having a work in hand, I at first recommended another for the task; but, on his declining to go without a handsome salary, and something to fall back on afterwards, I agreed to go myself, and was encouraged by Sir Roderick saying, in his warm, jovial manner, 'You will be the real discoverer of the sources of the Nile.' I thought that two years would be sufficient to go from the coast inland across the head of Lake Nyassa to the watershed, wherever that might be, and, after examination, try to begin a benevolent mission with some tribe on the slopes

reaching towards the coast. Had I known all the time, toil, hunger, hardships, and worry, involved in that precious water-parting, I might have preferred having my head shaved, and a blister put on it, to grappling with my good old friend's task. But, having taken up the burden, I could not bear to be beaten by it. I shall tell you a little about the progress made by-and-bye. At present, let me give you a glimpse of the slave-trade with which the search and discovery of most of the Nile fountains has brought me face to face. The whole traffic, whether on land or ocean, is a gross outrage of the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the untold evils it inflicts, it presents almost insurmountable obstacles to intercourse between the different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, and partly to ignorance among the more civilised of mankind, of the blight which lights chiefly on the more degraded. Piracy on the high seas was once as common as slave-trading is now. But as it became thoroughly known, the whole civilised world rose against it. In now trying to make the Eastern African slave-trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope that I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the good time coming yet, when slavery as well as piracy shall be chased from the world.

"Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and on the authors of the atrocities. Most people imagine that negroes, after being brutalised by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate more favoured races, are fair average specimens of the African man. Our ideas are derived from the slaves of the West Coast, who have for ages been subjected to domestic bondage, and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and trade rum have ruined their moral natures. Not to discriminate the difference is monstrous injustice to the main body of the population living free in the interior under their own chiefs and laws—cultivating their own farms, catching the fish of their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forests, which, in more recent continents, can only be reached in rocky strata or under perennial ice. Winwoode Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large round black eyes, full luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the West Coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in.

"Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast, at Zanzibar and elsewhere, are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long enough among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow men. But the low retreating foreheads, prognathous jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast negroes, always awaken the same feelings of

aversion as those with which we view specimens of the 'Bill Sykes' and 'bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk. But I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the continent are, as a rule, fair average specimens of humanity.

"I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town; and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded with the finely-shaped heads. Insama himself had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others. He showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bulbous' below the ribs. I don't know where the phrase, 'bloated aristocracy,' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good many English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

"Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately the dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cat's teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Ornaments are scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on 'women's rights?' But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour, and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazembe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage, near the tip of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth; and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve

stalwart citizens. If they take 'Punch's' motto for Cazembe, 'Niggers don't require to be shot here,' as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but, whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense.

"Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe. An Arab, Said Bin Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do where the natives have no guns, Said Bin Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran a muck at all indiscriminately in a large district. Let it not be supposed that any of these people are like the American Indians—insatiable, bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers.

"Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Barua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relatives kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilised or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture, and plunder, took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said Bin Habib close to the point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the great river Lualaba out of Lake Moero. And here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the difference between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gangs by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere, but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, on seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the

top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me is the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, 'seeing they had plenty to eat.' I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not unusually cruel. They were callous—slaving had hardened their hearts.

"When Said, who was an old friend of mine, crossed the Lualaba, he heard that I was in a village where a company of slave-traders had been furiously assaulted for three days by justly-incensed Babemba. I would not fight, nor allow my people to fire if I saw them, because the Babemba had been especially kind to me. Said sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village by night, and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of heard-hearted; but slaving 'hardens all within, and petrifies the feelings.' It is bad for the victims, and ill for the victimisers.

"I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country—Lunda or Londa, of which Cazembe is chief or general. They were loaded with large, heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women, having in addition to the yoke and load a child on the back, have said to me on passing, 'They are killing me; if they would take off the yoke I could manage the load and child, but I shall die with three loads.' One who spake thus did die, and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I interceded for some; but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was gently blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted. The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. 'Hallo!' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state;' and I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or to leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, 'Yes, we are going away to Manga, abroad, or white man's land, with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death, and we shall return to haunt and kill you!' The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who

had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man of at least 104 years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able by ghost-power to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered—

“‘Oh, oh, oh!’
Bird of freedom, oh!
You sold me, oh, oh, oh!
I shall haunt you, oh, oh, oh!’

“The laughter told not of mirth, but of the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. ‘He that is higher than the highest regardeth.’

“About north-east of Rua, we have a very large country, called Manyuema, but by the Arabs it is shortened into Manyema. It is but recently known. The reputation which the Manyuema enjoyed of being cannibals, prevented the half-caste Arab traders from venturing among them. The circumstantial details of the practices of the men-eaters, given by neighbouring tribes, were confirmed by two Arabs, who two years ago went as far as Bambarre, and secured the protection and friendship of Moenekuss—lord of the light grey parrot with scarlet tail—who was a very superior man. The minute details of cannibal orgies given by the Arabs’ attendants erred through sheer excess of the shocking. Had I believed a tenth part of what I was told, I might never have ventured into Manyuema; but, fortunately, my mother never frightened me in infancy with ‘Bogie,’ and stuff of that sort, and I am not liable to fits of bogiophobia, in which disease the poor patient believes everything awful, if only it is attributed to the owners of a black skin. I have heard that the complaint was epidemic lately in Jamaica, and the planters’ mothers have much to answer for. I hope that the disease may never spread in the United States. The people there are believed to be inoculated with common sense. But why go among the cannibals at all? Was it not like joining the Alpine club, in order to be lauded if you don’t break your neck where your neck ought to be broken? This makes me turn back to the watershed, as I promised.

“It is a broad belt of tree-covered upland, some seven hundred miles in length, from west to east. The general altitude is between four thousand and five thousand feet above the sea, and mountains stand on it at various points, which are between six thousand and seven thousand feet above the ocean-level. On this watershed springs arise, which are well-nigh innumerable—that is, it would take half a man’s lifetime to count them. These springs join each other and form brooks, which again converge, and become rivers, or, say streams, of twenty, forty, or eighty yards, that never dry. All flow towards the centre of an immense valley, which I believe to be the valley

of the Nile. In this trough, we have at first three large rivers. Then all unite into one enormous lacustrine river, the central line of drainage, which I name Webb's Lualaba. In this great valley there are five great lakes. One near the upper end is called Lake Bemba, or, more properly, Bangweolo, but it is not a source of the Nile, for no large river begins in a lake. It is supplied by a river called Chambezi, and several others, which may be considered sources; and out of it flows the large River Luapula, which enters Lake Moero and comes out as the great Lake River Lualaba to form Lake Kamolondo. West of Kamolondo, but still in the great valley, lies Lake Lincoln, which I named as my little tribute of love to the great and good man America enjoyed for some time and lost.

One of the three great rivers I mentioned—Bartle Frere's, or Lufira—falls into Kamolondo, and Lake Lincoln becomes a lacustrine river, and it, too, joins the central line of drainage, but lower down, and all three united, form the fifth lake, which the slaves sent to me, instead of men, forced me, to my great grief, to leave as the 'unknown lake.' By my reckoning—the chronometers being all dead—it is five degrees of longitude west of Speke's position of Ujiji. This makes it probable that the great lacustrine river in the valley is the western branch—or Petherick's Nile—the Bahar Ghazal, and not the eastern branch, which Speke, Grant, and Baker, believed to be the River of Egypt. If correct, this would make it the Nile only after all the Bahar Ghazal enters the eastern arm.

“But though I found the watershed between 10° and 12° south—that is, a long way further up the valley than any one had dreamed, and saw the streams of some six hundred miles of it converging into the centre of the great valley, no one knew where it went after that departure out of Lake Moero. Some conjectured that it went into Tanganyika, but I saw that to do so it must run uphill. Others imagined that it might flow into the Atlantic. It was to find out where it actually did go that took me into Manyuema. I could get no information from traders outside, and no light could be obtained from the Manyuema within—they never travel, and it was so of old. They consist of petty headmanships, and each brings his grievance from some old feud, which is worse than our old Highland ancestors. Every head man of a hamlet would like to see every other ruling blockhead slain. But all were kind to strangers; and, though terrible fellows among themselves, with their large spears and huge wooden shields, they were never known to injure foreigners, till slavers tried the effects of gunshot upon them, and captured their women and children.

“As I could get no geographical information from them, I had to feel my way, and grope in the interminable forests and prairies, and three times took the wrong direction, going northerly, not knowing that the great river makes immense sweeps to the west and south-west. It seemed as if I were

running my head against a stone wall. It might after all turn out to be the Congo; and who would risk being eaten and converted into black man for it? I had serious doubts, but stuck to it like a Briton; and at last found that the mighty river left its westing and flowed right away to the north. The two great western drains, the Lufira and Lomame, running north-east before joining the central or main stream—Webb's Lualaba—told that the western side of the great valley was high, like the eastern; and as this main is reported to go into large reedy lakes, it can scarcely be ought else but the western arm of the Nile. But, besides all this—in which it is quite possible I may be mistaken—we have two fountains, on probably the seventh hundred mile of the watershed, giving rise to two rivers—the Liambai, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kafue, which flow into Inner Ethiopia; and two fountains are reported to rise in the same quarter, forming Lufira and Lomame, which flow, as we have seen, to the north. These four full-grown gushing fountains, rising so near each other, and giving origin to four large rivers, answer, in a certain degree, to the description given of the unfathomable fountains of the Nile, by the secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais in Egypt, to the father of all travellers, Herodotus. But I have to confess that it is a little presumptuous in me to put this forward in Central Africa, and without a single book of reference on the dim recollection of reading the ancient historian in boyhood. The waters were said to well up from an unfathomable depth, and then part—half, north to Egypt, and half, south to Inner Ethiopia. Now, I have heard of the fountains aforementioned so often, I cannot doubt their existence, and I wish to clear up the point in my concluding trip. I am not to be considered as speaking without hesitation, but prepared, if I see reason, to confess myself wrong. No one would like to be considered a disciple of the testy old would-be geographer, who wrote *Inner Africa Laid Open*, and swore to his fancies till he became blue in the face.

“The work would have been finished long ago had the matter of the supplies of men and goods not been entrusted by mistake to Banians and their slaves, whose efforts were all faithfully directed towards my failure. These Banians are protected English subjects, and by their money, their muskets, their ammunition, the East African Moslem slave-trade is mainly carried on. The cunning East Indians secure most of the profits of the slave-trade, and adroitly let the odium rest on their Arab agents. The Banians will not harm a flea or a mosquito, but my progress in geography has led me to the discovery that they are by far the worst cannibals in all Africa. They compass, by means of Arab agents, the destruction of more human lives for gain, in one year, than the Manyuema do for their flesh-pots in ten. The matter of supplies and men was unwittingly committed to these our Indian fellow subjects, who hate to see me in their slave-market, and dread my disclosures on the infamous part they play. The slaves were all imbued with

the idea that they were not to follow but force me back ; and after rioting on my goods for sixteen months on the way, instead of three, the whole remaining stock was sold off for slaves and ivory.

“ Some of the slaves who came to Manyuema so baffled and worried me, that I had to return between five hundred and six hundred miles. The only help I have received, except half a supply, which I despatched from Zanzibar in 1866, has been from Mr. Stanley, your travelling correspondent, and certain remains of stores which I seized from the slaves sent from Zanzibar seventeen months ago, and I had to come back three hundred miles to effect the seizure. I wait here—Unyanyembe—only till Mr. Stanley can send me fifty free men from the coast, and then I proceed to finish up the geographical part of my mission. I come back to the slavery question, and if I am permitted in any way to promote its suppression, I shall not grudge the toil and time I have spent. It would be better to lessen human woe than discover the sources of the Nile. When parties leave Ujiji to go westward into Manyuema, the question asked is, not what goods they have, but how many guns and kegs of gunpowder. If they have two hundred or three hundred muskets, and ammunition in proportion, they think success is certain.

“ No traders having ever before entered Manyuema, the value of ivory was quite unknown. Indeed, the tusks were left in the forests, with the other bones, where the animals had been slain ; many were rotten, others were gnawed by a rodent animal to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. If civilly treated, the people went into the forests to spots where they knew elephants had been killed either by traps or spears, and brought the tusks for a few copper bracelets. I have seen parties return with so much ivory that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed. The Manyuema were found to be terrified by the report of guns ; some, I know, believed them to be supernatural ; for when the effect of a musket-ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured. Many of the Manyuema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light-coloured and lovely. It was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resemble the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious ironfounder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, ‘ Oh, if we had Manyuema wives, what pretty children we should get.’

“ Manyuema men and women were all vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired by wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall, strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyuema men would take a high place in the

human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, 'Were it not for the fire-arms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.' If a comparison were instituted, and Manyuema, taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyuema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look woefully scraggy. But, though the 'inferior race,' as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals. It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of the canine teeth of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human. For many a month all the evidence I could collect amounted only to what would lead a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'not proven.' This arose partly from the fellows being fond of a joke, and they like to horrify any one who seemed incredulous. They led one of my people, who believed all they said, to see the skull of a recent human victim, and he invited me in triumph. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla—here called soko—and for the first time I became aware of the existence of the animal there.

"The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything planted in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and between three and four months it yielded one hundred and twenty fold; three measures of seed yielded three hundred and sixty measures. Maize is so abundant that I have seen forty-five loads, each about sixty pounds, given for a single goat. The 'maize-dura'—or *holcus sorghum* *Tennisetum cassava*—sweet potatoes, and yams, furnished in no stinted measure the farinaceous ingredients of diet; the palm oil, the ground nuts, and a forest tree, afford the fatty materials of food; bananas and plantains, in great profusion, and the sugar-cane, yield saccharine; the palm-toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco and bange, *canabis sativa*, form the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and sokos, or gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to see why they should be cannibals. New Zealanders, we are told, were cannibals because they had killed all their gigantic birds (moa, etc.), and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs. But the Manyuema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. Into the reason for their cannibalism I do not enter. They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributed to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain.

"The religion of Christ is unquestionably the best for man. I refer to it not as the Protestant, the Catholic, the Greek, or any other, but to the comprehensive faith which has spread more widely over the world than most people imagine, and whose votaries, of whatever name, are better men than any outside the pale. We have, no doubt, grievous faults, but these, as in Paris, are owing to the want of religion. Christians, generally, are better than the heathens, but often don't know it, and they are all immeasurably better than they believe each other to be. The Manyuema women, especially far down the Luakaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far, in order to have something to sell. Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain, and sweet potatoes, exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish, and other relishes; fowls, also pigs, goats, grass-cloth, mats, and other articles, change hands. All are dressed in their best—gaudy-coloured, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee. When two thousand or three thousand are together they enforce justice, though chiefly women, and they are so eager traders, they set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be about the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other.

"The Bayenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish, for farinaceous food, with the women on the east of the Luakaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishery. The Manyuema have always told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities, the women passed through from one market to another unharmed; to take their goods, even in war, was a thing not to be done. But at these market-women the half-castes directed their guns. Two cases that came under my own observation were so sickening, I cannot allow the mind to dwell upon or write about them. Many of both sexes were killed, but the women and children chiefly were made captives. No matter how much ivory they obtained, these 'Nigger Moslems' must have slaves, and they assaulted the markets and villages, and made captives, chiefly, as it appeared to me, because, as the men run off at the report of guns, they could do it without danger. I had no idea before how blood-thirsty men can be when they can pour out the blood of fellow-men in safety. And all this carnage is going on in Manyuema at the very time I write. It is the Banians, our protected Indian fellow subjects, that indirectly do it all. We have conceded to the Sultan of Zanzibar the right, which it was not ours to give, of a certain portion of slave-trading, amounting to from £12,000 to £20,000 a year. As we have seen, these are not traded for but murdered for. They are not slaves, but free people made captive. A sultan with a sense of justice would,

instead of taking head money, declare that all were free as soon as they reached his territory. But the Banians have the custom-house and all the sultan's revenue entirely in their hands. He cannot trust his Mahometan subjects, even of the better class, to farm his income, because as they themselves say, he would get nothing in return but a crop of lies. The Banians naturally work the custom house so as to screen their own slaving agents; and so long as they have the power to promote it, their atrocious system of slaving will never cease. For the sake of lawful commerce, it would be politic to insist that the sultan's revenue by the custom-house should be placed in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. By this arrangement the sultan would be largely benefited, legal commerce would be exalted to a position it has never held since Banians and Moslems emigrated into Eastern Africa, and Christianity, to which the slave-trade is an insurmountable barrier, would find an open door.

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.”

On the march back, Mr. Stanley and his party suffered from the flooded state of the country, as the rainy season was now on; and more than once they had extreme difficulty in passing the swollen rivers. On the 27th of March, they entered Kiayeh. At dawn, when leaving Mdaburu River, the solemn warning had been given that they were near Ugogo; and as they left Kaniyaga village, with trumpet-like blasts of the guide's horn, they filed into the depths of an expanse of rustling Indian corn. The ears were ripe enough for parching and roasting; there was, therefore, no fear of famine. They soon entered the gum-tree districts, and knew they were in Ugogo. The forests of this country are chiefly composed of the gum and thorn species—mimosa and tamarisk, with often a variety of wild fruit-trees. The grapes were plentiful, though they were not quite ripe; and there was also a round, reddish fruit, with the sweetness of the sultana grape, with leaves like a gooseberry-bush. There was another, about the size of an apricot which was excessively bitter. Emerging from the entangled thorn-jungle, the extensive settlements of Kiweh came into view; and to the east of the chief's village, they found a camping-place under the shade of a group of colossal baobabs.

On the 30th, they arrived at Khorize, which is remarkable for the mighty globes of foliage which the giant sycamores and baobabs put forth above the plain. That night the expedition reached Sauza. On the 1st of April, they reached Myumi; and the following day, the fields of Mapanga. On the 5th, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; and for nine hours held on their way, starting with noisy shouts the fierce rhinoceros, the timid quagga, and the herds of antelopes which crowd the jungles. At length they entered the valley of the Mukondokwa River. There the torrents thundered and roared; the river was a mighty brown flood, sweeping down-

ward with an almost resistless flow. The banks were brimful, broad nullahs were full of water, the fields were inundated, and still the rain came surging down. They urged their steps onward like men to whom every moment was precious. Three times they crossed this awful flood by means of ropes tied to trees from bank to bank.

"On the 13th," says Stanley, "we struck out of the village of Mvumi. It had rained the whole night, and the morning brought no cessation. Mile after mile, we traversed over fields covered with the inundation, until we came to a branch river-side once again, where the river was narrow, and too deep to ford in the middle. We proceeded to cut a tree down, and so contrived that it should fall right across the stream. Over this fallen tree the men, bestriding it, cautiously moved before them their bales and boxes; but one young fellow, Rojab—through over-zeal, or in sheer madness—took up the Doctor's box, which contained his letters, and journals of his discoveries, on his head, and started into the river. I had been the first to arrive on the opposite bank, in order to superintend the crossing, when I caught sight of this man walking in the river with the most precious box of all on his head. Suddenly he fell into a deep hole, and the man and box went almost out of sight, while I was in an agony at the fate which threatened the despatches. Fortunately, he recovered himself and stood up, while I shouted to him, with a loaded revolver pointed at his head, 'Look out! Drop that box, and I'll shoot you.' All the men halted in their work while they gazed at their comrade who was thus imperilled by bullet and blood. The man himself seemed to regard the pistol with the greatest awe, and after a few desperate efforts succeeded in getting the box safely ashore."

From this stream, they came, in about an hour, to the main river. Its wild waters were such as to fill them with the greatest fear. They succeeded, however, in crossing it; the strongest man swimming over with a rope tied round his waist, and the others being dragged through with ropes. This was their method of travel from day to day until the 30th. On that day they passed hurriedly through the jungle of Msuwa. "What dreadful odours," exclaims Stanley, "and indescribable loathing this jungle produces! It is so dense that a tiger could not crawl through it; it is so impenetrable that an elephant could not force his way! Were a bottleful of concentrated miasma, such as we inhale herein, collected, what a deadly poison, instantaneous in its action, undiscoverable in its properties, would it be! I think it would act quicker than chloroform, be as fatal as prussic acid. Horrors upon horrors are in it. Boas above our heads, snakes and scorpions under our feet. Land-crabs, terrapins, and iguanas, move about in our vicinity. Malaria is in the air we breathe; the road is infested with 'hot-water' ants, which bite our legs until we dance and squirm about like madmen. Yet, somehow, we are fortunate enough to escape annihilation, and many another traveller might

also. Yet here, in verity, are the ten plagues of Egypt, through which a traveller in these regions must run the gauntlet."

Stanley and his party reached Bagamoyo at sunset, May the 6th, and were soon in communication with the heads of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition," Lieutenant Henn, Rev. Charles New, and Mr. Oswald Livingstone. Lieutenant Dawson, the chief of the expedition, had thrown up his appointment on hearing of the approach of Stanley. Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New, on learning that Livingstone had been relieved, decided to retire from the expedition, but Mr. Oswald Livingstone determined to go on with the bearers and stores needed to completely equip his father for his further journeyings; a few weeks afterwards, however, he altered his purpose, and decided not to go. The expedition sent to Livingstone consisted of fifty-seven individuals, many of whom had accompanied Stanley to and from Ujiji. Most of them had accompanied Livingstone on his Zambesi journey. Six Nassiek boys (African lads, educated at the Nassiek School, Bombay), who had been brought by Livingstone from the Shire Valley in 1864, and had volunteered to go with Lieutenant Dawson's expedition, were among the number. Their names were Jacob Wainwright, John Wainwright, Matthew Wellington, Canas Ferrars, Richard Rutton, and Benjamin Rutton. The first of these was destined to accompany the remains of his great master to England, and stand beside his grave in Westminster Abbey.

On the 29th of May, 1872, Mr. Stanley left Zanzibar for England, and arrived here on the first of August. His half-brother and cousin from Denbigh met him on Dover pier, and accompanied him to London. Petty jealousy on the part of professional geographers, and certain newspapers, prompted unworthy doubts as to the truth of the story he had to tell; and both in this country and in America it was broadly hinted that he had never seen Livingstone at all. The day after his arrival, Lord Granville, and Livingstone's son and daughter, bore testimony to the authenticity of the letters and despatches he had forwarded to them. His first public appearance was at the meeting of the British Association, held at Brighton during the third week of August. On the 27th of August, Stanley received the following letter from Earl Granville, accompanied by a valuable gold snuff-box, set with brilliants:—

"Foreign Office, August 27th, 1872.

"SIR—I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, Her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and relieving Her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller.

"The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with Her Majesty's congratulations on your having

so successfully carried out the mission which you so fearlessly undertook. Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most obedient, humble servant,

“ GRANVILLE.”

“ To HENRY STANLEY, Esq.”

Nothing could exceed the warmth with which the general public gave expression to their admiration of the pluck and daring with which Mr. Stanley had carried out his splendid achievements. At banquets, luncheons, and public meetings, he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The freedom of the principal cities of the empire was conferred upon him at the unanimous wish of their corporations, and he had a personal interview with the Queen. After this, he accompanied the forces under Sir Garnet Wolseley during the Ashantee Campaign, and gave the results of his observations in the “New York Herald.” We now leave for a time the brave man who brought succour and relief to Livingstone, to return once more to the great traveller himself, still in the heart of Africa.

Stanley, as we have already stated, urged Livingstone to return with him and recruit himself; but after a touching allusion to Miss Livingstone, who nobly set her father's mission before the longings of her own heart, he expressed his resolution to complete the exploration of the sources of the Nile before he retired from his work. No sooner had Stanley left him in Unyanyembe, than he laid out the scheme of a last journey, by Bangweolo to Katanga, the ancient fountains, and the underground dwellings. On the 19th of March, five days after Stanley's departure, the anniversary of his birthday came round; and thus he notes it:—“ Birthday. My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to thee. Accept me, and grant, O Gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.”

On the 1st of May, he writes thus in his Journal:—“ Finished a letter for the ‘New York Herald,’ trying to enlist American zeal to stop the East-coast slave-trade; I pray for a blessing on it from the All-Gracious.” Through a coincidence, a singular interest attaches to this entry. The concluding words of the letter he refers to are as follows:—“ All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world.” It was felt that nothing could more truly represent the man than these words, and the quotation has consequently been inscribed upon the tablet erected to his memory, near his grave, in Westminster Abbey. It was noticed some time

after selecting it, that he wrote these words exactly one year before his death, which, as we shall see, took place on the 1st of May, 1873. His habits of observation continued as close as ever; hence, under date, May 11th, he writes:—"A serpent of dark-olive colour was found dead at my door this morning, probably killed by a cat. Puss approaches very cautiously, and strikes her claws into the head with a blow delivered as quick as lightning; then holds the head down with both paws, heedless of the wriggling mass of coils behind it; she then bites the neck and leaves it; looking with interest to the disfigured head, as if she knew that therein had lain the hidden power of mischief. She seems to possess a little of the nature of the *Ichnumon*, which was sacred in Egypt from its destroying serpents. The serpent is in pursuit of mice when killed by puss."

A number of observations follow on successive days. These are specimens:—"A family of ten Whydah birds (*Vidua purpurea*) come to the pomegranate-trees in our yard. The eight young ones, full-fledged, are fed by the dam, as young pigeons are. The food is brought up from the crop without the bowing and bending of the pigeon. They chirrup briskly for food; the dam gives most, while the red-breasted cock gives one or two, and then knocks the rest away." "Two Whydah birds, after their nest was destroyed several times, now try again in another pomegranate-tree in the yard. They put back their eggs, as they have the power to do, and build again. The trout has the power of keeping back the ova when circumstances are unfavourable to their deposit. She can quite absorb the whole, but occasionally the absorbents have too much to do; the ovarium, and eventually the whole abdomen, seems in a state of inflammation, as when they are trying to remove a mortified human limb; and the poor fish, feeling its strength leaving it, true to instinct, goes to the entrance of the burn where it ought to have spawned, and, unable to ascend, dies. The defect is probably the want of the aid of a milter."

Our brave traveller had a long season of weary waiting for men and stores from Zanzibar, and on August 24th, he started for the last time on his heroic quest. He had not been out a month before dysentery attacked him. On the 19th of September, he says, "I am ill with bowels, having eaten nothing for eight days." Two days after, he says, "Rest here, as the complaint does not yield to medicine or time; but I begin to eat now, which is a favourable symptom." On the 30th October, he reached a village on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, and afterwards skirted the lake for several days. November 9th, he writes, "We got very little food, and killed a calf to fill our mouths a little. A path east seems to lead out from these mountains of Tanganyika. We went on east this morning in highland open forest, then descended by a long slope to a valley in which there is water. Many Milenga gardens, but the people keep out of sight. The highlands are of a purple colour, from the new leaves coming out. The donkey began to eat to my

great joy. Men sent off to search for a village return empty-handed, and we must halt. I am ill, and losing much blood."

Drizzling rains continue to fall day after day, the ceaseless damp much aggravating his complaint. He observes Christmas day thus—"I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son Christ Jesus our Lord. Slaughtered an ox, and gave a fundo and a half to each of the party. This is our great day, so we rest. It is cold and wet, day and night." From this time, he was rarely even comparatively well. It was a long stern struggle to endure unto the end, and to wrest the prize he passionately longed for out of the hand of death. Through perils of waters, perils of robbers, and perils of the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, and at last in mortal sickness, he pressed on. It is a deeply pathetic history. In the lake region tremendous rains set in—rain rare even in that region of waters, and his journey was through a continuous swamp, often up to their necks. The entries in his journal grew fewer and fainter; but still there was no failure in the tension of the heroic purpose, and no halting or trembling in the band of followers whom his intense nature seems almost to have inspired. Through incredible difficulty he struggled on to the southern borders of the lake round which he was bent on forcing his way.

He still continues to note carefully the face of the country. On the 14th January, 1873, he says—"Went on dry S. E. and then S. two hours to River Mazinga, and marched parallel to it till we came to the confluence of Kasir. Mazinga, twenty-five feet, waist deep, with a hundred and fifty yards of sponge on right bank, and about fifty yards on left. There are many plots of cassava, maize, millet, dura, ground-nuts, voandzia, in the forest, all surrounded with strong high hedges, skilfully built, and manured with wood-ashes. The villagers are much afraid of us. After four hours and a half we were brought up by the deep rivulet Mpanda, to be crossed to-morrow in canoes. There are many flowers in the forest: Marigolds, a white jonquil-looking flower, without smell; many orchids; white, yellow, and pink asclepias, with bunches of French-white flowers; clematis—*Methonica gloriosa*; gladiolus, and blue and deep-purple polygalas; grasses, with white starry seed-vessels, and spikelets of brownish-red and yellow. Besides these, there are beautiful blue-flowering bulbs, of pretty delicate form, and but little scent. To this list may be added balsams, compositeæ, of blood-red colour, and of purple; other flowers of liver-colour, bright canary yellow; pink orchids on spikes, thickly covered all round, and of three inches in length; spiderworts, of fine blue or yellow, or even pink; different-coloured asclepedials; beautiful yellow and red umbelliferous flowering plants; dill, and wild parsnips; pretty flowery aloes, yellow and red, in one whorl of blossoms; peas, and many other flowering plants, which I do not know."

On the 24th, he gives us a description of the kind of country through

which he was passing:—"Went on E. and N. E. to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went an hour and three quarters' journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least three hundred yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of a hundred yards. One part was neck-deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' footprints an hour and a half, and then came on one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down. Carrying me across one of the broad deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least two thousand feet broad, or more than three hundred yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint, he required two to lift him, so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on, and bent down the grass, to insure some footing on the side of the elephants' path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad firths and sponges."

March the 19th, was his last birthday. His work was nearly done, and his rest was close at hand. "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men," he says, "for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, Oh! my good Lord Jesus." Six days afterwards, he writes—"Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward." Pale, bloodless from profuse hæmorrhage, he could hardly walk, and on April 12th, he consented to be carried by his men. "So weak," he says, "I could hardly walk, but tottered along nearly two hours, and then lay down quite done. Cooked coffee—our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down. Very unwilling to be carried, but on being pressed I allowed the men to help me along by relays to Chinama, where there is much cultivation. We camped in a garden of dura."

He was now unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda, and to mark on the map which he was making, the streams which entered the lake as he crossed them. On the 21st, he tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried him back to the village from which they had started, exhausted. The next day, "his servants say that, instead of rallying, they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet

in length, crossed with rails three feet long, and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveller was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable, another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under, whilst the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. The start was deferred this morning until the dew was off the heads of the long grass sufficiently to ensure his being kept tolerably dry. The excruciating pains of dysenteric malady caused him the greatest exhaustion as they marched, and they were glad enough to reach another village, in two hours and a quarter, having travelled S.W. from the last point."

For three or four days, no entry was made now in his Journal except the date. On April 27th, his dying hand wrote the last:—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." His spirit was true to its mission, as the compass to the pole. His last word, as his pencil dropped from his stiffening hand, was a geographical record. "From this point we have to trust entirely to the narrative of the men. They explain the above sentence as follows:—Salimane, Anisi, Hamsani, and Laede, accompanied by a guide, were sent off to endeavour, if possible, to buy some milch goats on the upper part of the Molilamo. They could not, however, succeed; it was always the same story, the Mazitu had taken everything. The chief, nevertheless, sent a substantial present of a kid and three baskets of ground-nuts, and the people were willing enough to exchange food for beads. Thinking he could eat some Mapira corn, pounded up with ground-nuts, the Doctor gave instructions to the two women, Msozi and Mtoweka, to prepare it for him; but he was not able to take it when they brought it to him.

"On the 29th April, Kalunganjovu, and most of his people, came early to the village. The chief wished to assist his guest to the utmost, and stated that, as he could not be sure that a sufficient number of canoes would be forthcoming unless he took charge of matters himself, he should accompany the caravan to the crossing place, which was about an hour's march from the spot. 'Everything should be done for his friend,' he said. They were ready to set out. On Susi's going to the hut, Dr. Livingstone told him that he was quite unable to walk to the door to reach the kitanda, and he wished the men to break down one side of the little house, as the entrance was too narrow to admit it, and in this manner to bring it to him where he was. This was done, and he was quietly placed upon it, and borne out of the village.

"Their course was in the direction of the stream, and they followed it till they came to a reach where the current was uninterrupted by the nume-

rous little islands, which stood partly in the river, and partly in the flood on the upper waters. Kalunganjovu was seated on a knoll, and actively superintended the embarkation, whilst Dr. Livingstone told his bearers to take him to a tree at a little distance off, that he might rest in the shade till most of the men were on the other side. A good deal of care was required, for the river, by no means a large one in ordinary times, spread its waters in all directions, so that a false step, or a stumble in any unseen hole, would have drenched the invalid, and the bed also on which he was carried. The passage occupied some time, and then came the difficult task of conveying the Doctor across, for the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitanda to be deposited in the bottom of either of them. Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitanda, they laid it in the bottom of the strongest canoe, and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chumah, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back. In this way he was deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across the Mulilamo by Chowpere, Susi, Farijala, and Chumah. The same precautions were used on the other side. The kitanda was brought close to the canoe, so as to prevent any unnecessary pain in disembarking.

“Susi now hurried on ahead to reach Chitambo’s village, and superintend the building of another house. For the first mile or two, they had to carry the Doctor through swamps and plashes, glad to reach something like a dry plain at last. It would seem that his strength was here at its lowest ebb. Chumah, one of his bearers on these the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and, on stooping down, he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitanda, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately, for once not a drop was to be procured. Hastening on for fear of getting too far separated from the party in advance, to their great comfort they now saw Farijala approaching with some which Susi had thoughtfully sent off from Chitambo’s village.

“Still wending their way on, it seemed as if they would not complete their

task, for again, at a clearing, the sick man entreated them to place him on the ground, and to let him stay where he was. Fortunately, at this moment, some of the outlying huts of the village came in sight, and they tried to rally him by telling him that he would quickly be in the house that the others had gone to build, but they were obliged as it was to allow him to remain for an hour in the native gardens outside the town. On reaching their companions, it was found that the work was not quite finished, and it became necessary therefore to lay him under the broad eaves of a native hut till things were ready. Chitambo's village at this time was almost empty. When the crops are growing, it is the custom to erect little temporary houses in the fields, and the inhabitants, leaving their more substantial huts, pass the time in watching their crops, which are scarcely more safe by day than by night. Thus it was that the men found plenty of room and shelter to their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay, whose praises had reached them in previous years, and in silent wonder they stood round him, resting on their bows.

"Slight drizzling showers were falling, and as soon as possible his house was made ready and banked round with earth. Inside it, the bed was raised from the floor by sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut. In the bay itself bales and boxes were deposited, one of the latter doing duty for a table, on which the medicine chest and sundry other things were placed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, whilst the boy Majwara slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night. On the 30th of April, 1873, Chitambo came early, to pay a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the Doctor's presence, but he was obliged to send him away, telling him to come again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him, and he was not again disturbed. In the afternoon, he asked Susi to bring his watch to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his hand, that it might lie in the palm whilst he slowly turned the key.

"So the hours stole on till nightfall. The men silently took to their huts, whilst others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 p. m. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time, there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, 'Are our men making that noise?' 'No,' replied Susi; 'I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields.' A few minutes after he said slowly, and evidently wandering, 'Is this the Luapula?' Susi told him they were in Chitambo's village, near the Mulimalo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, he said (in Suaheli this time,) 'How many days is it to the Luapula?' Susi replied, 'I think it is three days.' A few seconds after, he half sighed, half said, 'Oh dear, dear!' and then dozed off again.

"It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door. 'Bwana wants you, Susi.' On reaching the bed the Doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper-kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring him his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty, Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low feeble voice, 'All right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was ever heard to speak. It must have been about four A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Bwana; I am afraid; I don't know if he's alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chumah, Chowpere, Matthew and Muauyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut. Passing inside, they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure it was some considerable time; the men drew nearer.

"A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheek. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead. His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up, and laid him full length on the bed, then carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night-air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable certainty that he expired early on the 1st of May.

"Before daylight, the men were quietly told in each hut what had happened, and that they were to assemble. Coming together as soon as it was light enough to see, Susi and Chumah said that they wished everybody to be present whilst the boxes were opened, so that in case money or valuables were in them, all might be responsible. Jacob Wainwright (who could write, they knew) was asked to make some notes which should serve as an inventory, and then the boxes were brought out from the hut. It was not without some alarm that the men realised their more immediate difficulties; none could see better than they what complications might arise in an hour. They knew the

superstitious horror connected with the dead in the tribes around them, for the departed spirits of men are universally believed to have vengeance and mischief at heart as their ruling idea in the land beyond the grave. On this account it is not to be wondered at that chief and people make common cause against those who wander through their territory, and have the misfortune to lose one of their party by death."

Few situations could be imagined more utterly desolate than that of the little band of followers, alone in the vast wilderness, in the heart of Africa, at the farthest point of their wanderings, and the master whom they trusted as a providence taken away from their head. But his presence seemed to be with them, his spirit still ruled their thoughts and deeds. The men met in consultation. Susi and Chumah, as his most experienced and trusted attendants, were chosen as leaders, and the men promised to obey them implicitly. To their knowledge of the country, of the tribes through which they were to pass, but, above all, to the sense of discipline and cohesion which was maintained throughout, their safe return to Zanzibar at the head of their men must, under God's gracious guidance, be chiefly attributed. They all agreed that Chitambo, the chief of the district, ought to be kept in ignorance of Dr. Livingstone's decease. But the fact soon came to his knowledge; and he behaved with a noble consideration and generosity. He said, "You were afraid to let me know, but do not fear any longer. I know that you have no bad motives in coming to our land, and death often happens to travellers in their journeys." They had previously decided that, come what might, the body must be borne to Zanzibar; and terrible as is the presence of a dead body to an African, he did everything in his power to forward their melancholy work. The resolution which the men thus formed was simply heroic, and showed an imaginative grasp of the interest and the bearings of the situation of which few, even among the highly cultured world, would have been capable.

On the 2nd of May, following out a suggestion made by Chitambo, "it was agreed that all honours should be shown to the dead, and the customary mourning was arranged forthwith. At the proper time, Chitambo, leading his people, and accompanied by his wives, came to the new settlement. He was clad in a broad red cloth, which covered the shoulders, whilst the wrapping of native cotton cloth, worn round the waist, fell as low as his ankles. All carried bows, arrows, and spears, but no guns were seen. Two drummers joined in the loud wailing lamentation, which so indelibly impresses itself on the memories of people who have heard it in the East, whilst the band of servants fired volley after volley in the air, according to the strict rule of the Portuguese and Arabs on such occasions. Early on the 3rd of May, a special mourner arrived. He came with the anklets which are generally worn on these occasions, composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels, fitted with

rattling pebbles, and in low monotonous chant sang, whilst he danced, as follows :—

‘To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours :
Come round to see the Englishman.’

His task over, the mourner and his son, who accompanied him in the ceremony, retired with a suitable present of beads.”

The body was now to be preserved and prepared for conveyance home. “They say that his frame was little more than skin and bone. Through an incision carefully made, the viscera were removed, and a quantity of salt was placed in the trunk. All noticed one very significant circumstance in the autopsy. A clot of coagulated blood, as large as a man’s hand, lay in the left side, whilst Farijala pointed to the state of the lungs, which they describe as dried up, and covered with black and white patches. The heart, with the other parts removed, were placed in a tin box, which had formerly contained flour, and decently and reverently buried in a hole dug some four feet deep on the spot where they stood. Jacob was then asked to read the Burial Service, which he did in the presence of all. The body was left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it, beyond placing some brandy in the mouth and some on the hair; nor can one imagine for an instant that any other process would have been available, either for Europeans or natives, considering the rude appliances at their disposal. The men kept watch day and night to see that no harm came to their sacred charge. Their huts surrounded the building, and had force been used to enter its strongly-barred door, the whole camp would have turned out in a moment. Once a day the position of the body was changed, but at no other time was any one allowed to approach it.

“No molestation of any kind took place during the fourteen days’ exposure. At the end of this period preparations were made for retracing their steps. The corpse, by this time tolerably dried, was wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package. The next thing was to plan something in which to carry it, and, in the absence of planking or tools, an admirable substitute was found by stripping from a Myonga tree enough of the bark in one piece to form a cylinder, and in it their master was laid. Over this case a piece of sailcloth was sewn, and the whole package was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men.

“Jacob Wainwright was asked to carve an inscription on the large Moula tree which stands by the place where the body rested, stating the name of Dr. Livingstone, and the date of his death; and before leaving, the men gave strict injunctions to Chitambo to keep the grass cleared away, so as to save it from the bush-fires which annually sweep over the country and destroy so many trees. Besides this, they erected close to the spot two high thick posts,

with an equally strong cross-piece, like a lintel and door-posts in form, which they painted thoroughly with the tar which was intended for the boat. Before parting with Chitambo, they gave him a large tin biscuit-box, and some newspapers, which would serve as an evidence to all future travellers that a white man had been at his village. The chief promised to do all that he could to keep both the tree and the timber sign-posts from being touched; but added, that he hoped the English would not be long in coming to see him, because there was always the risk of an invasion of Mazitu, when he would have to fly, and the tree might be cut down for a canoe by some one, and then all trace would be lost. All was now ready for starting.

They now began their homeward march. Having formed the resolution to transport the body to the coast, they carried it out with a courage, a steadiness, a sagacity, which would have done honour to picked Europeans. That nine months' march with the dead body of "the master," will live in African story, with Livingstone's daring march across the continent; and Susi and Chumah will stand forth in vivid witness, whenever there is a question of the high capacity of the African race. With a delicacy and tenderness rare, we fear, in the homes of civilisation, the body was prepared for transport. The heart lies where it ought to lie, in the clods of the continent which Livingstone so passionately loved. The body was lifted and borne tenderly by loving arms through months of hunger, toil, and danger, to find its last resting-place among England's most honoured dead. The wisdom, the patience, the resolution, with which the poor Africans clung to their self-imposed, but noble and beautiful task, reveal to the eyes through which faith still looks forth, the tokens of a Presence still higher than the master's, and the guidance of a wiser and stronger hand.

Almost immediately after they began their journey, sickness appeared among them. First one and then another dropped out of the file, and, by the third day of their departure, half their number were *hors de combat*. It was impossible to go on. Two of the women died. It took them a month to rally sufficiently to resume their journey. The first night of camping beyond Luapula, Livingstone's faithful donkey was killed by a lion. For many days they had to travel through incessant swamp and water, sleeping at times, for the sake of a dry bed, on the hard earth of an ant-hill, rising like an island amid the waters. At Chawende's village they had to fight for their lives. They passed through many villages which Livingstone had already visited when pursuing his explorations. Travelling now became easier. As they came to the Likwa, they met a caravan bound for Fipa, to hunt elephants and buy ivory and slaves. The new arrivals told them that they had come strait through Unyanyembe from Bagamoyo, on the coast, and that the Doctor's death had already been reported there by natives of Fipa. The country here showed all the appearance of a salt-pan.

When they reached Baula, Jacob Wainwright, the scribe of the party, was commissioned to write an account of the distressing circumstances of the Doctor's death; and Chumah was requested to take three men with him, and go forward to deliver it to Dr. Livingstone's son, and the other two Englishmen, who were reported by the outward-bound caravan to be at Unyanyembe. On October 23rd, Chumah and his companions reached Unyanyembe. They found that the reported arrival of Mr. Oswald Livingstone was not correct; but Lieutenant Cameron, Dr. Dillon, and Lieutenant Murphy, were put in possession of the main facts of Livingstone's death. In spite of all attempts to dissuade them from carrying the body of their dead master any further, the men stuck to their original purpose to bear it home. Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy quitted Cameron's party to accompany the men to the coast. When they came to Kasekera, Dr. Dillon, suffering much from dysentery, shot himself in his tent by means of a loaded rifle. "Some days afterwards, as they wended their way through a rocky place, a little girl in their train, named Losi, met her death in a shocking way. It appears that the poor child was carrying a water-jar on her head in the file of people, when an enormous snake dashed across the path, deliberately struck her in the thigh, and made for a hole in the jungle close at hand. This work of a moment was sufficient, for the poor girl fell mortally wounded. She was carried forward, and all means at hand were applied, but in less than ten minutes the last symptom (foaming at the mouth) set in, and she ceased to breathe."

In February, 1874, the men reached the coast. They bore their precious burden safely to the beach at Bagamoyo; and before many hours were over, one of Her Majesty's cruisers conveyed the Acting Consul, Captain Prideaux, from Zanzibar to the spot which the cortege had reached. As the men handed over the dead body of their master to his countrymen, five men only could answer to the roll-call on the shore whence, eight years before, a numerous band had followed their great leader's steps. Arrangements were quickly made for transporting the remains of Dr. Livingstone to the Island of Zanzibar, some thirty miles distant; and then the brave men learnt sadly, and even painfully, that their work was done. Hardy and gallant spirits! What miserable blundering, or pitiful economy was it which forbade their following the remains of the master whom they loved, and had served so faithfully, and borne so bravely, to his home in England, and standing, not the least noted and honoured mourners, by his grave among our greatest dead? Their heroic achievement, is, perhaps, the most striking witness to the power of Livingstone's character and the depth of his influence; being dead, he yet spake and wrought in these African hearts. We see that the Africans are a race to be won by loving and wise men. If we compare the results of Livingstone's intercourse with the people, with the fruits of such martial expeditions as "Isimalia" records—compare the fires of Masindi, and the bloody march

to Gondokoro, with the death scene in the "Last Journals," and the heroic march to the coast, we shall have a true key to what the two methods are likely to accomplish for the regeneration of Africa.

We add here the following brief account of Livingstone's last days, from the correspondent of the "New York Herald," because it notes one or two circumstances of peculiar interest:—"The great traveller had been ill with chronic dysentery for several months past, although well supplied with stores and medicines, and he seems to have had a presentiment that this attack would prove fatal. He rode on a donkey at first, but was subsequently carried, and thus arrived at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), in Bisa country, when he said to his followers, 'Build me a hut to die in.' The hut was built by his men, who, first of all, made him a bed. It is stated that he suffered greatly, groaning night and day. On the third day he said, 'I am very cold; put more grass over the hut.'

"His followers did not speak to or go near him. Chitambo, chief of Bisa, however, sent flour and beans, and behaved well to the party. On the fourth day Livingstone became insensible, and died about midnight. Majwara, his servant was present. His last entry in the diary was April 27th. He spoke much, and sadly, of home and family. When first seized, he told his followers he intended to exchange everything for ivory to give to them, and to push on to Ujiji and Zanzibar, and try to reach England. On the day of his death these men consulted what to do, and the Nassick boys determined to preserve the remains. They were, however, afraid to inform the chief of Livingstone's death; and the secretary therefore removed the body to another hut, around which he built a high fence, to ensure privacy. Here they opened the body, and removed the internals, which were placed in a tin box, and buried inside the fence under a large tree. Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on the tree as follows:—

'DR. LIVINGSTONE DIED ON MAY 4TH, 1873;'

and superscribed the name of the head man. The body was then preserved in salt, and dried in the sun for twelve days. Chitambo was then informed of Livingstone's death, upon which he beat drums, fired guns as a token of respect, and allowed the followers to remove the body, which was placed in a coffin formed of bark. The Nassick boys then journeyed to Unyanyembe in about six months, sending an advance party with information addressed to Livingstone's son, which met Cameron. The latter sent back a few bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after the advance party, and rested there a fortnight. Cameron, Murphy, and Dillon, were together there. The latter was very ill, blind, and his mind was affected. He committed suicide at Kasekera, and was buried there. Here Livingstone's remains were put in another bark case, smaller, done up as a bale, to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpse, which

was thus carried to Zanzibar. Livingstone's clothing, papers, and instruments, accompanied the body. It may be mentioned that, when ill, Livingstone prayed much. At Ilala, he said, 'I am going home.' After Stanley's departure, the Doctor left Unyanyembe, rounded the south end of Lake Tanganyika, and travelled south of Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, crossed it south to north, then along the east side, returning north, through marshes, to Ilala."

The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship, "*Malwa*," having Livingstone's body on board, reached Southampton on Wednesday, the 15th of April, 1874. Dr. Moffat, the famous African Missionary, and father-in-law of Livingstone; W. Oswald Livingstone, the Doctor's second surviving son; Henry M. Stanley; the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and fellow-traveller; Mr. A. Laing, of Zanzibar; Mr. W. F. Webb, of Newstead Abbey, and Mr. James Young, had been in Southampton since the preceding Sunday, for the purpose of receiving the body. Some of these gentlemen, accompanied by Admiral Hall, went on board the ship, and were received by the officers and Mr. Thomas Livingstone, the Doctor's eldest son, who had joined the "*Malwa*" at Alexandria. Jacob Wainwright, a squat little fellow, barely over five feet in height, was warmly greeted by all. The apartment in which the body lay had been draped round with Union Jacks, and the coffin covered with the Company's flag. With bared heads the deputation stood round, as the chief officer unlocked the door, and then, as each peeped into what really looked like a neat little mortuary chapel, it was impossible not to feel that the gallant sailor could not have done better with the means at his disposal. The short, bulky external coffin, was found to be roughly made of native wood, stained black, with a few uncouth attempts at ornamentation, though, no doubt, the best that could be done at Zanzibar. There was an inner coffin, it was said, of soldered zinc.

In the streets a procession, consisting of the Mayor and Corporation, the friends of the deceased, the Deputation of the Geographical Society, and the various public bodies in the town, accompanied the hearse containing the remains to the Railway Station, where a special train was waiting to convey it to London. While the procession was in progress, the Church bells rang a muffled peal, and the Hants Artillery Volunteers fired minute guns from the platform battery. At Waterloo Station, a hearse and three mourning carriages were waiting to convey the body, and the friends of the deceased, to the Geographical Society's rooms in Saville Row. In the course of the evening, the body was examined by Sir William Fergusson, who identified it as that of Dr. Livingstone, from the ununited fracture on the left arm, caused by the bite of a lion thirty years ago.

On Saturday, the 18th of April, the remains of Dr. Livingstone found a resting place in Westminster Abbey—in that Valhalla of the greatest and best of England's sons, in which there is no name more worthy of the nation's

honour than that of David Livingstone—the procession and entombment of the body being witnessed by thousands of spectators. The ceremony within the Abbey was observed by a vast number of people, many of whom were the leaders in science, literature, art, and politics, throughout the land. The grave is situated about the centre of the west part of the nave. The funeral service was read by Dean Stanley. The pealing of the organ, and the musical portion of the service by the choir, added greatly to the solemnity of the occasion. On the pall were placed wreaths and *immortelles*, one of which was sent by Her Majesty. On the Sunday following the funeral, the lesson of Dr. Livingstone's life was enforced from thousands of pulpits throughout the country. In Westminster Abbey special services were held. In the afternoon Dean Stanley preached to a crowded congregation, and alluded at some length, in an eloquent and impressive manner, to the services the deceased had rendered to humanity.

Subsequently there was laid over the grave a large black marble tombstone, bearing the following inscription, in gold letters:—"Brought by faithful hands, over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist; Born March 19th, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire; Died May 1st, 1873, at Chitambo's Valley, Ilala. For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelise the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa; where, with his last words, he wrote, 'All I can do in my solitude is, May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.' On the right hand edge of the stone, are the two following lines:—

‘Tantus amor veri—Nilil est quod noscere maliam,
Quam Fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes.’

And on the left hand edge, the following text—

‘Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold,
Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.’”

His body lies among the wisest, greatest, and noblest of our English race, in that fair and stately shrine, where the men whom we delight to honour are laid to their rest. He lies there great as the greatest

“Soldier, and priest, and statesman, around him; when
Achieved they more?”

But his heart sleeps, where it longed to sleep, in the forest-grave of Africa; and no rude hand will disturb its repose. It is recorded of the great Douglas that, after the death of Bruce, he had his heart enclosed in a silver

casket, and hung it round his neck when he went to the wars against the infidels in Spain. When the battle went hard against the soldiers of the cross, he would unclasp it, and cast it far on, with the words, "Pass on, brave heart! into the midst of the battle, as oft thou hast done—the Douglas will follow thee, or die!" England has sent on the heart of her great traveller far into the African wilderness. Rest thee there, great heart awhile; thou art not lost to us for ever. The ministries of mercy, liberty, charity, will follow thee—or die!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Livingstone Congo Expedition under Lieutenant Grandy—Livingstone East Coast Aid Expedition—Lieutenant Cameron's Journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji—Exploration of Lake Tanganyika—From Tanganyika to the West Coast and Home.

WHEN it was supposed that Dr. Livingstone must have been in great distress in Central Africa, one of his old friends, Mr. James Young, of Kelly, came forward, and, in the most munificent manner, offered to defray the whole expenses of an expedition which should proceed up the Congo from the West Coast, and endeavour to meet and afford relief to the great traveller, if he should return to his native country by that route. Lieutenant W. G. Grandy, R.N., was appointed Commander of the Expedition, which left Liverpool on the 30th of November, 1872. After calling at Sierra Leone to procure men, they proceeded to St. Paul de Loanda, where the outfit was purchased; and finding that Ambriz would be the best place to obtain carriers for the interior, they started for that port. After considerable difficulty in obtaining the requisite number of men, they left on the 12th of March, and, passing round the east side of the swamp, proceeded in a north-easterly direction. On the 22nd of March, they reached Bembe, where they were very kindly received by the chief, who gave up a portion of the barracks for the men, as well as a lock-up store for stowing away their cargoes. Bembe is the most advanced port of the Portuguese, and from its command of the roads to and from the interior, is of considerable importance.

While here, Lieutenant Grandy paid a visit to the copper mines, where there seems still to be a considerable amount of ore. Formerly they had an English manager here, and all requisite machinery; but the manager died, the persons who wrought the mines got into difficulties, and the whole plant was eventually destroyed by fire. He also paid a visit to the caves, he says, which are in the same valley as the mines, but a mile further to the south-east. They are very interesting, and the rocks from which they have been scooped form a strange feature amongst the surrounding soil of slate and shale, being composed entirely of limestone. The entrance to the first cave is by a low narrow passage, and having arrived at the end, you enter a circular vaulted chamber, about thirty-five feet in diameter and forty feet high; beyond this again is another chamber, nearly sixty feet in height, and also circular. In

these caves, it is said, the natives deposited the copper ore they collected at the mines before the Portuguese took possession. Passing round towards the right, after emerging from the first two chambers, you enter a second cave, of much greater extent, but not so singular in shape, the roof gradually sloping to the ground. They found some few specimens of malachite in the caves.

On the 8th of May, they left Bembe. "I was exceedingly sorry at parting with the chief," says Grandy, "who, in his kindness to our men and selves, has been almost as a brother. He pressed on me from his small store some rice, wine, bread, etc., and accompanied me to the first village, where he embraced me, and wished me God-speed and good fortune. Our men, I am glad to state, fell in of their own free will, and one of them, acting as spokesman for the rest, thanked the chief for his great kindness to them; he seemed much moved at their expressions of gratitude, and said he had never known black men thankful before."

By the 15th of April, the expedition reached Congo, where Grandy had an audience of the king, by whom he was received in great state, the old king sitting on a chair, under a huge state umbrella, habited in the uniform of a Portuguese lieutenant, and surrounded by his sons and principal chiefs. Chairs were placed for the accommodation of the strangers, and rugs and carpets spread in profusion; salutations were exchanged amid a flourish of trumpets and tom-toms. He expressed his great joy at being visited by Englishmen, and requested to be allowed to salute them with a hundred guns; hoped that they would remain a long time with him, and consider his town as their home in that part of the world, and that many more would follow them, for he was very fond of the white man.

"Congo," says Lieutenant Grandy, "or the San Salvador of the Portuguese, is situated on an elevated plateau fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level; it has formerly been an extensive fortified city, surrounded by a loop-holed wall, averaging fifteen feet in height and three feet in thickness, portions of which are still standing. There are also the ruins of a large church or cathedral at the north-west portion of the town. The Portuguese held military occupation for some years, but abandoned it in 1870, and their forts and barracks are now ruins, completely overgrown with rank grass and shrubs. The town is supplied with water from a beautiful spring, which issues in the small streams from the clay soil half-way down the plateau on the east side of the town. There are very few trees near the town; bananas, plantains, and fowls, are plentiful and cheap, and the farms of beans, cassava, and ground-nuts, are well kept. There are three markets weekly held near the town. The Congoese are great snuff-takers and smokers, are well clothed, and a great many speak Portuguese; they are dark-coloured, and of average height, but not muscular; indifferently armed with flint muskets and knives, and very

fond of hunting; they make free use of the knife in their quarrels, not using it as a dagger, but giving long sweeping cuts across the back, breast, and stomach. They are habitually lazy. The women are decently clothed, modest, virtuous, and exceedingly industrious. They tend the farms, look after the house, and cook the meals, whilst the man sits quietly down and smokes his pipe. Polygamy is general in the country, and a man is accounted rich according to the number of his wives, who, as soon as married, select a piece of ground, which they industriously farm, the produce being sold at the markets for beads, cloth, etc.

"The King of Congo has two nephews, and, by the laws of the country, one of them, who shall be the choice of the people, succeeds to the throne; failing a nephew, the people elect a king themselves. The sons of the king do not in any way participate, nor are they entitled to any of his property; but, during his lifetime, he can appoint them to chiefships of towns in his kingdom as vacancies occur. The King of Congo commands the road from the interior to the coast, and levies contributions on all 'chiboukas' of ivory. He was once a very powerful chief, and, being supported by the Portuguese, was much respected; but since they withdrew from Congo, he has been gradually sinking to the level of other chiefs, and, although he keeps up an outward show of authority, he has very little power."

Notwithstanding the king's professions of friendship, he was utterly unable to secure a sufficient number of carriers to enable the expedition to prosecute their journey. It was not till after two months' delay that Lieutenant Grandy was able to take his departure. Having succeeded in gathering together a sufficient number of carriers, on the 21st of June he left Congo. "After," he says, "innumerable delays and vexations, enough to try the spirit of any Job, we have at length succeeded in collecting and paying the carriers, and managed at 5 P.M. to get away from Congo; and after an easy march, in a northerly direction, arrived at the small village of Kikembo. I began to fear we never should get out of Congo, the disaffected people were constantly bringing in reports that chiefs whose towns we were to pass had sent word that they intended to fire upon and exterminate the whole party, and therefore carriers had better not come with us. We went, before leaving, to wish the king good-bye, and make him a parting present. He was very thankful; and begged us to think that he was our great friend, and that he had done his best to get us forward; but his people kept the carriers back by circulating lies about the dangers of the road, and by saying that we would eat them when we got them far away, and never allow any of them to return to their country."

As the party continued their journey, the country improved in appearance, clumps of trees were met with more frequently, and the palm was abundant. On the 25th, they reached the town of Kilembella. Grandy

received an extraordinary message from the king of this town, asking him to order his men to wear their trousers, as the people did not consider the handkerchiefs, which the men usually wore on the march, sufficient clothing. The traveller could not help smiling at this excess of modesty, but, nevertheless, satisfied the royal whim. He was kept waiting an hour before admitted to the king's presence, during which time it was evident, from his appearance and manner, that his people had been priming him with palm-wine. He was a fine, tall, muscular looking man, but being very drunk, was quite the savage, dancing and capering round like a big baboon, and flourishing a rusty old sword, declared that no man was to move out of his town under penalty of death. The result of this was, that by 8 p.m. the carriers had all bolted from the town, and not one was to be found. Finding he was trapped, Grandy put the best face he could on matters, and told the king that, as they were anxious to proceed, if he would collect the carriers without delay, he would give him a handsome present. It was not, however, until the 5th of July, that satisfactory terms were arranged, and the expedition left Kilem-bella.

Still going in a northerly direction, Grandy and his party passed through several inconsiderable towns and villages; and, having crossed the Quilo and Louanga rivers, they at length arrived at Tungwa. "Tungwa," says our traveller, "is by far the most populous and well-built town we have seen; the streets are regularly laid out and cleanly, the people are ivory traders, and the whole place has an appearance of prosperity. Our interpreter said that the chief had in his house chairs, tables, and every article of European manufacture that is traded with, and lives in comparative luxury; he looked upon our presents as being very insignificant. The estimated population is about sixteen hundred. The river, which rises from a fountain about eight miles to the eastward of the town, flows round three sides of it, the fourth having a background of hills, the slopes of which are cultivated. The banks of the river are thickly wooded, and bananas and palm-trees abound round the town. Since crossing the Qailo River we have noticed that the natives are smaller in stature, and of a lighter colour, this being especially remarkable with the Tungwa people. Banza Makouta, the residence of the king, is a large manufacturing town, lying in a valley to the northward of Tungwa; it is noted for pottery, pipes, mats, and grass-cloths. The surrounding country is very fertile and well cultivated, producing sugar-cane, corn, ground-nuts, mandioca, yams, beans, etc.; poultry, sheep, and goats, are also plentiful. The river Tungwa flows past the western portion of the town."

The travellers found the people of the country to be exceedingly timid, superstitious, full of suspicion, and always imagining evil of them; although they acted in the most straightforward manner, concealed nothing of their intentions, and mixed freely with them, in order to accustom them to the white man. It was thoroughly believed at Tungwa that they had come to find out

about the ivory trade, and look for copper and silver at Sundi and Opombo, as the Portuguese had done at Bembe.

“The marriage customs are rather peculiar. As soon as a young man has built himself a house, and can assure the parents of the girl that he has sufficient money to keep a wife, he can marry. Girls are betrothed at their birth, and the intended husband continues to make presents to the parents, and give clothes to the girl, until she arrives at the age of puberty, when she is handed over to him. In the event of a married man dying, if he has a younger brother, his estate and wives are handed over to him; if there is no brother, the wives go back to their parents, and the children are supported by the deceased man's family, and his property sold. They keep no account of the children's ages after they are two years old. A man is not allowed by ‘fetish’ to cohabit with his wife after the birth of a child until it can walk alone. In every village there is what is called a young man's house. When a boy is about eleven or twelve years old, he leaves his parents' house for this place (only returning for his meals), where he lives with the other young men till he marries. When chiefs are in mourning they never wash their faces; and, according to the degree of relationship, the period extends from three to twelve months. Pawning is carried on very extensively; a man will pawn his child, his gun, or his knife, to procure cloth or beads when hard up, and, if the pawn-broker does not choose to demand repayment, with interest, of what he has advanced, the property becomes his absolutely. Palm-trees are abundant, and average five bunches of fruit, equal to a gallon of oil, without taking into account the nuts, and bear two crops annually. This is all wasted—they say it is too much trouble to make it—and they are quite content with what they make by their ground-nuts. The country, from this to the north and east, is more open, the valleys are not so deeply undulating, the soil is rich, and, under cultivation, capable of producing anything.”

On the 29th of August, they reached Congo, having been deserted by the carriers three times on the road. Here they found a wretched state of things; the king very ill, half the town dead, and everything looking very desolate; houses nearly all shut up. The men had disappeared, and the women wandered about the town, neglecting their farms and plantations. The town had been almost cleared out by small-pox. It was not till the 10th of October, owing to the great mortality amongst the carriers, that they were enabled to make a start from Congo for Banza Noki, where they arrived on the 22nd of the same month, having had great trouble with the carriers on the road. Eventually these carriers deserted them at Banza Vokay, and they were compelled to employ fresh ones to reach the river. At Lucango, on the river, they found themselves among friends, Mr. Pardo, of Boma, having a factory at this place. They paid some visits to the neighbouring kings to arrange carriers, but they all stated that the season was too far advanced,

the rains had already commenced, and they could not supply men until they were over. Finding, after repeated attempts, that nothing could be done, they commenced preparing their winter quarters at this place; but subsequently they were compelled to go down the river to Mussuco, where they remained until the 10th of April.

Speaking of the River Congo, Lieutenant Grandy says, "The Congo, which is one of the grandest rivers of the universe, and still unexplored, is navigable for steamers to a distance of a hundred and ten miles from its mouth even in the dry season; it floods twice annually, the first and great rise taking place from 10th December to 23rd December, the second from the first week in March till nearly the end of June. In 1873, it only rose nine feet six inches with the first flooding, and two feet with the second. A very low run was expected at the end of August of this year (1874), owing to the small quantity of rain which fell. There are hundreds of canoes on the river, some of them capable of carrying three tons of cargo; and a very large trade in nuts and oil is carried on with them between Boma and the towns and markets above the factories. The natives are very skilful in the handling of their canoes, yet a great number of lives are lost annually through the swamping of their frail craft by whirlpools. They stand to paddle, singing the while; the larger canoes have two men to steer and six to paddle. They choose the early morning for descending the river, when there is no wind. The fishermen use nets shaped like a spoon; they select dark nights for their work, one man holding a lighted brand over the water, whilst the others dip up the fish, attracted by the glare, with the net."

On the 17th of April, while still waiting on the Congo for the recurrence of the proper season to renew the attempt to proceed, for which arrangements were now completed, the expedition heard with profound sorrow of the death of Dr. Livingstone; and Lieutenant Grandy, having received a letter of recall from the Royal Geographical Society, at once made preparations for returning to England, deeply regretting the idea of leaving his work unfinished when all seemed so full of promise.

After Grandy's return, he attended, on December 14th, 1874, a meeting of the Geographical Society, when a report of his expedition was presented. At that meeting, he said that it was almost an impossibility to obtain any information about the interior from the natives, who are excessively suspicious of Europeans. Immediately a question is put to them, they imagine that there is some sinister motive connected with it, and either evade giving an answer, or tell a palpable untruth. The only traders are those who travel with large caravans from Zombo, crossing the Congo somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sundi, and advancing towards the Manyuema country. It was evident that they are accustomed to encounter considerable opposition, because they travel from five hundred to eight hundred strong, all armed. They

make their trip once a year, going and returning in the dry season. He met one such caravan of five hundred, whilst staying at Congo, and questioned them particularly about the interior, but could get no satisfactory answers. So long as an expedition is dependent upon the natives for carriers, failure must ensue. Carriers should be obtained at Sierra Leone, or some other port on the coast, and should be well armed. Unless such precautions were taken, it was impossible to penetrate into the interior.

At the same meeting, Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, the President of the Society, said that, with regard to Lieutenant Grandy, he was sure the meeting would return him their very best thanks. That he had not been more successful in his attempt, was owing to no fault of his. He did all that a man could do under the circumstances, but he met with the greatest possible difficulties. He had gone over a good deal of new country, and the results of his observations were of very great value. It really did seem as if it were an absolute impossibility to pass into the interior to the south of the Congo, unless the expedition were supported by independent porters and attendants. Lieutenant Grandy, failing on the south side, had crossed over to the north, and with better hopes of success, and was on the point of proceeding into the interior, having made his arrangements for doing so, when he received the letters recalling him.

When the Livingstone Aid Expedition was appointed to go to the great traveller's relief by way of the West Coast and Congo, another was appointed to proceed from the East Coast into the interior, under the command of Lieutenant Lovett Cameron, R. N. This expedition unfortunately soon got into difficulties, and when they reached Unyanyembe, they were detained there, and in the neighbourhood, for some time, on account of the disturbed state of the country, and the bad health of the European leaders. When they heard the tidings of Dr. Livingstone's death, the party disbanded themselves; but Lieut. Cameron continued the journey to Ujiji, to obtain the effects of Livingstone, and afterwards prosecuted his explorations on his own account, though under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. After leaving Unyanyembe, he selected a route to the south of that of Captain Burton, and to the north of Mr. Stanley's route, which enabled him to explore a previously unknown tract, and to make discoveries connected with the basin of the Malagarazi, the most important eastern tributary of Lake Tanganyika.

In the beginning of January, 1874, the expedition came to the River Ngombe, and encamped on its west bank. The country was lovely, except for its extreme flatness, with open glades of bright-green grass, interspersed with numerous clumps of trees and shrubs. Water-lilies were abundant, and the views of the reaches, with green turf down to the water's edge, and trees, disposed as if planted by a landscape gardener, were enchanting. Most of the trees grew on little eminences or ant-hills, but some on the water's edge, with their

branches dipping in the stream. They crossed this river on January 5th, at a place where there was a dry sandbank, about forty or fifty feet wide, and sixteen or eighteen above water. After very heavy rains the country around is flooded for some ten or fifteen miles, and this road is then impassable. The Ngombe begins near Unyanyembe and runs south south-westerly, curving very much, and falls into the Malagarazi. All the people in this district seemed well armed, a large proportion having muskets. Their villages are built in a mass of the thickest jungle, which is rendered more so artificially by plantations of the milk bush. They are fond of umbrellas; and it was an amusing sight to see a man without a stitch of clothing, except on his head, where he had placed his loin cloth, holding up an umbrella, there being neither sun nor rain to call for it.

Westward of the Ngombe, in the country of Ugara, the dead level continues for many miles, and then gradually rises toward a high range of hills. Here the river Mtumbo, rising in the southern part of Utendi, drains the eastern slopes, receiving many smaller streams and brawling torrents of beautifully clear water, and uniting with the Sindy close to its junction with the Malagarazi. The two rivers, Mtumbo and Sindy, discovered and explored by Cameron, are thus, with the Ngombe, the principal southern feeders of the Malagarazi. On the 17th, Cameron notes an amusing incident in his journal:—"Some of the men have been trying to take a hive of bees, but all the combs had grubs in them, and there was no honey. To see a couple of men, almost naked, up in a tree hacking and pulling at the trunk, surrounded by swarms of bees, and only stopping occasionally to pull the stings out, but apparently not fearing them a bit, was to me a marvellous sight: their skins must be like that of the honey guide, almost impervious."

West of the river Mtumbo the country is more broken, but fertile and well wooded. The soil is red loam. Often the trees are red half-way up, from the earth carried up by the ants in forming their galleries. This is the country of Uvenda. The course of the expedition now was through a mountainous region, with precipitous slopes of granite rock, and hills clothed with trees to their summits. Cameron ascended to the summit-ridge of this range, whence there was a splendid view stretching over rocky hills, expanses of emerald plain, and masses of sombre forest. Here the villages are built on the tops of precipices, or among the rocks, on account of the forays of slave-dealers, both Arab and Wavinza. Every village headman claims independence. The villages are all small; the largest not containing more than seventy or eighty men, and the smaller ones running down to five or six. All the country here was well populated some few years ago, but the slave-trade has depopulated it almost entirely. The people are mostly large in size, and brown in colour, tattooed extensively, and with very little clothing; what they have consisting either of skins or bark cloth. The little food the

travellers obtained from them, the people said they allowed, because it was a white man's caravan; but they would sooner destroy the food, they said, than sell it to the Arabs.

On the 2nd of February, the travellers crossed the river Sindy on a natural grass-bridge, so firm as to appear solid ground, the river being a hundred yards wide, and the growth forming a natural bridge about half a mile long. It was quite easy, Cameron says, and nothing dangerous, as he had been led to expect. Part of the middle was so firm, that one might have thought one was on proper ground, more especially as earth had lodged on the top of the grass, and ferns were growing there. However, there was the water underneath, as he shoved a stick through to see; and they say the hippopotami pass underneath from one end to another. The hill-country ends at the left bank of the Sindy, forming bluffs and capes that rise out of the plain. On reaching the Malagarazi at the village of Ugaga, which he found to be three thousand and forty-eight feet above the sea, Cameron came upon the route traversed by Burton and Speke in 1858, which route he followed to Lake Tanganyika.

At Ugaga the chief paid Cameron a visit. "The Mutwari or chief," he says, "here, rather amused me. He came to pay me a visit, and I was lying down, and had taken off my boots and stockings; I sat up on the bed and made room for him, and showed him guns, revolver, etc., and pictures in natural history book, when he suddenly caught hold of my toes, and began to examine them. He said he did not think my feet were made for walking, they were too white and soft; and after that, he transferred his attention to my hands, which certainly could not be called white, as they are turned to the colour of a dirty dog-skin glove; however, he came to the conclusion that I was a big chief, as I did not seem to have done much hard work. The mode of salutation here is very ceremonious. First, two chiefs meeting, the junior bends his knees, and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, whilst the senior claps his hands six or seven times. They then change rounds, and then the junior slaps himself, first under the left arm-pit with the right hand, and then under the right arm-pit with the left hand. A chief and commoner do the same, except the second part. Two commoners meeting, clap their bellies, then clap hands at each other, and finally shake hands. They keep this up to an unlimited extent, so that the sound of clapping hands is always going on. I find all the people very friendly, but bitter against the Arabs. I chaff them, and laugh at them when I find a large crowd staring; and they laugh also, and seem to enjoy the fun. They like to have a look, but are not obtrusive, and will go away at once if asked to do so; they are a great deal better behaved than the people would be in an English village, if a black man came travelling about in the same way there. Some of the patterns of tattooing here are wonderfully compli-

eated and pretty; the mother of the chief, especially, is decorated most extensively. No colouring matter is used, but the patterns are formed of small cuts, like cupping cuts."

Thus far Cameron had discovered and explored, in this first part of his journey, the principal southern feeders of the River Malagarazi, and an important range of mountains along the left bank of the river Sindy. His work there completed the examination of this part of the Malagarazi basin, and is an important contribution to our knowledge of African geography. He obtained his first sight of Lake Tanganyika "on the very same day in February that Burton discovered it just sixteen years before; and reached Ujiji the next day, being the 22nd of February, 1874. "After marching," he says, about two hours and a half, I got my first sight of Tanganyika, but it was so cloudy and gloomy that the view was not particularly good; it is, however, a grand sheet of water, and the mountains on the western side seem very fine. After another two hours' march, part of which was over a flat, intersected in every direction by hippopotamus-paths, we arrived at where the canoes were. They are fine large boats, and the men pull instead of paddling; however, the paddles are so short, that the stroke is almost like that of a paddler." On arriving at Ujiji, he found that travelling on the other side was impracticable for two months to come, and so he resolved to spend his time in a cruise round the lake.

One of the most interesting problems which remained to be solved in connection with African Geography was in connection with Lake Tanganyika. Burton found the water of this lake to be deliciously sweet; yet a careful investigation led him to the belief that it receives and absorbs the whole river system of that portion of the Central African depression whose watershed converges towards the great reservoir. He ascertained that the Rusizi flowed into the lake at the northern, and the Marungu at the southern extremity, while, on the eastern side, he had himself descended the incline for two hundred and forty miles, until he came to the shores of the lake, and had seen that the Malagarazi and other rivers flowed into it. He, therefore, conjectured that Tanganyika had no outlet, suggesting that it maintains its level by an exact balance of supply and evaporation, and that the freshness of its waters is accounted for by the saline particles deposited in them being wanting in some constituent which renders the salt evident to the taste. But the uncertainty gave rise to endless discussion, and the solution of the question was certainly one of the most important achievements which remained for future African explorers. Some geographers maintained that the Rusizi flowed out of the north end of the lake, and that consequently Tanganyika was the main source of the Nile; others suggested that the outlet was from the eastern side, and that the waters were carried to the Indian Ocean; while a third school contended that the lake had no outlet.

Livingstone added to Burton's knowledge of the subject. But the health of the great explorer was completely worn out when he reached the southern extremity of the lake in April, 1867; and little reliance can be placed on his observations, as he says that his head was out of order at the time. In March, 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake, at a time when he was again suffering from illness; and during the fourteen hours of March 7th, making the voyage against a head wind, and most of the time in darkness, he appears to have passed that part of the coast where the outlet actually is. He crossed the lake to Kasenge Island in July, 1869; and then he seems to have held the opinion that it had no outlet; for he says, were it not for the current, the water would be salt. In November, 1871, he had not the slightest doubt that the lake discharged somewhere, and says that the outlet is probably by the Rogumba River into the Lualaba.

The question was thus left in a complete state of uncertainty, and the larger portion of the lake was unsurveyed and unvisited when Cameron reached its shores. After much difficulty he secured two suitable canoes, and fitted one with mast and sail. He marked a lead-line up to sixty-five fathoms, and contrived a waggon-roof awning for the stern sheets of the boat. The larger canoe received the name of the "Betsy;" the smaller one, serving as a tender, was christened the "Pickle." Two guides were hired, who had a knowledge of the lake, and the little expedition started in the afternoon of the 13th of March, 1874. He shaped his course to the southward, along the east coast of the lake, and describes the portion between Ujiji and the Cape of Kabogo as very beautiful. The red cliffs and hanging woods reminded him of Mount Edgecombe, at Plymouth. The gorges and ravines were full of trees, with red shingly beaches at intervals. The canoe-men could not be induced to leave the shore, nor even to cross a bay from point to point, through fear of the waves, so that they coasted along round every indentation, and while causing much delay, at the same time enabled a most complete and detailed survey to be made.

Livingstone and Stanley had coasted along this side of the lake as far as Urimba, where there is a great bay; and the completely new work of Cameron commenced at the Cape of Kungwe, which he rounded on the 23rd of March. It was off Kungwe that he was first informed that a river, called the Lukuga, on the opposite side, flowed out of the lake. Owing to the two shores overlapping to the south, it appeared like the extremity of the lake. Torrents flowed down the sides of the hills, looking like silver threads dividing the dark-green slopes; and the opposite shore was much nearer, the width not being more than fifteen miles. Cameron was several times attacked by fever, was even delirious at one time, constantly in pain from boils and other ailments, and in great discomfort. At Kinyori, he says:—"Very heavy rain in the night, and very miserable, as everything got wet. I got on a water-

proof, and surveyed the dismal ruins—bed, books, chart, guns, and all flooded. I put my head between my knees after having gathered what I could under the cover of the waterproof, and sat like an old hen on a brood of chickens." After this miserable night, he quietly observes—"I suppose it is good for me to have these little bothers, as if everything went smooth there would be little to do." Next day the canoes rounded Cape Kalewyi, about the narrowest part of the lake.

"The results of his observations up to this point impressed Cameron very strongly with the opinion that there must be an outlet to the lake. He had seen such an amount of water flowing into it, that it seemed to him impossible to dispose of all the surplus by evaporation. Besides which, so many streams flow through salt soils that, if the water were disposed of by evaporation, the lake would be as salt as brine. On the 28th, the canoes passed through the strait between the island of Katogo and the mainland, across the entrance of which a bar had formed. The island is well cultivated, and fan-palms are numerous, the fruit of which is eaten; but the people do not make toddy. On the opposite shore, at Ras Kafeesa, the village is approached by a long canal in the rushes, and is populous and extensive. The coast-line still trends to the eastward into a deep bay. This place seems to be a centre of some trade with the Arabs in ivory and slaves, and the people have cattle and plenty of provisions. The name of the village is Karyangwina.

"On April 3rd, Cameron encamped at the mouth of a river called the Musamwira, which he found to be the drain of the Likwa into the Tanganyika. His observations agree with those of Dr. Livingstone, that the lake is encroaching along the eastern shore. The spit and shoal at the mouth of the Musamwira occupy a spot where, a few years ago, there was a large village; and a group of islands farther south was said to have been part of the mainland within living memory. The discovery of the Musamwira, and that it is the drain of the lake of Likwa, is noteworthy, inasmuch as it is an important link in the chain of evidence relating to Tanganyika hydrography. On the 7th, Cameron reached the point where Livingstone first sighted this part of the lake during his last journey. This promontory is formed of enormous blocks of granite, overgrown with trees in the cracks and crevices. A few days afterwards, on the 14th, the southern extremity of the lake came in sight. There the islands are numerous off the shore, and the scenery increased in beauty. The traveller thus describes it:—'On the outer side of Pulungu Island, the rocks are in enormous masses, scattered and piled in the most fantastic manner, the whole overgrown with trees jutting out from every crevice, whence hang green creepers, fifty or sixty feet long. Through the festooning fringe thus formed, glimpses are caught of dark hollows and caves. The scene appeared either as if designed for

testing the capabilities of a stereoscope, or else for some grand transformation scene in a pantomime, and one almost expects the rocks to open, and sprites and fairies to come out. As one pauses to look at the wondrous sight, all is still, not a sign of life. Suddenly the long creepers begin to move, a flash of brown, another and another, and there is a troop of monkeys swinging themselves along. They stop and hang by one paw to chatter and gibber at the strange sight of a boat; a shout, and they are gone. The glorious lake, with its heaving bosom, lies bathed in tropical sunshine, or darkened by some passing squall.'

"The southern extremity of the lake was reached on the 17th. The shore was lined with high cliffs, having all the appearance of ruined ramparts. On the 21st, the explorer reached Akahenga, one of the largest villages he had seen in Africa, and, shaping his course to the northward, he commenced the examination of the western side of the lake. Two days after he passed the mouth of the River Runangwa, between very high rocky hills, covered with trees to their summits. The Runangwa was about eighty miles from the southern end of the lake, and on the western shore. On the 26th, the canoes sailed along a coast where there was much cultivation and small villages without stockades, showing that the country enjoyed more quiet than on the eastern side. After rounding Bas Tembwe the hills began to disappear, and the land became low, the points being inconspicuous. On the 2nd of May a river was approached, called the Lukuga. The next day, Cameron entered this river, which he found flowing out of the lake, but which was much obstructed by grass, so that the navigation was difficult. The chief who was with him said that the river flowed from the lake into the Lualaba, and that his people travel for a month by it on their way to Nyangwa to trade.

"Cameron descended the Lukuga for five miles, and found it to be from three to five fathoms deep, and five hundred to six hundred yards wide. Here he was stopped by grass, but the chief said that a way for small canoes could be cut through it. The Lukuga is a mile and a half wide at the entrance. Grassy sand-banks, extending from the north side, leave only a clear entrance at the south end, where there is a bar, or, more properly, a silt of nine feet, on which the surf beats pretty heavily at times. Over the silt the water immediately deepens to four or five fathoms. Five miles down the river, and close to the obstructing grass, the depth was three fathoms. The canoe was anchored inside the silt out of the wind, and she swung round quickly to a current flowing out of the lake. Bits of wood thrown into the water showed that the current was flowing out at a little over a knot an hour. There had, however, been heavy breezes for some time up the lake from the south, and for part of the time the wind was blowing right up the Lukuga. But the traveller did not believe that the wind could set the current back to such an extent; for he saw great pieces of drift wood, twenty to thirty feet long,

floating from the lake down the river until they disappeared in the obstructing grass. Another remarkable circumstance was, that whereas in all other rivers flowing into the lake the water was perfectly sweet, in the Lukuga the water had exactly the same taste as that of the lake, which he describes as not salt, but peculiar. The coast consists of marsh and low flat plains, with some small openings, with deep water in places, shoals, sand-banks, and long grass inside. Cameron formed the opinion that this low, swampy bit of coast, was formed of all the drift matter of the lake, gravitating toward its outlet, and then, there not being a fair passage for it, forming the bank and morass."

The traveller arrived at Kasenge on the 6th; crossed the lake where the width was twenty-four miles, on the 7th; and arrived at Ujiji on the 9th, after an absence of eighty-eight days. The most interesting part of this survey was the discovery of the Lukuga outlet. Our explorer's strictly geographical work, up to this time, may be summed up as follows:—He had discovered and explored two of the chief southern tributaries of the Malagarazi, and the chain of mountains on the right bank of the Sindy; he had finally fixed the height (two thousand seven hundred and ten feet) of Lake Tanganyika above the sea, by observation of the mercurial barometer; he had explored and made a careful compass survey, checked by meridional altitudes, of five hundred and sixty miles of coast-line round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika; he had discovered the drain which connects the Likwa with the Tanganyika, and had fixed its position; and he had discovered the outlet from Lake Tanganyika. In the words of Mr. Markham, whose summary of Cameron's explorations we have just given, "Lieut. Cameron has thus done most valuable and distinguished service to geographical science. He has proved himself to be an able, a diligent, and a careful explorer, undaunted by dangers, not to be deterred by illness or hardship, and admirably adapted, by his tact and kindness, for the management of natives."

In March, 1874, Cameron left Ujiji with the view of tracing down the outlet from Tanganyika to Lualaba, pursuing its course, supposing it to be the Congo, as far as the Western Coast of Africa. For a year and eight months nothing was heard of the brave young officer; a cloud of darkness hung over him. Neither Stanley, nor any traveller or trader had been able to send home a gleam of good news about the unseen explorer, when suddenly, as is the way with African intelligence, a message reached our shores at the close of 1875, saying that he had turned up, safe and sound, on the West Coast; being the only Englishman, except Dr. Livingstone, who ever crossed the African continent from sea to sea. His telegram to the President of the Royal Geographical Society ran thus:—"Loanda, Monday, Nov. 22.—Turned up all safe; forced by adverse circumstances to abandon Congo route, but have followed water beds between Zambesi and Congo." The following

message was also telegraphed by Her Majesty's Consul at Loanda to the Foreign Office:—"Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., Livingstone East Coast Central African Expedition, arrived in Loanda on the 19th of November. Came out at Benguela, all well."

The following report of the third meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, for the session of 1875-6, which was held on the 10th of January, 1876, in the hall of the University of London, for the purpose of hearing read letters which had been received from the brave explorer on the subject of his journey from Lake Tanganyika to the West Coast, will put our readers in possession of all the facts of the journey as yet known. The chair was taken by Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson; and there were also present the Portuguese Ambassador, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Colonel Grant, Rev. Horace Waller, and a very large attendance of members.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the meeting, said:—"It is my pleasing duty this evening to congratulate the fellows of this Society upon the result of one of the most arduous and successful journeys which has ever been performed into the interior of the African continent. It is a further source of congratulation that this geographical feat has been accomplished by an Englishman—by one with whom the members of this Society are well acquainted, and who has been acting under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. I need hardly explain to you that I allude to the wonderful journey which has just been accomplished by Lieutenant Cameron across the entire breadth of the African Continent. You will remember that Lieutenant Cameron proceeded, in the first instance, to Africa on behalf of the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition. After Dr. Livingstone's death he undertook an exploration on his own account, under the auspices of this Society, and we have already had occasion to communicate his first important discovery—that of an outlet from Lake Tanganyika, flowing apparently to the great Lualaba of Livingstone. All these circumstances will be in your recollection from the proceedings of last year. You may remember the last announcement which I made in reference to Lieutenant Cameron, that he had left Ujiji in March, 1874, with the view of tracing down the outlet from Tanganyika to Lualaba, pursuing its course, supposing it to be the Congo, as far as the Western Coast of Africa.

"In the anniversary address which I delivered to the Society last May, I find I stated that there was no concealing the fact that this projected journey of Lieutenant Cameron, on which he had then entered with little preparation except an ardent desire to explore Africa, was one of extreme danger, and that if he should, indeed, succeed, single-handed as he was, in crossing the African continent through a country unknown, and beset by wild and hostile tribes, he would have accomplished a feat unparalleled in the annals of geographical discovery, and take his place in the first rank of African explorers.

Now, he has not carried out the programme in its entirety: he has not followed down the course of the Lualaba to the coast, but he has fairly crossed the continent of Africa; and in making that transit he has traversed twelve hundred miles of entirely new country. He has further been able to make a series of most extensive and elaborate observations. He has laid down—what we have now for the first time—a sound geographical basis for further observations. I mention these facts to enable you to appreciate the extent and value of the observations which he has made. Up to the present time we have depended for our knowledge of the geography of Central Africa upon one single lunar observation. Now, Lieutenant Cameron has registered nearly four hundred lunar observations, many of them very fine. No less than one hundred and sixty lunar observations were made on one spot; consequently he has accomplished what I before stated to be a sound geographical basis for the future exploration of Africa. The chairman concluded by saying that Lieutenant Cameron had also sent them an instalment of his maps and observations, and that after the reading of his letters he would read to them a statement from Mr. Keith Johnstone, comparing the geographical information we had before these researches with that we now possess.”

Letters, of which the following are the principal portions, were then read, the places referred to being pointed out on maps which were exhibited:—

“British Consulate, Loanda, Nov. 22, 1875.

“MY DEAR SIR—“I have the honour to report the safe arrival of the Livingstone East Coast Expedition at the West Coast. Letters which I wrote and forwarded long ago, and overtook again, accompany this, and also a tracing of part of my route, some sections and miscellaneous papers which I made out in the interior. I am not able to write much now, as I am only recovering from an attack of scurvy which came on the day I reached Katombela, or Catumbella, according to Portuguese. My thermometers are all right; of course, they must be re-tested at Kew when I return. I must stop here till it is warmer weather in England, as, though I want much to revisit the dear old mother country, it is no use for the sake of a month or two risking being ill again. The interior is mostly a magnificent and healthy country, of unspeakable richness. I have a small specimen of good coal; other minerals, such as gold, copper, iron, and silver, are abundant; and I am confident that with a wise and liberal (not lavish) expenditure of capital, one of the greatest systems of inland navigation in the world might be utilised, and in from thirty to thirty-six months begin to repay any enterprising capitalists that might take the matter in hand. Whilst I am here I intend to work, and therefore keep my journals, sketches, etc., so that when I return to England the work will be in a forward state.

" I have two private letters here which say that the Society had declared its willingness to be answerable for the expenses incurred and to be incurred by the expedition, and that a fund had been raised by subscription on my behalf, or rather on behalf of the expedition. I risked everything, put all down on the turn of the die. I said the British public and the Society will never desert any one who tries to do his best, and I am proud and happy to think that my confidence has not been misplaced, and that, beginning with Her Most Gracious Majesty, all England has taken an interest in the work to which I hope to devote my life. Another expedition I should be able to carry out with twice the comfort and half the expenditure of this one. *Nutmegs, *coffee, *semsem, *ground-nuts, *oil-palms, the *mpafu (an oil-producing tree), *rice, wheat, cotton, all the productions of Southern Europe, *Indiarubber, *copal, and *sugar-cane, are the vegetable productions which may be made profitable. Those marked with an asterisk exist there now, and wheat is cultivated successfully by the Arabs, as well as onions, and fruit-trees brought from the coast. A canal of from twenty to thirty miles across a flat level country would connect the two great systems of the Kongo and the Zambesi, water in the rains even now forming a connecting link between them. With a capital of from £1,000,000 to £2,000,000 to begin with, a great company would have Africa open, as I say, in about three years, if properly worked. What the diplomatic difficulties might be, I of course cannot say, but I expect they would be far greater than the physical ones.

" I remain, Dear Sir,

" Yours truly,

" V. LOVETT CAMERON."

"Sha Kelembe, on River Lumeji, Lovaie. Lat. 11° 31' S.,
Long. 20° 24' E., Sept. 7, 1875.

" DEAR SIR—I have to request that you will report to the President and Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society the near approach of the expedition under my command to the West Coast.

" I suppose you have long ago received my maps and letters from Ujiji, so now will give a cursory statement of my work since then. First, from Ujiji I went to Nyangwe, by what I suppose was nearly the same route as that which Dr. Livingstone followed. I found that he had placed Nyangwe ninety miles too far to the west, and that thence the Lualaba, far from leaving its westing and turning to the north, really leaves its northing and turns to the west. Farther down in its course it was reported to flow W.S.W. Some of the Arabs had been far away to the N.N.E., into Ulegga, and had

heard of Egyptian traders from the natives, but had heard nothing of the Albert Nyanza, though some of them knew of it when I asked about it, from previous journeys to Karague, etc. I am disposed to think that it is much smaller than it is drawn by Sir Samuel Baker. A river, said to be as large as the Lualaba at Nyangwe, joins it a short way farther down from the northward, besides other important rivers from the northward; possibly this river (the Lowa) may be the lower course of the Buri. The Lualaba at Nyangwe is only one thousand four hundred feet above the sea, or five hundred below the Nile at Gondokoro, and lies in the centre of an enormously wide valley, which receives the drainage of all this part of Africa, and is the continuation of the valleys of the Luapula and the Lualaba. I tried hard to get canoes at Nyangwe, but without avail.

"I believe much of the trouble arose from my own people, who were thoroughly funk'd by the stories of the Arabs and Wamerima there; and after some time spent in vain attempts to get boats, I went with Hamed ibn Hamed (alias Tipo-tipo), who had come to Nyangwe from his permanent camp to settle a war between the Nyangwe traders and Russuna—a chief, who was a friend of his—to his camp to try and work my way from there to a lake, Sankorra, of which I had also heard at Nyangwe, into which the Lualaba falls, to which trouser-wearing traders are reported to come in large sailing boats, to buy palm oil and dust packed in quills—which may be gold dust. However, when I arrived at Tipo-tipo's camp, the chief on the other bank of the Lomami, to whom I sent to ask leave to cross his territories (as he had not previously allowed Tipo-tipo to go into his country), refused me a passage, saying that if I came there he would make war against me. Finding this road blocked, I set off to the southward with three Warua guides, given me by Tipo-tipo, for Kasongo's (who is the big chief of all Urua, and to whose town Portuguese traders were reported to come), in the hope of being able to make a road from there to the lake. When I arrived at Kasongo's (Kuema) I found there an Arab, Jumah ibn Salim (Jumah Merikani), who was most kind and hospitable to me; and a black trader hailing from Bihe, called Jose Antonio Alviz, who said, when I first arrived, that he wanted to start in fourteen or fifteen days, but that some of his men were away with Kasongo making war, and that, as I wanted to go and see some lakes near, he would wait a month. I set off then, and visited Mohrya, a small lake which is fed by the rains, and is apparently isolated from the rest of the water system, receiving only the drainage of a small basin, and sending out no river, but which is interesting, as there are regular lake villages (like those in 'Realmah') on it. On my return from Mohrya, Alviz said he was still waiting for Kasongo, so I set off to try and reach Kassali (or Kikonja) and Kowamba, two lakes on the true Lualaba, but I was not allowed to cross the Lovoi, and had to be contented with a distant view of the Kassali. On my return I



LION HUNTING AT NIGHT

found that Kasongo had been and gone away again, and had left orders for people to go to him when I arrived, as he said he wanted to see me. Alviz I found with all his loads packed, and he said he was only waiting for the return of Kasongo to start at once; saying, that when Kasongo arrived, two or three days would be required to take leave of him, and then he was going to Bihe as fast as possible, as he was short of stores. He first of all said he did not want to make any agreement with me, as he was the same as a European, and that whatever he said was true, although in the sequel I found him to be the most persistent and causeless teller of falsehoods that it has ever been my luck to come across."

Lieutenant Cameron describes the delays occasioned by Alviz, and continues:—"I tried very hard to get men or guns and powder to try and make the road to Lake Sankorra; but Kasongo refused to allow me to go there, and the road was reported by people who had been that way to be impassable in the rainy season, so I had to put up with the delay. Just before I left Jumah ibn Salim's, I heard that a party belonging to Alviz was away at a place called Kanyoka, and had been there for nine months, and that Alviz was going to wait for them. At first he denied this, but of course it proved true in the long run. We left Jumah ibn Salim's in the end of February, and then made a dawdling march to Totela, making five camps and halting three or four days on the road; whilst by men with loads the distance might be done in two days, and men with only guns constantly went from one place to the other in one day. Arrived at Totela, some people were sent off to Kanyoka to build a house, and I was told they should be back in twelve or fourteen days. The Kanyoka people did not turn up till the end of May, and in the meantime Alviz allowed Coimbra (who is a choice specimen of an unmitigated ruffian) to go away on a plundering expedition with Kasongo to get slaves, protesting, however, that he would not wait for him if he was not back when the Kanyoka people returned. When the Kanyoka people came in, there was a short delay to wait for Kasongo, who came back a few days after they arrived, leaving Kwarumba behind him.

"During this delay one of my men managed to set fire to the camp and burnt down all our portion of it, and a few huts belonging to Alviz's people. Luckily I saved all my maps and journals, though it was touch and go. After this we started for Lunga Mandi's, a sub-chief of Kasongo's, which we reached in ten days, and then I was told we were to wait for three days to buy food to cross Ussambi." More delays occurred, "and after eighteen days at Lunga Mandi's, by dint of putting the screw on sharp, we made a move; but at the first camp some slaves ran, and we were detained a day whilst their owners went to look for them, and then on the next morning I was told that news had come from Kwarumba during the night that he would arrive in the course of the day, and that we should wait for him. Kwarumba turned up that day

with a string of forty or fifty wretched women, whom he had collected from different villages which he had destroyed, in company with Kasongo. Since then we have travelled fairly, with occasional halts to look for runaway slaves, to buy food, and for Alviz to trade. Alviz, although he protested to the last to me that he was not waiting for Kwarumba, but for some other people whose friends refused to start without them, claimed slaves from Kwarumba to pay for his detention. I shall put the whole question of Alviz's claims on me in the hands of Her Majesty's Consul at Loanda, and of the Portuguese governor there, and be guided by their decision.

"Now for the geographical portion of the subject, which at present I am only able to give a sketch of, and which, therefore, remains till my arrival in England to be fully related. From Nyangwe to Kasongo's my route was principally up the eastern side of the valley of the Lomami, which is a minor valley in the great one of the Lualaba. The Lomami has no connection with the Kassabe, as shown in the map published by Keith Johnstone, but is a separate and independent stream. It receives many brooks from the eastward, but no large rivers on that side; on the west it receives the Luwembi, coming from a lake called Iki, which is probably the Lake Lincoln of Livingstone, which receives the Lubiranzi and Luwembi, both considerable rivers. The Lualaba mentioned as such by the Pombeiros is the true Lualaba, and the position of its sources as laid down from their route may be taken as fairly correct. It then runs N. N. E. through two large lakes, the Lohemba and Kassali, and in a third of smaller size, called Kowamba, receives the Lufira from S. S. E. Between Lufira and true Lualaba lies Katanga, a district rich in copper and gold, and with a marvellous abundance of game, if all reports be correct. A short way above the junction of Lualaba and Lufira are two other lakes, Kattara and Kimwera. Their connection and position with regard to the rest of the water system I have not been able to make out very clearly, but I believe Kattara to be to the west of the Lufira, and Kimwera to be between it and the Lualaba.

"Above Lake Kassali, the Lualaba receives the Luburi, or Luwuli, and Lufupa, and the Lovoi falls into the lower end of Kassali. Below Kowamba the united rivers, now known indifferently as Kamarondo and Lualaba, flow through a chain of small lakes, commencing from south, Kahanda, Ahimbe, Bembe, and Ziwambo, and is then joined by the Lualaba of Livingstone, which is properly called the Luvwa, but the Arabs usually call it the Lualaba; below their junction the united rivers flow through Lake Lanji (the Ulenge of Livingstone), and on past Nyangwe, where the name of Lualaba is corrupted into Ugarrowwa by the Arabs. The Kamarondo receives from the east, commencing from south, the Kalame Hongo (probably Cavula Ngango of Pombeiros), Mana, Mkotwe, Kasamba and Kisuvulungo; and from the west, Luvijo, Kuwi, Losanzi, Luvunguwi. all considerable streams. Below

the junction of the Luvwa and Kamorondo, the following streams fall into the Lualaba before reaching Lake Lanji from the east; the Lumbii, probably the river passed by me as the Luwika on my road to Nyangwe; above their junction the Liambanji and Lukuga, the latter from Lake Tanganyika. Below Lake Lanji the Lualaba receives from the east the Luama and Lulindi, besides many minor streams. Beyond Nyangwe from the north, the Lila, the Lindi, and the Lowa; the last is said to be as large as the Lualaba at Nyangwe, and to receive two large streams, both called Lulu. Between Nyangwe and Lomami, the Luvubu and Luwik, or Kasuku, fall into the main stream from the south. Beyond the Lubiranzi, two large rivers, the Luilhu and Buzimani, flow north into Lake Sankorra. Since leaving Kasongo's, we have crossed the Lovoi, the sources of the Lomami, Luwembi—in long $23^{\circ} 20'$ the Lukoji, in $23^{\circ} 10'$ the Luwati—both large streams falling into the Lulua, whose sources we passed in long. 23° ; close to the sources of the Lulua we came upon water flowing to the second African river, the Zambesi, whose sources may be placed in 23° E. long., and $11^{\circ} 15'$ S. lat.; the Lulua rising in 23° E. and 11° S. Since then we have come across a great table land with numerous streams, some going to Kassabe, and some to the Liambai, or Liambeji, as it is also called by the natives.

“We have now for three marches been following the left bank of the Lumeji, and have just come off the great plains. The Lumeji is a very considerable stream, and an affluent of the Loena, the source of which I hope to pass in front, and which falls into the Liambai. The Kassabe has been at a distance of from seven or eight to twenty miles to the north of us for the last eleven marches, during which we have maintained a generally westerly direction; the Kassabe commences its northing in about 22° E., running up between the frontiers of Lovale and Ulunda. I can scarcely trust to myself to try and clear up the confusion of names arising from the frantic distortion and mutilation of the native names by the half-caste Portuguese traders, but think it best to leave it till my arrival in England. However, I may say that Luvar of the Portuguese is our Urua, and the Urua of the natives also. Lovale is an entirely different country lying between 20° and 22° east longitude, peopled by a different race, speaking a very distinctly different language. I can hear nothing of the Mosshamba Mountains, though I have asked repeatedly about them, but am always told that there are no real hills this side of the Kwanza (or Coanza), though the Kassabe in the middle part of its course flows through a moderately hilly country. I leave this now to be finished at our next halt, from whence Alviz is going to send men on in front.

“Sept. 17, 1875, Chikumbis, near Peho, country
of Kebokwe, lat. S., long. E.

“Since writing the above we have made five more marches, leaving Sha

Kelembe's on the 10th instant, and making rather a round on our way. We passed two streams going north to the Kassabe, but the tracing of my route up to this will show better than I can write all we have seen. We have now just come into a hilly country, though before, since leaving Sha Kelembe's, we had risen considerably, although to the eye the country seemed to maintain the same level.

"I hear that there are disturbances between Bihe and the coast, but all the native stories are so vague, and usually so false, that I do not know what to believe. One story asserts that a party with six thousand guns was turned back and robbed by the Balunda; but six thousand guns leaving such a place as Benguela is false on the face of it, and equally false is the power of any nation on this line in Africa to defeat such a body. To add to the improbability, a white trader is said to have fought his way through safely from Benguela to Bihe, the most probable foundation of the story being that some natives tried to steal from him at night, and that one or two were shot, if there be any foundation at all. Of course, at present, I cannot tell how this will affect my future movements, but the Balunda are said to be on the road to Loanda, as well as on that to Benguela; perhaps I may have to make a round to get to Loanda, but I expect to find the direct road open to Benguela, as there must be a road for trade, and the people of Bihe make caravans on their own account to trade up here for bees-wax, and they must find a market to sell this, or their trade would come to a dead-lock, and the only market they know is Benguela.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"V. LOVETT CAMERON,

"Lieut. R.N., Commanding Livingstone
East Coast Expedition."

"P.S.—I don't expect to be at Benguela before the end of October, and I hope you will be kind enough to move the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to extend my leave, which now expires about the middle of November, to the end of the year, or further if necessary."

The CHAIRMAN then read the statement from Mr. Keith Johnstone, supplementing it with remarks of his own. They would be glad to know that Lieutenant Cameron had been well received by the Portuguese authorities at Benguela and Loanda.

MR. MONTEIRA, MR. GALTON, and the REV. HORACE WALLER, also spoke, the latter calling attention to the exposure of the iniquities of the slave-trade which Lieutenant Cameron had made, and adding the hope that the representative of the Portuguese Government, whom he saw present, would, with

the wise vigilance he had always shown in regard to the honour of his country, not suffer the disclosures to go unnoticed.

The CHAIRMAN said it would be interesting to know that Lieutenant Cameron had travelled on foot 2,953 miles—that was from Zanzibar to Benguela, trusting to mere accident for his livelihood as he went along. He should also mention that, in consideration of the heavy expense incurred in carrying out the expedition, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society had passed a vote advancing £1,000 from their funds to meet, in some measure, this heavy cost.

While showing pluck and determination enough to merit the greenest laurels of African discovery, lack of means and organisation compelled Cameron to desert, on either side of him, routes which would have settled questions of surpassing concern to science, and to take a course which acquaints us with much new country, but leaves the final revelations of this wonderful continent yet to be made. After all, however, the journey as it stands is one which reflects on the traveller the greatest honour—which does credit to his country and his service, as well as to the Royal Geographical Society, under whose auspices he worked. He has charted for science some twelve hundred miles of ground, most of it new, and of a very fertile and promising character, acquainting us at the same time with the existence of regular trade-routes across the central table-land. The ill-luck and baffled purpose of the gallant Lieutenant, contrasted with the direct marches and continuous results of Mr. Stanley, to which we shall presently refer, prove that to travel with success in Africa the explorer must be strong and well equipped enough to take his own road. The system of raising loans, and relying on native caravans, is not to be compared with that of journeying with ready means and sufficient outfit.

Cameron has seen to the safe return home of his Zanzibar followers, and would have gone with them, had not Captain Hopkins, Her Majesty's Consul at Loanda, insisted on his proceeding direct to England. He and the consul have bought a schooner at Loanda, and secured the services of a captain to take them round to Zanzibar. During his detention at Loanda, the explorer has been working hard at his sights and sections. Thanks to the intervention of Viscount Duprat, the Portuguese governor has been most kind and civil, and Cameron's people have been most comfortably housed in the fort. Great interest will attach to the particulars which we trust he will soon be able to give us with his own lips. He has deserved the hearty welcome he is sure to receive; and, though he has missed the grand prizes of geography, after being nearer to their solution than any other man, his very failure renders that ultimate discovery, which cannot now be long delayed, more exciting and attractive than ever, even to those who have not watched with scientific devotion for the uplifting of the veil that shrouds the African Isis.

Meanwhile the progress of discovery in Africa advances with sure and quick step, various countries rivalling one another, in sending out some of their best and bravest men to carry forward the work. Within the last few years, we have had a galaxy of heroes enlightening the world as to the interior resources of that vast continent. The Germans have nobly performed their part. The French are exploring the Gaboon, near the equator, for the purpose of ascending the Ogowe. The Italians have sent out an expedition to advance from Somali, through Abyssinia, to the White Nile. This work of exploration is not accomplished without much peril and fatigue. Still it is a needed work; and the men who are engaged in it deserve our heartiest sympathy. They are the pioneers of commerce, civilisation, and Christianity; and are hastening on the day when the brotherhood of the nations shall receive practical recognition, and

“ All men’s good
Be each man’s rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro’ all the circle of the golden year.”

CHAPTER XXV.

“The Daily Telegraph” and “New York Herald” Expedition—Stanley’s Departure—Zanzibar—A Slave Dhow—Organisation of the Expedition.

IN the summer of 1874, the proprietors of the “The Daily Telegraph” and the “New York Herald” engaged Mr. Stanley to go out to Africa and organise an expedition there, and lead it into the interior, for mere purposes of exploration and discovery; they undertaking at the same time to bear the entire charges. It was a bold and generous conception; and, from the first, it has been nobly carried out. It would have been impossible for them to have entrusted the execution of their purpose to a more competent person than the man who “found Livingstone.” Mr. Stanley promptly undertook the responsible work with the fulfilment of which he was honoured; and left England on the 15th of August, 1874. He arrived at Zanzibar on the 22nd of September, and immediately began to make all necessary preparations for his long and arduous explorations. In the following letter, which was published in “The Daily Telegraph,” dated Zanzibar, November 15th, 1874, he gives us a most interesting and graphic description of the place, which is already of acknowledged importance, and which bids fair to become the Alexandria of the Eastern Coast:—

“For the last four or five years the island and town called Zanzibar have been very prominently before the public. The rigorous measures pursued by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on this coast, and the appeals of Livingstone on behalf of the aboriginal African, have made Zanzibar a well-known name. Previous to this time it was comparatively unknown—as little known, indeed, as the polysyllabic name by which it is described in the *Periplus* of Arrian. The mention of Zanguebar, Zanjibar—or, as it is now called, Zanzibar—produced very little interest. Some few people there were who remembered there was such a name in very big characters on the map of the world, occupying a large strip on the east side of Africa, seen during their school-boy days, but what that name indicated or comprehended very few knew or cared. They thought that it might be a very wild land, peopled with cannibals and the like, no doubt; for I remember well when I first returned from Africa, that a great number of those

gentlemen who frequent clubs and fashionable societies often asked me, 'Where the deuce is Zanzibar?' There were people, however, who prospered and grew rich on the ignorance of their white brothers, so woefully deficient in elementary geographical knowledge. These were the staid old merchants of London, New York, Salem, and Hamburg, who had agents living at Zanzibar, unobtrusively collecting precious cargoes of African productions, and shipping them home to their employers, who sold them again quietly and unobtrusively to manufacturers at enormous profits. Great sums of money were made for many years by these old merchants until the slave-trade question began to be agitated and Livingstone's fate became a subject of inquiry.

"At this date a committee of the House of Commons held a protracted sitting, sifting every item of information relating to the island and its prospects, its productions, commerce, etc., and the 'New York Herald' despatched a special commissioner in search of Livingstone, one result of whose mission was the publication of the name of Zanzibar far and wide. Captain Burton has also written two large volumes, which bear the conspicuous title of 'Zanzibar,' in large gold letters, on their backs; but very few copies of this work, I imagine, have found their way among the popular classes. I mean to try in the present letter to convey a description of this island, its Prince, and such subjects in relation to them, as will suit any mind likely to take an interest in reading it. De Horsey's 'African Pilot' describes Zanzibar as being an island forty-six miles in length, by eighteen miles in width at its greatest breadth, though its average breadth is not more than from nine to twelve miles. The 'African Pilot' and None's 'Epitome' place the island in south latitude $6^{\circ} 27' 42''$, and in east longitude $39^{\circ} 32' 57''$, but the combined navigating talent on board Her Majesty's surveying ship 'Nassau' locates Zanzibar in south latitude $6^{\circ} 9' 36''$, and east longitude $39^{\circ} 14' 43''$. Between the island and the mainland runs a channel from twenty to thirty miles in width, well studded with coral islands, sand-bars, sand-banks, and coral reefs.

"The first view the stranger obtains of Zanzibar is of low land, covered with verdure. If he has been much informed concerning the fevers which trouble the white traveller in equatorial Africa, he is very likely to be impressed in his own mind that the low land is very suggestive of it; but a nearer view is more pleasing, and serves to dispel much of the vague fear or uneasiness with which he has approached the dreaded region of ill-health and sorrow. The wind is gentle and steady which fills the vessel's sail; the temperature of the air is moderate, perhaps at 70° or 75° Fahrenheit; the sky is of one cerulean tint; the sea is not troubled, and scarcely rocks the ship; the shore is a mass of vivid green; the feathery fronds of palm trees, and the mango's towering globes of foliage, relieve the monotony; while the gleaming white houses of the rich Arabs heighten the growing pleasure with

the thought that the 'fever may not be so bad as people say it is.' Proceeding southward through the channel that separates Zanzibar from the continent, and hugging the shore of the island, you will many times be gratified by most pleasant tropical scenes, and by a strange fragrance which is borne from the leaf-clad island—a fragrance which may remind you of 'Ceylon's spicy isle.' With a good glass you will be able to make out first the cocoa palm, and the deep dark-green orb of foliage which the mango raises above when the tree is in its prime, the graceful bombax, and the tall tamarind, while numbers of gigantic trees of some kind loom over masses of umbrageous shrubbery. Bits of cultivated land, clusters of huts, solitary *tembes*, gardens, and large square white houses, succeed each other quickly, until your attention is attracted by the sight of shipping in the distance; and near by, growing larger and larger every moment, is the city of Zanzibar, the greatest commercial mart on the East Coast of Africa. Arrived in the harbour, you will find the vessel anchors about four hundred yards from the town, close to a few more European ships, and perhaps a British man-of-war or two; while a number of queer-looking craft, which you will style native, lie huddled between your own vessel and the shore. These native boats are of various tonnage and size, from the unwieldy Arab trading dhow, with two masts, leaning inelegantly and untrimly towards the bows, while the towering after-part reminds you of the pictures of ships in the Spanish Armada, to the lengthy, low, and swift-looking *mpete*, which, when seen going before the wind, seems to be skimming the sea like a huge white sea-gull.

"Beyond the native fleet of trading Muscat dhows, Kilwa slavers, Pangani wood-carriers, and those vessels which carry passengers to the mainland, the town of Zanzibar rises from the beach in a nearly crescent form, white, glaring, and unsymmetrical. The narrow, tall, white-washed house of the reigning Prince, Burghash bin Said, towers almost in the centre of the first line of buildings; close to it on the right, as you stand looking at the town from ship-board, is the saluting battery, which numbers some thirty guns or thereabouts; and behind rises a mere shell of a dingy old Portuguese fort, which might be knocked into pieces by a few rounds from Snider muskets. Hard by the water battery is the German Consul's house, as neat as clean whitewash can make an Arab building; and next to this edifice rises the double residence and offices of Her Britannic Majesty's Assistant Political Resident, surmounted by the most ambitious of flag-staffs. Next comes an English merchant's house, and then the buildings occupied by Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, the agent of the great house of John Bertram & Co. of Salem, Massachusetts; while between the English merchant's house and the Bertram Agency, in neighbourly proximity, is seen the snow-white house of Mr. Frederick M. Cheney, agent of Arnold, Hines & Co., of New York; and beyond all, at the extreme right, on the far end of the crescent, at Shangani

Point, appears, in isolated vastness, the English Residency, which was formerly the house of Bishop Tozer and his scanty flock of youthful converts.

“If you start again from that central and prominent point, the palace of His Highness, and intend to take a searching view of the salient objects of observation along the sea-front of the town, you will observe that, to the left of the water battery, are a number of sheds roofed with palm fronds, and that in front of these is about the only thing resembling a wharf visible on the beach. This, you will be told, is the Zanzibar Custom House. There may be a native dhow discharging her cargo, and lines of burly, strong labourers come and go—go and come—continually bearing to the Custom House bales, packages, ivory tusks, and what not, and returning for fresh burdens; while on the wharf turbaned Arabs, and long-shirted half-castes, either superintend the work, or, from idle curiosity, stand by to look on. Moving the eye leftward of the Custom House to a building of noble dimensions, you will see that mixture of richness of woodwork with unkempt slovenliness and general untidiness or semi-decay, which attracts the traveller in almost all large Turkish and Arab houses, whether in Turkey, Egypt, or Arabia. This is the new palace of Prince Burghash. The dark-brown verandah, with its open lattice-work, interlaced bars of wood, and infinitesimal carving—the best work of an Arab artisan—strikes one as peculiarly adapted for a glowing climate like this of Zanzibar. But if the eye surmounts that woodwork, it will find itself shocked at observing the half-finished roof, and the seams of light which fall through it, and the dingy whitewash, and the semi-ruinous state of the upper part of the structure. A little left of this stand two palatial buildings, which for size dwarf even the British Residency. One is the house of Nassur bin Said, the Prime Minister of His Highness; the other is inhabited by the Sultan’s harem. Beyond these large buildings are not many more. The compact line of solid buildings becomes broken by unsightly sheds, with thatched roofs. This is the Melinde quarter, a place devoted to the sale of fish, fruit, etc., to which new European arrivals are banished to seek residences among the few stone houses which are to be found there. Port Melinde is the shallow Malagash inlet—the cause, I may say the main, perhaps the only cause of the unhealthiness of the town of Zanzibar—and beyond the Malagash inlet extends the country, like a rich, prolific garden, teeming with tropical plants and trees, sloping gently upwards, as far as the purpling ridges of Elaysu.

“Such is Zanzibar and its suburbs to the new arrival, as he attempts to note down his observations from shipboard. Descending the side ladder, he is rowed ashore, and if he has a letter of introduction is welcomed by some noble specimen of a British merchant, or an ‘American merchant of thirty-five or forty years’ standing,’ or a British official, or by one of those indescribables who have found their way into Zanzibar, and who patiently bide for the

good time that is believed and reported to be coming; for I find that Zanzibar, instead of attracting the real merchant, has, since my last visit, but changed its European inutiles. When I was here before, I met a living specimen of the happy and sanguine Micawber class. He is gone, but another fills his place. One can scarcely dare say anything good of Zanzibar, or of any other place, without attracting the wrong class of persons; and, as I am on this topic, I may as well specify what class can be benefited pecuniarily by immigration to Zanzibar. To an enterprising man of capital, Zanzibar, and the entire sea-line of the Sultan's dominions, offer special advantages. A person with a capital of five thousand pounds might soon make his twenty thousand out of it, but not by bringing his money and his time and health to compete with great rich mercantile houses of many years' standing and experience, and settling at Zanzibar, vainly attempting to obtain the custom of the natives, who are perfectly content with their time-honoured white friends, when the entire coast-line of the mainland invites his attention, his capital, his shrewdness, and his industry. The new arrival must do precisely what the old merchants did when they commenced business. He must go where there is no rivalry, no competition, if he expects to have a large business and quick returns for his money. He must bring his river-steamer of light draught, and penetrate the interior, by the Rufiji, the Pangani, the Mtwana, or the Jub, and purchase the native produce at first cost, and re-sell to the large mercantile houses of Zanzibar, or ship home.

"The copal of the Rufiji plain, accessible as I know by experience to a light-draught steamer, is now carried on the shoulders of natives to Dar Salaam and Mbuamjii, to be sold to the Banyans, who re-ship it to Zanzibar, and there re-sell to the European merchant. The ivory trade of Unyamwezi is brought down close to Mbuni Usagara, which is accessible in a light-draught steamer by the Wami. The ivory trade of Masai, and the regions north, is carried down through a portion of the Pangani Valley, and the Pangani for a short distance is also navigable, and furnishes a means of enabling the white merchant to overreach his more settled white brothers at Zanzibar. The Jub River, next to the Zambesi, is the largest river on the east coast of Africa, while it is comparatively unknown. Arab caravans penetrate the regions south of it, and obtain large quantities of ivory and lides. Why should not the white merchant attempt to open legitimate trade in the same articles by means of the river. When John Bertram, of Salem, Massachusetts, came to Zanzibar, some forty years ago, there was not a single European house here. He was an officer of a whaling vessel when he saw this large town, with its splendid opportunities for commencing a mercantile business. On arriving home, he invested the results of his venture in chartering a small vessel with goods, such as would meet a ready sale in Zanzibar. The speculation turned out to be a fine one; he repeated it, and then established an agency at Zan-

zibar, while he himself resided at Salem to conduct the business at home, to receive the cargoes from Zanzibar, and ship cloth and other goods to his agency out here. The business which the young whaler started continued to thrive. Agent succeeded agent as each man went home after a few years' stay in Zanzibar to enjoy the fruit of his labours. Boys sent out to learn the business became responsible clerks, then head agents, and subsequently opulent merchants, and so on from year to year, until John Bertram can point with just pride to his own millions and the long list of men whom he taught, encouraged, sustained by his advice, and enriched. The moral of all this is, that what John Bertram, of Salem, did at Zanzibar, can be done by any large-minded, enterprising Englishman or American on the mainland of Africa. Nay, as there is a larger field on the mainland, and as he can profit by the example of Bertram, he can do more.

"Men experienced in the ways of Oriental life need not be told in detail how people live in Zanzibar, or how the town appears within, or what the Arabs and half-castes and Wanguana know of sanitary laws. Zanzibar is not the best, the cleanliest, or the prettiest town I have ever seen; nor, on the other hand, is it the worst, the filthiest, or the ugliest town. While there is but little to praise or glorify in it, there is a good deal to condemn, and while you censure it, you are very likely to feel that the cause for condemnation is irremediable and hopeless. But the European merchants find much that is endurable at Zanzibar. It is not nearly the intolerable place that the smelted rocks of Aden have made Steamer Point, nor has it the parboiling atmosphere of Bushire or Busrah, nor is it cursed by the merciless heat of Ismailia or Port Said. If you expose yourselves to the direct rays of the sun at Zanzibar for a considerable time, it would be as fatal for you as though you did an unwise thing on the Aden isthmus. Within doors, however, life is tolerable—nay, it is luxuriously comfortable.

"We—I mean Europeans—have numbers of servants to wait on us, to do our smallest bidding. If we need a light for our cigars, or our walking-cane, or our hats when we go out, we never think of getting these things for ourselves, or of doing anything which another could do for us. We have only the trouble of telling our servants what to do, and even of this trouble we would gladly be relieved. One great comfort to us out here is, that there is no society which compels us to imprison our necks within linen collars, or half strangle ourselves with a silken tie, or to be anxious about any part of our dress. The most indolent never think of shifting their night *pyjamas* until nearly mid-day. Indeed, we could find in our hearts to live in them altogether, except that we fear a little chaff from our neighbours. Another luxury we enjoy out here which may not always be obtained in Europe without expense. What think you of a salt-water bath, morning, noon, and evening, just before dinner? Our servants fill our tubs for us, for our resi-

dences stand close to the sea, and it is neither trouble nor expense, if we care at all for the luxury, to undress in the cool room, and take a few minutes' cooling in the tub.

"Though we are but a very small colony of whites, we resemble, microscopically, society at home. We have our good men and true, and sociable men; we have large-hearted hospitable men, our peg-giving friends, our hail-fellows-well-met, and perambulating gossips. Our houses are large, roomy, and cool; we have plenty of servants, we have good fruit on the island; we enjoy health while we have it, and with our tastes, education, and natural love of refinement, we have contrived to surround ourselves with such luxuries as serve to prolong good health, peace of mind, and life; and Inshallah! shall continue to do so while we stay in Zanzibar. The above is but the frank outspoken description of himself that might be given by a dignified and worthy Zanzibar merchant of long standing, and of European extraction. And your commissioner will declare that it is as near truth as though the Zanzibar merchant of long standing and experience had written it himself.

"Now, we have had the Europeans of Zanzibar, their houses, and mode and law of life described, let us get into the street and endeavour to see for ourselves the nature of the native and Semitic residents, and ascertain how far they differ from the Anglo-American sublimities. As we move away towards the Seyyid's Palace, we gradually become conscious that we have left the plastered streets with their small narrow gutters, which re-echoed our footsteps so noisy. The tall houses where the Europeans live, separated by but a narrow passage ten feet wide, shut out the heat and dazzling glare which otherwise the clean white-washed walls would have reflected. When we leave these behind we come across the hateful, blinding sunlight, and our nostrils become irritated by an amber-coloured dust, from the 'garbling' of copal and orchilla weed, and we are sensible of two separate smells which affect the senses. One is the sweet fragrance of cloves, the other is the odour which a crowd of slaves bearing clove bags exhale from their perspiring bodies. Shortly we come across an irregular square blank in the buildings which had hemmed us in from the sunlight. A fetid garbage heap, debris of mud-houses, sugar-cane leavings, orange and banana peelings, make piles, which festering and rotting in the sun, are unsightly to the eye and offensive to the nostrils. And just by we see the semi-ruinous Portuguese fort, a most feeble and dilapidated structure. Several rusty and antique cannon lie strewn along the base of its front wall, and a dozen or so of dusty and beggarly-looking half-castes, armed with long straight swords and antique Muscat matchlocks, affect to be soldiers and guardians of the gate. Fortunately, however, for the peace of the town and the reigning Prince, the prisoners whom the soldiers guard are mild-mannered and gentle enough, few of them having

committed a worse crime than participating in a bloodless street brawl, or being found intoxicated in the street.

"Passing the noisy and dusty Custom House, with its hives of singing porters at work, and herds of jabbering busybodies, nobodies, and somebodies, we shortly arrive at the palace, where we might as well enter, and see how it fares with His Highness Burghash bin Said, the Prince of Zanzibar and Pemba. As we may have merely made an appointment with him, as private citizens of a free and independent foreign Court, and are escorted only by a brother citizen of the same rank, etiquette forbids that the Seyyid should come down into the street to receive his visitor. Were we Her Britannic Majesty's Consul or Political Resident, His Highness would deem it but due to our official rank to descend into the street and meet us exactly twenty-four steps from the palace door. Were we an Envoy Extraordinary, the Prince would meet us some fifty or seventy-five paces from his gate. We are but private citizens, however, and the only honour we get is an exhibition of the guards—Beloochis, Persians, and half-castes—drawn up on each side of the door, their uniforms consisting of lengthy, butter-nut-coloured *dishdashahs*, or shirts, which reach from the nape of the neck to the ancles of each. We have ascended a flight of deep wooden steps when we discover the Prince, ready to receive us with his usual cordial and frank smile and pleasant greeting; and during a shower of good-natured queries respecting our health we are escorted to the other end of the barely-furnished room, where we are invited to be seated.

"The Prince is now in the prime of life, probably about forty-two years old, of vigorous and manly frame, and about five feet nine inches in height. He is a frank, cordial, and good-natured gentleman, with a friendly brusqueness in his manner to all whom he has no reason to regard with suspicion. He wears the usual linen dress of the Arabs, with his waist cinctured by a rich belt of plaited gold, which supports the crooked dagger generally borne by an Arab gentleman. Over his linen dress he wears a long black cloth coat, the edges of which are trimmed with narrow gold braid. His head-dress is the usual ample turban of the Arab, and completing in his person a somewhat picturesque figure. It would be difficult to choose a Prince with whom diplomatic relations could be carried on so easily, provided alway that the diplomat remembered that the Prince was an Arab and a Moslem gentleman. Politeness will always effect more than rudeness with a well-bred Arab. In whatever school of deportment the old British Admirals, who, over a steely firmness wear such urbanity, are brought up, it might be recommended that diplomats charged with delicate negotiations should be sent there too, to learn lessons of true politeness. There is, however, one phase in Prince Burghash's character which presents a difficulty in dealing with him, and that is his fanaticism. Ever since he undertook the journey to

Mecca, he has shown himself an extremely fervid Moslem, indisposed to do anything, or attempt anything not recommended in the Koran. A Prince of more liberal religious views might have had an opportunity during the late diplomatic negotiation of bettering himself and his people; but Burghash was restrained by his extreme religious scruples from asking any aid of England.

“Before closing this letter, I should like to ask the reader to accompany me as far as the ridges of Elaysu. The path which we choose lies through cultivated tracts and groves of fruit trees that stretch on either side of it, thickening as they recede, and growing intensely deep and umbrageous, even to the depth and intensity of a forest. We note the sad effects of the hurricane in the prostrate and fast-rotting trunks of the cocoa-nut palm, and the vast number of trees which lean from the perpendicular, and threaten before long to fall. We observe these things with a good deal of pity for the country, the people, and the poor unfortunate Prince; and we also think what a beautiful and happy place this Isle of Zanzibar might be made under a wise and cultivated ruler. If such a change as is now visible in Mauritius, with all its peaks and mountains, and miles of rugged ground, can be effected, what might not be done with Zanzibar, where there are no mountains, or peaks, or rugged ground, but gentle undulations and low ridges eternally clothed in summer green verdure! At every point, at every spot, you see something improvable, something that might be made very much better than it now is. And so we ride on with such reflections, which are somewhat assisted, no doubt, by the ever-crooked path that darts towards all points of the compass in sudden and abrupt windings. But the land and the trees are always beautiful and always tropical. Palms and orange groves are everywhere, with a large number of plantains, mangoes, and fruit trees; the sugar-cane, the Indian corn, the cassava, are side by side with the *Holcus sorghum*, and there is a profusion of verdure and fruit and grain wherever we turn our eyes.

“Shortly we arrive at the most picturesque spot on the Island of Zanzibar, Elaysu, or Illayzu, as some call it, every inch of which, if the island were in the possession of the white man, would be worth a hundred times more than it is now, for its commanding elevation, for the charming views of sea and land and town its summit presents, for its healthiness, and its neighbourhood to town, whence it is five or six miles distant. What cosy, loveable, pretty cottages, might be built on the ridge of Elaysu, amid palms and never-sere foliage, among flowers and carols of birds, deep in shade of orange and mango trees! How white men and white women would love to dream on verandahs, with open eyes, of their far-away homes, made far pleasanter by distance and memory, while palms waved and rustled to gentle evening breezes, and the sun descended to the west amid clouds of all colours! Yes, Elaysu is beautiful, and the receding ridges, with their precipitous ravines, fringed with trees and vegetation, are extremely picturesque—nay, some

short bits of scenery which we view across the white glaring bars of sunlight, are perfectly idyllic in their modest beauty."

It is painful to contrast with the lovely scene so graphically described, the capture of an Arab slave dhow in this part of the world. The capture took place only a month or two before the writing of Stanley's letter. "The last batch of slaves," says the person furnishing the information, "rescued from Arab clutches arrived at Seychelles on Sunday, the 23rd of August, 1874. They were re-captured by H.M.S. "Vulture"—the same ship, by the way, that so recently conveyed the remains of Livingstone from the continent to Zanzibar. The "Vulture" was steaming into Majungel, a port on the east coast of Madagascar, when a large dhow was made out inshore of the ship. When the "Vulture" was near enough, a boat, in charge of a young officer, was sent on board the Arab, whose true character, and the nature of his cargo, were soon made known. On going below, the men found a framework of bamboo constructed on each side of the hold, ranging fore and aft, in which two hundred and thirty-eight human beings were packed, tier upon tier, like bottles in a rack. The occupants of each tier were placed in the closest personal contact with each other—so much so in fact, that, to use the men's homely phrase, they really 'were stowed away like herrings in a cask.'

"When taken out and placed upon the deck, their limbs were useless; they were seized with vertigo, and fell from sheer inability to stand. Some were found in a truly shocking condition. One or two young children were found crushed to death. The lower tier had been laid upon the sand ballast and was half-buried. One poor woman really was buried, with the exception of her face; her mouth was full of sand, and when taken out she was on the point of suffocation. The mortality among a batch of negroes must be sometimes frightful, not only on board the dhows, but also during their journey down from the interior. There was a woman among this lot, who, if her statement is to be credited, was the only survivor of a numerous band. Six months since she roamed as free as air in her native village in the middle of Africa. The Arabs went with fire and sword; the village was burnt, and the greater number of the women and children were made prisoners. Then commenced a weary march of four months' duration. Fresh accessories of slaves were made as they passed along on their way to the coast. Manacled women fell by the way-side, and being unable to travel, were left to die in the jungle. Young children withered like plucked leaves, and the Arabs, to these more merciful, struck off their heads and threw them aside. The woman has survived them all, but she is alone. Of all the band captured with her, she states that she only has escaped alive to tell the sickening tale."

From an account sent home, by a sailor on board the "Vulture," to his mother, describing the same scene, we extract the following heart-rending picture:—

“Then began the sickening task of transferring the poor captives from the dhow to the ship. I must say I never saw men more noble in my life. Even the constitutional grumblers forgot their complaints, and came forward to assist in carrying the weak and helpless creatures from their prison. So cramped and emaciated were they that some could not walk without assistance, and most of them had to be carried in the arms of our men. Tenderly and carefully did these strong, rough fellows, bear their helpless burdens, all covered as they were with filth, the accumulation of their long imprisonment in the pestilential hold. Now and then a baby came to some one’s share. There were seven on board, and as the little ones were borne along they opened their eyes with wonderment. One of these babes was born on board the dhow, and another lost its mother in that short but fatal voyage. Those who had suffered most were children, whose ages ranged from three to seven years. These had evidently been unable to hold their own against the stronger ones in the scramble for food which must have taken place in the dhow at feeding time. Of the one hundred and thirty-seven children at least thirty were at death’s door, and about thirty more were nothing but skeletons. It is almost certain many of these had scarcely tasted food during their imprisonment in the dhow. In they poured, a living stream, until our decks were covered with a black mass of human beings of all ages, including women so old that it is difficult to understand what object these dealers in human flesh could have in shipping such worthless articles for the slave market. At last the stream stopped. ‘They are all out of the dhow, sir,’ replied our jolly tars. ‘Have another look, and make quite sure,’ said our gallant captain. Well was it they did, for in a dark corner of the hold, buried all but her head in the sand which the dhow carried for ballast, lay a poor old woman. She was dug out and borne on board. It made the blood tingle in our veins to think these Arabs could be so inhuman. The greater part were suffering from diarrhoea: forty-one men, fifty-nine women, and one hundred and thirty-seven children, were taken out of the dhow from between her decks, where they were packed, unable to move for the whole voyage.”

In the following letter, written from Zanzibar the day after the one we have inserted, only just before starting on his long journey into the interior, Stanley gives some interesting and important information respecting the organisation, prospects, and intentions of the expedition. “I never knew,” he says, “how many kind friends I could number until I was about to sail from England. The White Star line treated me in the most princely fashion—gave me free passages to America and back. The Peninsular and Oriental Company and the British India, through their obliging agents, showered courtesy after courtesy on me. Testimonials from hundreds of gentlemen were thrust on me, and invitations to dinners and dances, and to ‘spend a month or more in the country,’ were so numerous, that if I could have availed

myself of them in succession years must elapse before any hotel need charge a penny to my account. But though my preparations for the journey monopolised my time, and compelled me to decline, with thanks, these manifold kindnesses, my numerous friends must believe that I am none the less grateful. I departed from England on August 15th, loaded with good wishes, keepsakes, photographs, favours of all kinds. At Aden I met my white assistants, whom I had despatched from England, *via* Southampton, in charge of the boats, etc. My young English assistants had quite got over all melancholy feelings and were in capital spirits, though they entertained a doubt whether, if Central Africa were as hot as Aden, they should enjoy it very much. On my assuring them that they need fear nothing on the score of heat in Africa after Arabia, they expressed themselves much relieved from their greatest fear. On the British Indian Steamer Euphrates, I was delighted to find that the Pocock brothers possessed several qualifications, beyond those of sobriety, civility, and industry. I discovered that they were capital singers and musicians, having belonged to some choir in their native town, where they were justly much esteemed. The delightful weather we experienced between Aden and Zanzibar was most grateful after the intense heat of Steamer Point, and we consequently arrived at Zanzibar on the 22nd of September, almost as fresh and robust as when we left England.

"The next morning after I landed, some of my old friends of the former expedition heard of my arrival, and I was much gratified by the good-will they manifested towards one who had been so stern to them on certain occasions when naught but sternness of the most extreme kind would have sufficed to overmaster a disposition they sometimes betrayed to be sullenly disobedient and mutinous. But they remembered as well as I did, that, though I was merciless when they were disposed to be stubborn, I was kind enough to them when all went fair and well; and they knew that, when the rewards were distributed, those who had behaved themselves like true men were not forgotten. The report that I had come was soon bruited through the length and breadth of the island, and Livingstone's and my own old dusky comrades gathered quickly about my good host Mr. Sparkhawk's house, to pay their respects to me, and, of course, to receive *heshimeh*, or presents, with which, fortunately, I had provided myself before leaving England.

"Here was Ullimengo, the incorrigible joker and hunter of the Search Expedition, with his mouth expanding gratefully on this day at the sight of a gold ring which soon encircled one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain which held an ornament, and hung down his broad and muscular chest; here too, was Rojab, who narrowly escaped destruction for immersing Livingstone's six years' journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, his ebony face lighted up with the most extreme good-will towards myself for my munificent gift; and Manwas Sera also, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke, and

my most faithful messenger, who had once braved a march of six hundred miles with his companion, Sarmine, in my service, and Livingstone's most devoted captain on his last journey. He was speechless with gratitude, because I had hung a splendid jet necklace round his neck, and encircled one of his fingers with a huge seal ring, which to his mind was a sight to see and enjoy. Nor was the now historical Mabruki Speke—styled by Captain Burton 'Mabruki, the Bull-headed'—who has each time distinguished himself with white men as a hawk-eyed guardian of their property and interests—less enraptured with his presents than his fellows; while the comely, valiant, faithful Chowperch—the man of manifold virtues, the indomitable and sturdy Chowperch—was pleased as any with the silver dagger and gold bracelet and ear-rings which fell to his share. His wife, whom I had purchased from the eternally wandering slave-gang, and released from the harsh cold iron collar which chafed her neck, and whom I had bestowed upon Chowperch, as a free woman for wife, was, I discovered, the happy mother of a fine little boy, a tiny Chowperch, who I hope will grow up to lead future expeditions in Africa, and be as loyal to white men as his good father has proved himself. After I had bestowed presents on his wife and child, Chowperch, having heard that I had brought a wondrous store of medicine, entreated me that I should secure his son during his absence with me in Africa against any visitation of the small-pox, and this I hope I have done by vaccination.

"Two or three days after my arrival a deputation of the 'Faithfuls' came to me to learn my intentions and purposes. I informed them that I was about to make a much longer journey into Africa than before, and into very different countries from any that I had ever been into as yet, and I proceeded to sketch out to the astonished men an outline of the prospective journey. They were all seated on the ground before me, tailor fashion, eyes and ears interested, and keen to see and hear every word of my broken Kisawahili. As country after country was mentioned, of which they had hitherto but dimly heard, and river after river, lake after lake, named, all of which I hoped, with their aid, to explore carefully and thoroughly, various ejaculations, expressive of emotions of wonder, joy, and a little alarm, broke from their lips; but when I concluded, each man drew a long breath, and, almost simultaneously, they uttered, in their own language, 'Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!'

"'But, master,' said they, with some anxiety, 'this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years.' 'Nonsense,' said I. 'Six, nine, or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to go to Ujiji, it is true; but I was only sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji, and back to the sea. Is it not true?' 'Ay, true,' answered they. 'Very well. And I tell you further, that there is not enough money in this world to pay me for stopping in Africa ten, nine, or even six years.

I have not come here to live in Africa. I have come here simply to see these rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home.' 'Ah, but you know the big master (Livingstone) said he was only going for two years, and that he was gone, altogether, nine years.' 'That is true enough. Nevertheless you know what I did before, and what I am likely to do again, if all goes well.' 'Yes, we remember that you are very hot, and you did drive us until our feet were sore, and we were ready to drop from fatigue. Wallahi! but there never was such a journey from Unyanyembe home! No Arab or white man came from Unyanyembe in so short a time as you did. It was nothing but throw away this thing and that, and go on, go on, all the time. Ay, master, that is true.' 'Well, is it likely, then, when I marched so quick before, that I am likely to be slow now? Am I much older than I was then? Am I less strong? Do I not know what a journey is now? When I first started from Zanzibar to Ujiji I allowed the guides to show me the way; but when we came back, who showed you the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass, which could not lie like the guide?' 'Ay, true, master; true, every word.' 'Very well, then, finish these foolish words of yours, and go and get me three hundred men like yourselves, and when we get away from Bagomoya I will show you whether I have forgotten how to travel.' 'Ay, Wallah, my master;' and 'they forthwith arose, and did as they were commanded.'

"The result of our polite 'talk' or 'palaver' was witnessed shortly, when the doors and gates of the Bertram Agency and former Consulate were thronged by volunteers, who were of all shades of blackness, and who hailed from almost every African town known. Wahiyan, Wabera, Wagnido, Wanyanmezi, Wagogo, Wasegubba, Wasagara, Wabehe, Somali, Wagalla, Wanyassa, Wadirigo, and a score of other tribes, had their representatives, while each day added to the number, until I had barely time to do anything more than strive with calmness and well practised patience, to elicit from them information as to who they were, what they had been doing, and whom they had served. The brave fellows who had accompanied Livingstone on his last journey, or myself, of course had the preference, because they knew me, and fewer words were wanted to strike a bargain with them. Forty-seven of those who marched with Livingstone on his last journey answered to their names, along with two hundred strangers, on whose fidelity I was willing to risk my reputation as a traveller, and nearly £1,000 sterling in advanced wages. These were finally enlisted and sworn as escort and servants. Many of them will naturally prove recreants and malcontents, braggarts, cowards, or runaways; but it cannot be helped—I have done all that I am able to do in providing against desertion and treachery.

"Among other things which I convey with me on this expedition to make our work as thorough as possible, is a large pontoon, named the 'Living-

stone.' After long and anxious deliberation and sacrifice of much paper, I sketched out a series of inflatable pontoon tubes, to be two feet in diameter, and eight feet long, to be laid transversely, resting on three separate keels, and securely lashed to them, with two separate triangular compartments of the same depth, eight feet at the base, which should form the bow and stern of the inflatable craft. Over these several sections three lengthy poles were to be laid, which should be lashed between each transverse tube to the three keels underneath. Above these upper poles, laid lengthwise, were to be bamboo poles, laid transversely, upon which the passengers and baggage might rest without danger of foundering. The design being fully matured the next thing to do was to find a manufacturer intelligent enough to comprehend what was required, and as Mr. Cording, of Piccadilly, had a good reputation among travellers, I tried him, and after a few moments' conversation with the foreman of the shop, I was delighted to find that he perfectly understood what unusually strong material was requisite, and every part and portion of the plan. I need only add that within a month I had in my possession the usual fittings and sections of this peculiar floating craft, beautifully and strongly made, in as complete and efficient order as would please the most fastidious traveller. All these sections, when put in the scales, weighed three hundred pounds, which, divided into portable loads of sixty pounds each, require but five men to carry the entire construction. No material can possibly equal this caoutchouc. If the strong thick india-rubber cloth is punctured or rent, Mr. Cording has supplied me with the material to repair it, and if all turns out as well with it as I strongly anticipate and hope, it must of course prove invaluable to me.

"But an explorer needs something else—some other form of floatable structure, to be able to produce results worthy of a supreme effort at penetrating the unknown regions of Africa. I can now congratulate myself on possessing a boat which I can carry any distance without distressing the porters, competent to hold twelve men, rowing ten oars and two short paddles, and able to sail over any lake in Central Africa. As this expedition is for a different purpose from the former one in which I discovered Livingstone, I am well provided with the usual instruments which travellers who intend to bring home results that will gratify scientific societies, take with them. I have chronometers, sextants, artificial horizons, compasses, beam and prismatic; pedometers, aneroid barometers, and thermometers; nautical almanacs for three years, hand leads, and one thousand fathoms' sounding line, with a very complete little reel, mathematical instruments, planisphere, and a complete and most excellent photographic apparatus, and a large stock of dry plates. I have also half a dozen good time-pieces, silver and gold, blank charts, and all the paraphernalia and apparatus necessary to obtain satisfactory geographic observations.

“The East Coast of Africa, from the mouth of the Juba River to that of the Rovuma, possesses hundreds of good starting-points for the unexplored interior; but the best, for many reasons, is Bagamoyo. The present Expedition is a large and costly one, and promises to be the best organised and best equipped of any that ever left the sea-coast of East Africa for the purpose of exploration; therefore, it would be a great pity if it were wrecked or ruined just as it began to set out to fulfil its mission. To guard against the possibility of such a sad collapse, I have, after much deliberation, decided to start from Bagamoyo, and to proceed some distance along the well-known caravan path, so as to give confidence to my men, and withdraw them as much as possible from the temptation to desert, and afterwards, to plunge northward into the Masai Land—a country, as yet, untrodden by white men—of the state of which the best-informed among us are totally ignorant. It will be a risky undertaking, but not half so dangerous as starting for that region from some unknown seaport.

“My present intention is then to make my way westward to the Victoria Nyanza, and ascertain whether Speke or Livingstone’s hypothesis is the correct one—whether the Victoria Nyanza consists of one lake or five. All the most important localities will be fixed by astronomical observations; and whether the Victoria Lake consists of one or many pieces of water, we shall discover it by complete circumnavigation. When this work is finished, I intend to visit Mtesa or Rumanika, and then cross over to the Lake Albert Nyanza, and endeavour to settle how far Baker is correct in his bold hypothesis concerning its length and breadth. On this lake I expect to meet Gordon and his party, by whom I hope to be able to send the first reports of my travels and discoveries since leaving the Unyanyembe caravan road. Beyond this, the whole future appears to me so vague and vast that it is impossible to state at this period what I shall try to do next.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

March from Bagamoyo to Mpwapwa—Through Northern Ugogo—Country of Urimi—Death of Edward Pocock—Conflict with the Waturu—Iramba—Arrival at Lake Victoria Nyanza—Exploration of the Lake—Visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda—Mtesa's Conversion to Islamism—Desire for Christian Teachers—Interview between Colonel de Bellefonds and Stanley—Stanley's Departure from Uganda—Lake Victoria Nyanza an Inland Sea—Missionary Response to Mtesa's Invitation.

FROM the district of Mpwapwa, in the country of Usagaru, Mr. Stanley wrote, under date December 13, 1874, saying that he had had an unprecedentedly successful march from the Indian Ocean, and that surprisingly favourable influences had attended the Expedition ever since their departure from Zanzibar. They had suffered less sickness, less trouble, and altogether had had more good fortune than any Expedition which had ever come into Africa. The march from Bagamoyo to the place from which he was writing had only taken him twenty-five days, although, on his previous Expedition in search of Livingstone, the same march took him fifty-seven days; and it occupied Lieutenant Cameron's party four months. The outset of the Expedition was not very favourable, as nearly all the attendants were overcome by intoxication at Zanzibar; and, after disembarking at Bagamoyo, matters were not mended much. The men had not as yet expended all their advance, and the consequence was, that they betook themselves into the liquor shops of the Goanese at the port, and, after brutalising themselves with the fire-water retailed there, they took to swaggering through the streets, proclaiming that they were white men's soldiers, maltreating women, breaking into shops and smashing crockery, some even drawing knives on the peaceable citizens, and in other ways indulging their worst passions.

The march was resumed, however, on the fifth day; and, on arriving at the Kingani River, Stanley screwed together the sections of the "Lady Alice," and tested her powers of transportation and efficiency. He ascertained that the utmost she could bear in ferrying across the river was thirty men and thirty bales of cloth, or a weight of three tons, which was perfectly satisfactory to him. The "Livingstone" pontoon was not uncovered, as the "Lady Alice" proved expeditious enough in transporting the force across the river. When the ferriage was completed they resumed the journey, and long before

sunset encamped at Kikoka. The intense heat of the Kingani plains lying on either side told severely on those men who were unaccustomed to travelling in Africa, and on the natives also who had indulged their vicious propensities at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo before departure. This compelled them to remain a day at Kikoka.

"During the afternoon of this day," Mr. Stanley says, "as I was preparing my last letters, I was rather surprised by a visit paid me in my camp from a party of the Sultan's soldiers, the chief of whom bore a letter from the Governor of Bagamoyo, wherein he complained that my people had induced about fifteen women to abandon their masters. On mustering the people and inquiring into their domestic affairs, it was discovered that a large number of women had indeed joined the expedition during the night. Most of them, however, bore free papers, accorded to them by the political agent at Zanzibar; but eleven were, by their own confession, runaway slaves. After being hospitably received by the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Arabs, it was no part of a stranger's duty—unless authorised by some Government likely to abide by its agent's actions—to countenance such a novel mode of liberating the slaves. The order was therefore given, that the women should return with the Sultan's soldiers; but as this did not agree with either the views of the women themselves, or their abductors, the females set up a determined defiance to the order, and the males seized their Snider rifles, vowing that they should not return. As such a disposition, and demonstration of hostility, was not polite, nor calculated to deserve my esteem, or to win for me the Arabs' good-will, the manifestation was summarily suppressed, and the women returned to their masters." The noble mastiff, Castor, which had been presented to the traveller by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, died on the journey, of apoplexy brought on by the heat.

The next intelligence of the intrepid traveller is conveyed in a letter written by him from the Lake Victoria Nyanza, which was published in "*The Daily Telegraph*," Oct. 15, 1875. On account of its intense interest, we give it here entire:—

"Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi, Usukuma,
on the Victoria Nyanza, March 1.

"The second part of the programme laid before me as Commander of the Anglo-American Expedition ended successfully at noon on the 27th February, 1875. The great lake first discovered by Captain Speke—the Victoria Nyanza—was sighted and reached by us on that day; and it is with feelings of most devout gratitude to Almighty God for preserving us, amid manifold perils, that I write these lines.

"It seems an age since we started from Mpwapwa of Usagara, whence I despatched my last letter to you. We have experienced so much, seen and

suffered so much, that I have carefully to recapitulate in my mind, and turn to my note-book besides, to refresh my recollection of even the principal events of this most long, arduous, and eventful march to the Victorian Lake. I promised you in my last letter that I would depart as soon as practicable from the old route to Unyanyembe, now so well known, and would, like the patriarch Livingstone, strike out a new line to unknown lands. I did so. In our adventurous journey north I imperilled the Expedition, and almost brought it to an untimely end, which, however, happily for me, for you, and for geographers, a kindly Providence averted.

“On leaving Mpwapwa we edged northward across the Desert of the Mgunda Mkali, or the Forest region, leaving the vain chief of Mbumi far to the south, and traversed Northern Ugogo with the usual experiences attending travellers in Southern Ugogo. The chiefs practised the regular arts; fleeced us of property, and black-mailed us at every opportunity. But occasionally we met tribes more amiably disposed towards strangers, although at times we had to pay heavier tribute in other chiefs’ lands. We crossed broad and bleak plains, where food was scarce, and cloth vanished fast, to enter hilly districts where provisions were abundant, the people civil, and the chiefs kind. We traversed troublesome districts where wars and rumours of wars were rife, the people treacherous and hostile, to enter countries lying at the mercy of the ferocious Wahumba on the north, and the Wahebu to the south. Thus good and evil fortune alternated during our travels through Ugogo—an epitome in brief of our after-experiences. Furious rainy tempests accompanied us constantly, and some days Nature and man alike warred against us, while on others both seemed combined to bless us. Under our generally adverse fates my command seemed to melt away; men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind ill, while many, again, deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect. The Expedition seemed doomed. The white men, though elected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely—nay, I may say heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepining they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured arduous troubles, cheerfully performed their allotted duties, and at all times commended themselves to my good opinion.

“We reached the western frontier of Ugogo on the last day of 1874. After a rest of two days we thence struck direct north, along an almost level plain, which some said extended as far as Nyanza. We found, by questioning the natives, that we were also travelling along the western extremity of Wahumba, which we were glad to hear, as we fondly hoped that our march would be less molested. Two days’ progress north brought us to the con-

finest of Usandawi, a country famous for elephants; but here our route inclined north-west, and we entered Ukimbu, or Uyanzi, at its north-eastern extremity. We had hired guides in Ugogo to take us as far as Iramba, but at Muhulala, in Ukimbu, they deserted. Fresh guides were engaged at Muhulala, who took us one day's march farther north-west, but at night they also disappeared, and in the morning we were left on the edge of a wide wilderness without a single pioneer. On the roads the previous day the guides had informed us that three days' march would bring us to Urimi, and, relying on the truth of the report, I had purchased two days' provisions, so that this second desertion did not much disconcert us, nor raise any suspicion, though it elicited many unpleasant remarks about the treachery of the Wagogo. We therefore continued our journey, but on the morning of the second day, the narrow, ill-defined track which we had followed became lost in a labyrinth of elephant and rhinoceros trails. The best men were despatched in all directions to seek the vanished road, but they were all unsuccessful, and we had no resource left but the compass. The next day brought us into a dense jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which we had literally to push our way by scrambling and crawling along the ground under natural tunnels of embracing shrubbery, cutting the convolvuli and creepers, thrusting aside stout, thorny bushes, and by various detours taking advantage of every slight opening the jungle afforded. This naturally lengthened our journey and protracted our stay in the wilderness. On the evening of the third day the first death in this dismal waste occurred.

"The fourth day we made but fourteen miles, and the march was three-fold more arduous than the preceding tramp. Not a drop of water was discovered, and the weaker people, labouring beneath their loads, and undergoing besides hunger and thirst, lagged behind the vanguard many miles, which caused the rearguard under two of the white men much suffering. As the last files advanced, they shouldered the loads of the weaker men, and endeavoured to encourage them to resume the march. Some of these poor fellows were enabled to reach camp, where their necessities were relieved by medicine and restoratives. But five strayed from the path which the passing Expedition had made, and were never seen alive again. Scouts sent out to explore the woods found one dead about a mile from our road, the others must have hopelessly wandered on until they also fell down and died.

"On the fifth day we arrived at a small village, lately erected, called Uveriveri, the population of which consisted of four negroes, their wives, and little ones. These people had not a grain of food to spare. Most of our Expedition were unable to move for hunger and fatigue. In this dire extremity I ordered a halt, and selected twenty of the strongest to proceed to Suna, twenty-nine miles north-west from Uveriveri, to purchase food. In the interval I explored the woods in search of game, but the quest was fruitless,

though one of my men discovered a lion's den, and brought me two young lions, which I killed and skinned. Returning to camp from the fruitless hunt, I was so struck with the pinched faces of my poor people that I could have almost wept if I might have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds; but I resolved to do something towards relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger. To effect this, a sheet-iron trunk was emptied of its contents, and, being filled with water, was placed on the fire. I then broke open our medical stores, and took five pounds of Scotch oatmeal, and three tins of Revalenta Arabica, with which I made gruel to feed over two hundred and twenty men. It was a rare sight to see these poor famine-stricken people hasten to that Torquay dress-trunk, and assist me to cook the huge pot of gruel; to watch them fan the fire to a fiercer heat, and with their gourds full of water stand by to cool the foaming liquid when it threatened to overflow; and it was a still better sight to witness the pleasure steal over their faces as they ate the welcome food. The sick and weaker received a larger portion near my tent, and another tin of oatmeal was opened for their supper and breakfast. But a long time must elapse before I shall have the courage to express my feelings whilst I waited for the return of my people from Suna with food, and fruitless would be the attempt to describe the anxiety with which I listened for the musketry announcing their success. After forty-eight hours' suspense, we heard the joyful sounds, which woke us all into new life and vigour. The grain was most greedily seized by the hungry people, and so animating was the report of the purveyors that the soldiers, one and all, clamoured to be led away that afternoon. Nowise loath myself to march from this fatal jungle, I assented; but two more poor fellows breathed their last before we left camp.

"We pitched that night at the base of a rocky hill overlooking a broad plain, which, after the intense gloom and confined atmosphere of the jungle, was a great pleasure to us; and next day, striking north along this plain, after a long march of twenty miles under a fervid sun, we reached the district of Suna, in Urimi. At this place, we discovered a people remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions, and utter nakedness. Neither man nor boy wore either cloth or skins; the women bearing children alone boasted of goat-skins. With all their physical comeliness and fine proportions, they were the most suspicious people we had yet seen. It required great tact and patience to induce them to part with food for our cloth and beads. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom I treated for leave to pass through their land. The permission was reluctantly given, and food was grudgingly sold; but we bore with all this silent hostility patiently, and I took great care that no overt act on the part of the Expedition should change their suspicion into hatred. Our people were so worn out with fatigue that six more poor fellows died here, and the

sick list numbered thirty. Here also, Edward Pocock fell seriously ill of typhoid fever. For his sake, as well as for the other sufferers, I halted in Suna four days; but it was evident that the longer we stayed in their country the less we were liked by the natives, and it was incumbent on us to move, though much against my inclination. There were many grave reasons why we should have halted several days longer, for Edward Pocock was daily getting worse, and the sick-list increased alarmingly; dysentery, diarrhœa, chest diseases, sore feet, tasked my medical knowledge to the utmost; but prudence forbade a stay. The rear-guard and captains of the Expedition were therefore compelled to do the work of carriers, and every soldier for the time being was converted into a *pagazi*, or porter. Pocock was put into a hammock, the sick and weakly were encouraged to do their utmost to move on with the Expedition to more promising lands, where the natives were less suspicious, where food was more abundant, and where cattle were numerous. Imbued with this hope, the entire camp resumed its march across the clear, open, and well-cultivated country of Urimi.

"Chiwyu was reached about ten o'clock, after a short walk, and here the young Englishman, Edward Pocock, breathed his last, to the great grief of us all. According to two rated pedometers, we had finished the four hundredth mile of our march from the sea, and had reached the base of the watershed whence the trickling streams and infant waters begin to flow Nileward, when this noble young fellow died. We buried him at night, and a cross, cut deep into a tree, marks his last resting-place at Chiwyu. As we travelled north we became still more assured that we had arrived in the dewy land whence the extreme southern springs, rivulets, and streams, discharge their waters into the Nile. From a high ridge overlooking a vast extent of country, the story of their course was plainly written in the deep depressions and hollows trending northward and north-westward; and as we noticed these signs of the incipient Nile, we cherished the growing hope, that before long, we should gaze with gladdened eyes on the mighty reservoir which collected these waters that purled and rippled at our feet, into its broad bosom, to discharge them in one vast body into the White Nile. From Chiwyu we journeyed two days through Urimi to Mangara, where Kaif Halleck—the carrier of Kirk's letter-bag to Livingstone, whom I compelled to accompany me to Ujiji in 1871—was brutally murdered. He had been suffering from asthma, and I had permitted him to follow the main body slowly, the rear-guard being all employed as carriers because of the heavy sick-list, when he was waylaid by the natives and hacked to pieces. This was the first overt act of hostility on the part of the Warimi. Unable to fix the crime on any particular village, we resumed our journey, and entered Ituru, a district in Northern Urimi, on the 21st of January.

"The village near which we camped was called Vinyata, and was situ-

ated in a broad and populous valley containing, probably, some two or three thousand souls. Here we discovered the river which received all the streams that flowed between Vinyata and Chiwyu. It is called Leewumbu, and its flow from this valley is west. Even in the dry season it is a considerable stream, some twenty feet in width and about two feet in depth, but in the rainy season it becomes a deep and formidable river. The natives received us coldly, but, as we were only two days' journey from Iramba, I redoubled my exertions to conciliate the surly, suspicious people, and that evening my effort seemed crowned with success, for they brought milk, eggs, and chickens, for sale, for which I parted freely with cloth. The fame of my liberality reached the ears of the great man of the valley, the magic doctor, who, in the absence of a recognised king, is treated by the natives with the deference and respect due to royalty. This important personage brought me a fat ox the second day of my arrival at Vinyata, and in exchange received double its value in cloth and beads, while a rich present was bestowed upon his brother and son. The great man begged for the heart of the slaughtered ox, which was also given him, and other requests were likewise honoured by prompt compliance.

“ We had been compelled to take advantage of the fine sun which shone this day to dry the bales and goods, and I noticed, though without misgiving, that the natives eyed them greedily. On the morning of the third day, the magic doctor returned again to camp to beg for some more beads, to ‘make brotherhood with him.’ To this, after some slight show of reluctance to give too much, I assented, and he departed apparently pleased. Half an hour afterwards the war-cry of the Waturu was heard resounding through each of the two hundred villages of the Leewumbu valley. This war-cry was similar to that of the Wagogo, and phonetically it might be spelt ‘Hehu, A Hehu,’ the latter syllables drawn out in a prolonged cry—thrilling and loud. As we had heard the Wagogo sound such war notes upon every slight apparition of strangers, we imagined that the warriors of Ituru were summoned to contend against some marauders like the warlike Waramba or other malcontent neighbours, and nothing disturbed by it, we pursued our various avocations, like peaceful beings, fresh from our new brotherhood with the elders of Ituru. Some of our men were gone out to the neighbouring pool to draw water for their respective messes; others, again, were about starting to purchase food, when suddenly we saw the outskirts of the camp darkened by about a hundred natives in full war costume. Feathers of the bustard, the eagle, and the kite, waved above some of their heads; the mane of the zebra and the giraffe encircled other swarthy brows; in their left hands they held bows and arrows, while in their right they bore spears.

“ This hostile gathering naturally alarmed us, for what had we done to occasion disturbance or war? Remembering the pacific bearing of Living-

stone when he and I were menaced by the cannibal Wabembe, I gave orders that none should leave camp until we could ascertain what this hostile proceeding meant, and that none should by any demonstration provoke the natives. While we waited to see what the Waturu intended to do, their numbers increased tenfold, and every bush and tree hid a warrior. Our camp was situated on the edge of a broad wilderness that extended westward many days' march; but to the north, east, and south, nothing was seen save villages and cultivated ground, which, with the careless mode of agriculture in vogue amongst savages, contained acres of dwarf shrubbery. I doubt, however, whether throughout this valley a better locality for a camp could have been selected than the one we had chosen. Fifty or sixty yards around us was open ground, so that we had the advantage of clear space to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. A slight fence of bush served to screen our numbers from those without the camp, but having had no occasion to suspect hostilities, it was but ill adapted to shield us from attack.

"When the Waturu had become so numerous in our vicinity that we no longer doubted they were summoned to fight us, I despatched a young man who knew their language to ascertain their intention. As he advanced towards them six or seven warriors drew near to talk with him. When he returned he informed us that one of our men had stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and that we must pay for it in cloth. The messenger was sent back to tell them that white men did not come to their country to rob or quarrel; that they had but to name the price of what was stolen to be paid at once, and that not one grain of corn or millet-seed should be appropriated by us wrongfully. Upon this the principal warriors drew nearer, until we could hear their voices plainly, though we did not understand the nature of the conversation. The messenger informed us that the elders demanded four yards of sheeting, which was about six times the value of the stolen articles; but at such a moment it was useless to haggle over so trifling a demand, and the cloth was paid. When it was given to them the elders said they were satisfied and withdrew.

"It soon became evident, however, though the elders were content, the warriors were not, as they could be seen hurrying by scores from all parts of the valley, and gesticulating violently in crowds. Still we waited patiently, hoping that if the old men and principal warriors were really well disposed towards us their voices would prevail, and that they would be able to assuage the wild passions which now seemed to animate the others. As we watched them we noted that about two hundred detached themselves from the gesticulating crowds east of the camp, and disappeared, hurrying to the thick bush west of us. Soon afterwards one of my men returned from that direction bleeding profusely from the face and arm, and reported that he and a youth named Sulieman were out collecting firewood when they were attacked by a

large crowd of savages, who were hidden in the bush. A knobstick had crushed the man's nose, and a spear had severely wounded him in the arm, but he had managed to escape, while Sulieman was killed, a dozen spears having been plunged into his back.

"This report, and the appearance of their bleeding comrade, so excited the soldiers of the Expedition, that they were only with the utmost difficulty restrained from beginning a battle at once. Even yet, I hoped that war might be prevented by a little diplomacy, while I did not forget to open the ammunition-boxes and prepare for the worst. But much was meanwhile to be done. The enclosure of the camp required to be built up, and something of a fortification was necessary to repel the attack of such a large force. While we were thus preparing without ostentation to defend ourselves from what I conceived an imminent onslaught, the Waturu, now our declared enemies, advanced upon the camp, and a shower of arrows fell all round us. Sixty soldiers, held in readiness, were at once ordered to deploy in front of the camp, fifty yards off; the Wanguana, or freemen of Zanzibar, obedient to the command, rushed out of the camp, and the battle commenced. Immediately after, these sixty men, with axes, were ordered to cut bushes and raise a high fence of thorn around the camp, while twenty more were employed to throw up lofty platforms like towers within, for sharp-shooters. We busied ourselves in bringing the sections of the 'Lady Alice' inside to make a central refuge for a last resistance, and in otherwise strengthening the defences. Every one worked with a will, and while the firing of the skirmishers, growing more distant, announced that the enemy was withdrawing, we were left to complete our task unmolested. When the camp was prepared I ordered the bugler to sound the retreat, in order that the savages might have an opportunity to consider whether it was politic for them to renew the fight.

"The skirmishers now returned, and announced that fifteen of the enemy were killed, while a great many more were wounded and borne off by their friends. All my men had distinguished themselves—even 'Bull,' my British bull-dog, had seized one of the Waturu by the leg, and had given him a taste of the power of the sharp canines of his breed before the poor savage was mercifully despatched by a Snider bullet. We rested that day from further trouble, and the next morning we waited events until nine o'clock, when the enemy appeared in greater force than ever, having summoned their neighbours all round to assist them, as I now felt assured, in our ruin. Though we were reluctant to make war upon people whom I the previous day thought might still be converted into friends, we were not slow to continue fighting if the natives were determined on hostilities. Accordingly I selected four experienced men to lead four several detachments, and gave orders that they should march in different directions through the valley, and meet at some

high rocks distant five miles off; that they should seize upon all cattle, and burn every village as soon as taken. Obedient to the command they sallied forth from the camp, and thus began the second day's fight.

"They were soon vigorously engaged with the enemy, who fled fast and clamorous before them to an open plain on the banks of the Leewumbu. The detachment under Farjalla Christie became too excited, and because the enemy ran imagined that they had only to show themselves to cause every native to fly; but once on the plain—having drawn them away into isolation some miles from any succour—the negroes turned upon them and slaughtered the detachment to a man, except the messenger, who had been detailed to accompany the party in order to report success or failure. I had taken the precaution to send one swift-footed man along with each detachment for this purpose. The messenger came from Farjalla to procure assistance, which was at once despatched, though, indeed, too late to aid the unfortunate men, but not too late to save a second detachment from a like fate, for the victorious enemy, after slaughtering the first division, had turned upon the second with the evident intention to cut up in detail the entire force opposed to them. When the support arrived they found the second detachment all but lost. Two soldiers had been killed: the captain, Ferahan, had a deep spear-wound in his side; the others were hemmed in. A volley was poured into the rear of the astonished enemy, and the party was saved. With their combined forces our people discharged a second volley, and then continued their march almost unopposed to the northern and eastern extremity of the valley. Meanwhile smoke was seen issuing from the south and south-east, informing us that the third and fourth detachments were pursuing their way victoriously; and soon a score or more villages were enwrapped in dense volumes of smoke. Even at a distance of eight miles we beheld burning villages, and shortly the blazing settlements to the north and east announced our triumph on all sides. Towards evening the soldiers returned, bringing cattle and an abundance of grain to the camp; but when the muster-roll was called, I found I had lost twenty one men who had been killed, while thirty five deaths of the enemy were reported.

"The third day we renewed the battle with sixty good men, who received instructions to proceed to the extreme length of the valley, and destroy what had been left on the previous day. These came to a strong and large village on the north-east, which, after a short resistance, they entered, loading themselves there with grain, and afterwards setting the village on fire. Long before noon it was clearly seen that the savages had had enough of war, and were quite demoralised, so that our people returned through the now silent and blackened valley without molestation. Just before daybreak, on the fourth day, we quitted our camp and continued our journey north-west, with provisions sufficient to last us six days, leaving the people of Ituru to ponder

on the harsh fate they had drawn on themselves by their greed, treachery, and wanton murderous attack on peaceful strangers.

“We were still a formidable force, strong in numbers, guns, and property, though, for an Expedition destined to explore so many thousand miles of new countries, we had suffered severely. I had started from the coast with over three hundred men; but when I reviewed the Expedition at Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, which we reached three days after departing from the scene of our conflict, I found that I had but one hundred and ninety-four men left. In less than three months, I had already lost by dysentery, famine, heart disease, desertion, and war, over one hundred and twenty men, natives of Africa, and one European. I have not now the time—for my work is but beginning—to relate a tithe of our adventures, or how we suffered. You can better imagine our perils, our novel and strange fortunes, if you reflect on the loss of one hundred and twenty men out of a force so limited. Such a reduction even in a strong regiment would be deemed almost a catastrophe. What name will you give it when you cannot recruit your numbers, when every man that dies is a loss that cannot be repaired; when your work, which is to last years, is but commencing—when each morning you say to yourself, ‘This day may be your last?’

“On entering Iramba we came upon a land where, to all strangers that appeared, the natives called out ‘Mirambo and his robbers are coming.’ But a vast amount of patience and suave language saved us from the doom that everywhere threatens this now famous chieftain. Despite, however, the countless medicines and magic arts that have been made and practised against him, Mirambo yet lives. He seems to make war on all mankind in this portion of the African interior, and appears to be possessed of ubiquitous powers. We heard of him advancing upon the natives in Northern Ugogo; Ukimbu was terror-stricken at his name; the people of Unyanyembe were still fighting him, and here, in Iramba, he had been met and fought, and was again daily expected. As we journeyed on through Iramba and entered Usukuma his fame increased, for we were now drawing near some of the scenes of his wildest exploits. When we approached the Victoria Nyanza he was actually fighting but a day’s march from us with the people of Usanda and Masari, and a score of times we came near being plunged into conflicts, because the natives mistook our Expedition for Mirambo’s force. Our colour, however, saved us, before we became actually engaged in the struggle.

“Various were our fortunes in our travels between Mgongo Tembo, in Iramba, and the Nyanza. We traversed the whole length of Usukuma, through the districts of Mombiti, Usiha, Mondo, Sengerema, and Marya, and, passing through Usmaow, re-entered Usukuma by Uchambi, and arrived at the lake after a march of seven hundred and twenty miles. As far as Western Ugogo I may pass over the country without any attempt at description, since the

public may obtain a detailed account of it in my work, "How I Found Livingstone." Thence north is a new country to all, and a brief description may be interesting to students of African geography.

"North of Muanza a level plain extends as far as the frontier of Usandawi, a distance of thirty-five English miles. At Mukondoku the altitude, as indicated by two first-rate aneroids, was 2,800 feet. At Mtiwi, twenty miles north, the altitude was 2,825 feet. Diverging west and north-west, we ascended the slope of what was apparently a lengthy mountain wall, but upon arriving at the summit we ascertained this to be a wide plateau, covered with forest. The plateau has an altitude of 3,800 feet at its eastern extremity; but as it extends westward it rises to a height of 4,500 feet. It embraces all Uyanzi, Unyanyembe, Usukuma, Urimi, and Iraniba—in short, all that part of Central Africa lying between the valley of the Rufiji south and the Victoria Nyanza north; and the mean altitude of this broad upland cannot exceed 3,500 feet. From Muanza to the Nyanza is a distance of nearly 300 geographical miles, yet at no part of this long journey did the aneroids indicate a higher altitude than 5,100 feet above the sea.

"As far as Urimi from the eastern edge of the plateau the land is covered with a thick jungle of acacias, which by its density strangles other species of vegetation. Here and there only in the cleft of a rock a giant euphorbia may be seen, sole lord of its sterile domain. The soil is shallow, and consists of vegetable mould mixed largely with sand and detritus of the bare rocks which crown each knoll and ridge, and which testify too plainly to the violence of the periodical rains. In the basin of Matongo, in Southern Urimi, we were informed by the ruins of hills and ridges, relics of a loftier upland, of what has been effected by Nature in the course of long ages. No *savant* need ever expound to the traveller who views those rocky ruins the geological history of this country. From a distance we viewed the glistening, naked, and riven rocks, as a most singular scene; but when we stood among them, and noted the appearance of the fragments of granite, gneiss, and porphyry, peeled, as it were rind after rind, like an onion, or leaf after leaf, like an artichoke, until the rock was wasted away, it seemed as if Dame Nature had left these stony anatomies, these hilly skeletons, to demonstrate her laws and career. It appeared to me as if she said, 'Behold my broad basin of Matongo, with its teeming villages, and herds of cattle, and fields of corn, surrounded by these bare rocks—in primeval time this upland was covered with water, it was the bed of a vast sea. The waters were dried, leaving a wide expanse of level land, upon which I caused heavy rains to fall five months out of each year during all the ages that have elapsed since first the hot sunshine fell upon the soil. These rains washed away the loose sand, and made deep furrows in course of time, until at certain places the rocky kernel under the soil began to appear. The fur-

rows became enlarged, the water fritted away their banks, and conveyed the earth to lower levels, through which it wore away a channel first through the soil, and lastly through the rock itself, which you may see if you but descend to the bottom of that basin. You will there behold, worn through the solid rock, a fissure some fifty feet in depth; and, as you look on that, you will have an idea of the power and force of tropical rains. It is through that channel that the soil, robbed from these rocks, has been carried away towards the Nyanza to fill its depths, and in time make dry land of it.' You may ask how came these once solid rocks, which are now but skeletons of hills and stony heaps, to be thus split into so many fragments. Have you never seen the effect of water thrown upon lime? These solid rocks have been broken and peeled in an almost similar manner. The tropical sun heated the surface of these rocks to an intense degree, and the cold rain then falling caused the rocks to split and peel as we now see them.

"Such is really the geological history of this country. Ridge after ridge, basin after basin, from Western Ugogo to the Nyanza, tell the same tale; but it is not until we enter Central Urimi that we begin to marvel at the violence of the process by which Nature has thus transformed the face of the land. For here the perennial springs and rivulets first unite and form rivers, after collecting and absorbing the moisture from the watershed, and these rivers, though but gentle streams during the dry season, become formidable during the rains. It is in Central Urimi that the Nile levies its earliest tribute upon Equatorial Africa; and if you look upon the map and draw a line east from the altitude of Ujiji to longitude 35° east, you will strike upon the sources of the Leewumbu, the extreme southern feeder of the Victoria Nyanza. In Iramba, between Mgongo Tembo and Mombiti, we came upon what must have been in former times an arm of the Victoria Nyanza. It is called the Lumamberri Plain, after a river of that name, and is about forty miles in width. Its altitude is about 3,775 feet above the sea, and but a few feet above the Victoria Nyanza. We were fortunate in crossing the broad shallow stream in the dry season, for during the *masika*, or rainy season, the plain is converted into a wide lake.

"The Leewumbu River, after a course of one hundred and seventy miles, becomes known in Usukuma as the Monangah River. After another run of one hundred miles, it is converted into the Shimeeyu, under which name it enters the Victoria east of this port of Kagehyi. Roughly, the Shimeeyu may be said to have a length of three hundred and fifty miles. After penetrating the forest and jungle west of the Lumamberri, we enter Usukuma—a country thickly-peopled, and rich in cattle. It is a series of rolling plains, with here and there, far apart, a chain of jagged hills. The descent to the lake is so gradual that I expect to find upon sounding it, as I intend to do, that though it covers a vast area, it is very shallow.

“Now, after our long journey, the Expedition is halted a hundred yards from the lake; and as I look upon its dancing waters, I long to launch the ‘Lady Alice,’ and venture out to explore its mysteries. Though on its shore, I am still as ignorant of its configuration and extent as any man in England or America. I have questioned natives of Uchambi closely upon the subject at issue, but no one can satisfy me—though they speak positively—whether the lake is one piece of water or more. I hear a multitude of strange names, but whether they are of countries or lakes it is impossible to divine, for the people’s knowledge of geography is very superficial. My impression, however, is that Speke, in his bold sketch and imagined outline, is nearer the truth than Livingstone, who reported upon hearsay at a great distance from its shores. As soon as I can finish my letters the sections of the ‘Lady Alice’ shall be screwed together; the first English boat that ever sailed on the African lakes shall venture upon her mission; and I shall not rest until I have thoroughly explored every nook and cranny of the shores of the Victoria. It is with great pride and pleasure I think of our success in conveying such a large craft safely through the hundreds of miles of jungle which we have traversed; and just now I feel as though the entire wealth of the universe could not bribe me to turn back from my work. Indeed, it is with the utmost impatience that I contemplate the task of writing my letters before starting upon the more agreeable work of exploring; but I remember the precept, ‘Duty before pleasure.’

“I hear strange tales about the countries on the shores of this lake, which make me still more eager to start. One man talks about a territory peopled with dwarfs, and another with giants; while a third is said to possess such a breed of large dogs that even my mastiffs are quite small compared to them. All these may be idle romances, and I lay no stress on anything reported to me, as I hope to be enabled to see with my own eyes all the wonders of those unknown countries.

“It is unfortunate that I have not Speke’s book with me; but a map of Central Africa which I carried here contains the statement in brackets that the Victoria Nyanza has an altitude of only 3,308 feet above the ocean. If this statement is on Speke’s authority, either he is wrong, or I am, for my two aneroids, almost fresh from England, make it much higher. One ranges from 3,550 to 3,650; the other from 3,575 to 3,675. I have not boiled my thermometers yet, but intend doing so before starting on the work of exploring the lake. I have no reason to suspect that the aneroids are at fault, as they are both first-class instruments, and have been carefully carried with the chronometers. With regard to Speke’s position of Muanza, I incline to think that he is right; but, as I have not visited Muanza, I cannot tell. The natives point it out westward of Kagehyi, and but a short distance off. The position of the port of Kagehyi is south latitude $2^{\circ} 31'$, east longitude $33^{\circ} 13'$.

"I mustered the men of the Expedition yesterday, and ascertained it to consist of three white men and one hundred and sixty-six Wanguana soldiers and carriers, twenty-eight having died since leaving Ituru, thirty days ago. Over one-half of our force has thus been lost by desertion and deaths. This is a terrible fact, but I hope that their long rest here will revive the weak and strengthen the strong. The dreadful scourge of the Expedition has been dysentery, and I can boast of but few patients cured of it by medicine, though it was freely given, as we were possessed of abundance of medical stores. A great drawback to their cure has been the necessity of moving on, whereas a few days' rest, in a country blessed with good water and food, would have restored many of them to health; but good water and good food combined could not be procured anywhere but here. The Arabs would have taken nine months or a year to march this long distance, while we have performed it in only one hundred and three days, including halts. As I vaccinated every member of the Expedition on the coast, I am happy to say that not one has fallen a victim to small-pox.

"I leave this letter in the hands of Sungoro, a Msawabili trader, who resides here, in the hope that he will be enabled shortly to forward it to Unyanyembe, as he frequently sends caravans with ivory; but a copy of it I shall take with me to Uganda, and deliver to Mtesa, the king, to be conveyed, if possible, to Colonel Gordon. Since leaving Mpwapwa I have not met one caravan bound for Zanzibar; and after leaving Ugogo it was impossible to meet one, or to despatch couriers through such dangerous countries as we have traversed. The letters containing the account of our exploration of the Victoria Nyanza and our subsequent march to the Albert Nyanza I hope to be able to deliver personally into the hands of Colonel Gordon, and in this expectation I remain, yours obediently,

HENRY M. STANLEY."

"March 5.—The boiling point observed by one of Negretti and Zambra's apparatus this day was $205^{\circ} 6'$; temperature of air, 82° Fahrenheit. The boiling point observed by another instrument by a different maker was $205^{\circ} 5'$; temperature of air, 81° Fahrenheit. The barometer at the same time indicated 26.90 inches. The mean of the barometrical observations at Zanzibar was 30.048. The mean of the barometrical observations during seven days' residence here has been 26.138."

Stanley's next letters are written from the capital of King Mtesa, in Uganda. They were entrusted to the care of Colonel Linantz de Bellefonds, whom he met at Mtesa's capital on a mission from Colonel Gordon, the object being to make a treaty of commerce between Mtesa and the Egyptian Government. Subsequently, on his return, De Bellefonds' company were attacked by the Bari tribe, and out of forty-one all but four were massacred. Whether one of the survivors kept possession of the documents, or whether

they were flung aside in the forest by the Bari and afterwards found by the detachment sent on by Gordon, is not known; but their tattered, soiled, blood-stained condition when they reached England, indicated that they had been thrown away by the ignorant and superstitious savages, and had lain for some time in the African jungle. The particulars given regarding the King of Uganda and his people cannot fail to inspire all friends of Africa with the liveliest interest. Our traveller thus writes:—

“Ulagalla, Mtesa’s Capital, Uganda, E. long. $32^{\circ} 49' 45''$,
N. Lat. $0^{\circ} 32'$, April 12, 1875.

“I write this letter in haste, as it is the record of a work begun, and not ended—I mean the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza. But brief as it necessarily must be, I am sure it will interest thousands of your readers, for it solves the great question, ‘Is the Victoria Nyanza one lake, or does it consist of a group of lakes, such as Livingstone reported it?’

“In answer to the query, I will begin by stating that I have explored, by means of the ‘Lady Alice,’ nearly the whole of the southern, eastern, and north-eastern shores of the Victoria Nyanza; have penetrated into every bay, inlet, and creek, that indent its shores, and have taken thirty-seven observations, so that I feel competent to decide upon the question at issue, without bias or prejudice to any hypothesis. I have a mass of notes relating to the countries visited, and ample means of making a proper chart at my camp at Usukuma, but I have with me at present neither paper, parallel rules, or any instrument whatever to lay down the positions I have taken. I only brought hither an artificial horizon, sextant chronometer, two aneroids, boiling-point apparatus, sounding line, a few guns, ammunition, and some provisions, as I wished to keep the boat as light as possible, that she might work easily in the storms of the Nyanza. But when I reach camp I propose to draw a correct chart of the Nyanza, and to write such notes upon the several countries I have visited as will repay perusal and study.

“I have already informed you that our camp at Kagehyi, in Usukuma, is situated E. long. $33^{\circ} 13'$, and S. lat. $2^{\circ} 31'$. Before starting on the explorations of the lake, I ascertained that Muanza was situated a few miles west, almost on the same parallel of latitude as Kagehyi. Now, Muanza is the point whence Speke observed the Victoria Nyanza, and where he drew his imaginary sketch of the lake from information given to him by the natives. If you will look at Speke’s map you will find that it contains two islands—Ukerewe and Maziti. Looking at the same objects from Kagehyi I should have concluded that they were islands myself; but a faithful exploration of the lake has proved that the latter is not insulated, but a lengthy promontory of land extending from E. long. $34^{\circ} 45\frac{3}{4}'$ to E. long. $32^{\circ} 40' 15''$. That part of the lake which Speke observed from Muanza, is really an

enormous gulf about twenty-five miles wide by sixty-five miles long. To the noble Nyanza, discovered by him, Speke loyally gave the name of Victoria, as a tribute to his Sovereign, which let no man take away; but in order to connect for ever Speke's name with the lake which he then found I have thought it but simple justice to the gallant explorer to call the immense inlet Speke Gulf.

"If you look again on Speke's map you will observe how boldly he has sketched the Nyanza stretching eastward and north-eastward. Considering that he drew it from mere native report, which never yet was exact or clear, I must say that I do not think that any other man could have arrived so near the truth. I must confess that I could not have done it myself, for I could make little of the vague and mythical reports of the natives of Kagehyi.

"Proceeding eastward towards the unknown and fabulous distance in the 'Lady Alice,' with a picked crew of eleven men and a guide, I coasted along the southern shore of the lake round many a noble bay, until we came to the mouth of the Shimeeyu, in E. long. $33^{\circ} 33'$, S. lat. $2^{\circ} 35'$ —by far the noblest river discharging into the lake which we have yet seen. Shimeeyu has a length of three hundred and seventy miles, and is the extreme southern source of the Nile. Before emptying into the lake it unites with the Luamberri River, along with which it issues in a majestic flood to the Victoria Nyanza. At its mouth it is a mile wide, but contracts as we proceed up the channel to four hundred yards. Even by itself it would make no insignificant White Nile. By accident our route through Ituru took us from its birthplace, a month's march from the lake, and along many a mile of its crooked course, until, by means of the 'Lady Alice,' we were enabled to see it enter the Nyanza, a river of considerable magnitude. Between the mouth of the Shimeeyu and Kagehyi were two districts—Sima and Magu—of the same nature as Usukuma, and inhabited by peoples speaking the same dialect. On the eastern side of the river is Mazanza, and beyond Manasa.

"Coasting still along the southern shore of the lake, beyond Manasa, we come to Ututwa, inhabited by a people speaking a different language, namely, that of the Wajika—as the Wamanasa are called here—a people slender and tall, carrying formidable long knives, and terrible portentous spears. In E. long. $33^{\circ} 45' 45''$ we sailed to the extreme end of Speke Gulf, and then turned northward as far as S. lat. $2^{\circ} 5'$, whence we proceeded westward almost in a straight line along Shashi and Iranbu, in Ukerewe. In E. long. $33^{\circ} 26'$ we came to a strait—the Rugeji Strait—which separates one half of Ukerewe from the other half, and by which there is a direct means of communication from Speke Gulf with the countries lying north of Ukerewe. We did not pass through, but proceeded still westward, hugging the bold shores of that part of Ukerewe, which is an island, as far as E. long. $32^{\circ} 40' 15''$, whence, following the land, we turned north-west, thence north, until in

S. lat. $1^{\circ} 53'$ we turned east again, coasting along the northern shores of Ukerewe Island until we came to the tabular-topped bluff of Majita (Speke mis-called this Mazita, or Maziti, and termed it an island) in E. long $33^{\circ} 9' 45''$, and S. lat $1^{\circ} 50'$, whence the land starts by trending northward of east. North of Shizu, in Ukerewe, lies the large island of Ukara, which gives its name with some natives to that part of the lake lying between it and Ukerewe. It is about eighteen miles long by twelve wide, and is inhabited by a people strong in charms and magic medicine.

“From Majita we pass on again to the north shore of Shashi, whose south coast is bounded by Speke Gulf, and beyond Shashi we come to the first district in Ururi. Ururi extends from Shashi in S. lat. $1^{\circ} 50'$ to $0^{\circ} 40' 0''$ S., and embraces the districts of Wye, Irieni, Urieri, Igengi, Kutiri, Shirati, and Moluru. Its coast is indented most remarkably with bays and creeks, which extend far inland. East of the immediate coast-line the country is a level plain, which is drained by an important river called Shirati. All other streams that issue into the lake along the coast of Ururi are insignificant.

“North of Shirati, the most northern district of Ururi, begins the country of Ugeyeya, whose bold and mountainous shores form a strong contrast to the flats of Shirati and Moluru. Here are mountains rising abruptly from the lake to a height of 3,000 feet and more. This coast is also very crooked and irregular, requiring patient and laborious rowing to investigate its many bends and curves. The people are a timid and suspicious race, much vexed by their neighbours, the Waruri, south, and Wamasui, east; and are loth to talk to strangers, as the Arab slave-dealers of Pangani have not taught them to love people carrying guns. The Wageyeya, having been troubled by the Waruri, have left many miles of wilderness uninhabited between their country and that of their fierce neighbours. But Sungoro, the agent of Mse Saba—who has prompted the Waruri to many a devilish act, and purchased their human spoils—is constructing in Ukerewe a dhow of twenty or thirty tons burden, with which he intends to prosecute more actively his nefarious trade. Nothing would have pleased me better than to have been commissioned by some government to hang all such wretches wherever found; and if ever a pirate deserves death for inhuman crimes, Sungoro, the slave-trader, deserves death. Kagehyi, in Usukuma, has become the seat of that inhuman slave-trade. To that part they are collected from Sima, Magu, Ukerewe, Ururi, and Ugeyeya; and when Sungoro has floated his dhow and hoisted his blood-stained ensign, the great sin will increase tenfold, and the caravan road to Unyanyembe will become hell’s highway.

“On the coast of Ugeyeya I expected to discover a channel to another lake, as there might be a grain of truth in what the Wanguana reported to Livingstone; but I found nothing of the sort except unusually deep bends in the shore, which led nowhere. The streams were insignificant and unde-

serving the name of rivers. A few miles from the equator I came upon two islands formed of basaltic rock, and overgrown with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. One had a natural bridge of rock thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide—the other showed a small cave.

“In E. longitude $34^{\circ} 49'$, at Nakidimo of Ugeyeya, we came to the furthest point east of the Victoria Nyanza. North of Ugeyeya begins Baringo, a limited country, extending over about fifteen miles of latitude. Its coast is also remarkable for deep indentations and noble bays, some of which are almost entirely closed by land, and might well be called lakes by uncultivated or vague Wanguana. Large islands also are numerous, some of which lie so close to the shore-line that if we had not hugged its edge closely we should have mistaken them for portions of the mainland. North of Baringo the land is again distinguished by lofty hills, cones, and plateaus, which sink eastward into plains, and here a new country commences—Unyara—the language of whose people is totally distinct from that of Usukuma, and approaches to that of Uganda and Usoga. Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victoria Nyanza, and by observation the extreme north-eastern point of the Nyanza ends in E. long. $34^{\circ} 35'$ and N. lat. $33^{\circ} 43''$. As I intend to send you a chart of the Nyanza, it is needless here to enter into minor details, but I may as well mention that a large portion of the north-eastern end of the lake is almost entirely closed in by the shores of Ugana and of two islands, Chaga and Usuguru, the latter of which is one of the largest in the Nyanza. While Unyara occupies the north-eastern coast of the Victorian Sea, Ugana commences the northern coast of the lake from the east, and running south-west a few miles forms here a large bay. It then trends westward, and the island of Chaga runs directly north and south for eight miles at a distance of twelve miles from the opposite coast of Unyara. With but a narrow channel between, Usuguru Island runs from the southern extremity of Chaga, in a south-south-easterly direction, to within six miles from the eastern shore of the mainland. Thus hereabouts almost a lake is formed separate from the Nyanza.

“North of Chaga Island, Usoga begins with the large district of Usowa, where we met with the first hostile demonstration—though not actual deed, as the act was checked by show of superior weapons—on the part of the natives. Thence, as we proceed westward, the districts of Ugamba, Uvira, Usamu, and Utamba, line the coast of Usoga. Where Utamba begins, large islands again become frequent, the principal of which is Uvuma, an independent country, and the largest in the Victoria Nyanza. At Uvuma, we experienced treachery and hostility on the part of the natives. By show of friendship on their part, we were induced to pass within a few yards of the shore, where a mass of natives were hid in ambush behind the trees. While sailing quietly by, exchanging friendly greetings with them, we were sud-

denly attacked with a shower of large rocks, several of which struck the boat; but the helm being quickly put 'hard up,' we steered from shore to a safer distance, but not before the foremost of the rascals had to be laid dead by a shot from one of my revolvers.

"After proceeding some miles we entered a channel between the islands of Uvuma and Bugeyeya, but close to the shore of Uvuma. Here we discovered a fleet of large canoes—thirteen in number—carrying over a hundred warriors, armed with shields, spears, and slings. The foremost canoe contained baskets of sweet potatoes, which the people held up, as if they were desirous to trade. I ordered my party to cease rowing, and as there was but a slight breeze, we still held on with the sail, and permitted the canoe to approach. While we were bargaining for potatoes with this party, the canoes came up and blocked the boat, while the people began to lay surreptitious hands on everything; but we found their purpose out, and I warned the robbers away with my gun. They jeered at this, and immediately seized their spears and shields, while one canoe hastened away with some beads its crew had stolen, and which a man insolently held up to my view, mockingly inviting us to catch him. At the dangerous example of this I fired, and the man fell dead in his place. The others prepared to launch their spears, but the repeating rifle was too much for the crowd of so-called warriors, who had hastened like pirates to pillage us. Three were shot dead, and as they retreated my elephant rifle smashed their canoes, the results of which we saw in the confusion attending each discharge. After a few rounds from the big gun we continued on our way, still hugging the shore of Uvuma, for it was unnecessary to fly after such an exhibition of inglorious conduct on the part of thirteen canoes, containing in the aggregate over one hundred men.

"In the evening we anchored in the channel between Uvuma and Usoga, in E. long. 33° 40' 15" and N. lat. 0° 30' 9". Next morning the current perceptibly growing stronger as we advanced north, we entered the Napoleon Channel, which separates Usoga from Uganda, and then sailed across to the Uganda shore. Having arrived close to the land, we took in all sail and rowed towards the Ripon Falls, the noise of whose rushing waters sounded loud and clear in our ears. The lake shoaled rapidly, and we halted to survey the scene at a spot half a mile from the first mass of foam caused by the escaping waters. Speke has been most accurate in his description of the out-flowing river, and his pencil has done fair justice to it. The scenery around, on the Usoga and the Uganda side, has nothing indeed of the sublime about it, but it is picturesque and well worth a visit. A few small islets dot the channel and lie close ashore; while at the entrance of the main channel, looking south, the large islands of Uziri and Wanzi stretch obliquely, or south-west towards Uvuma. But the eye of the observer is more fascinated by the ranks of swelling foam and leaping waters than by the uneven contour of the

land; and the ear is attracted by the rough music of the river's fierce play, despite the terrors which the imagination paints, so that it absorbs all our attention to watch the smooth, flowing surface of the lake, suddenly broken into fury by the rocks of gneiss and hematite which protrude, white and ruddy, above the water, and which threaten instant doom to the unlucky navigator who should be drifted among them. There is a charm, too, in the scene which can belong to few such, for this outflowing river that the Great Victoria Nyanza discharges from its bosom, becomes known to the world as the White Nile. Though born amid the mountains of Ituru, Korgue, and Ugeyeya, it emerges from the womb of the Nyanza, the perfect and veritable Nile which annually resuscitates parched Egypt.

"From the Ripon Falls we proceeded along the coast of Ikira south-west, until, gaining the shore opposite Uziri, we coasted westerly along the irregular shore of Uganda. Arriving at the isle of Kriva, we secured guides, who voluntarily offered to conduct us as far as Mtesa's capital. Halting a short time at the island of Kibibi, we proceeded to Ukafu, where a snug horse-shoe-shaped bay was discovered. From Ukafu we despatched messengers to Mtesa to announce the arrival of a white visitor in Uganda, after being most hospitably received with fair words, but with empty hands, along the coast of Uganda. I was anxious to discover the entrance of the 'Luajerri,' and questioned the natives long and frequently about it, until, securing an interpreter who understood the Kisawahili, we ascertained that there was no such river at all as the Luajerri, that 'Luaserri,' however, meant *still water*, applicable to any of the many lengthy creeks, or narrow inlets which indent the coasts of Uganda and Usugo. From this I conclude that Speke was misinformed, and that his 'Luajerri' is Luaserri, or a still water. At least we discovered no such river, either sluggish or quick, flowing northwards; while in the neighbourhood of 'Murchison Creek' I did, indeed, find a long and crooked inlet, called Mwaru-Luaserri, or the Quiet-water—which penetrated several miles inland, and the termination of which we saw. I noticed a positive tide here, I should mention, during the morning. For two hours the water of this creek flowed north, and subsequently, for two hours, it flowed south; while, on asking the people if this were a usual sight, they said it was, and was visible in all the inlets on the coast of Uganda.

"Arriving at Beyal we were welcomed by a fleet of canoes sent by Mtesa to conduct us to 'Murchison Creek,' and on the 4th of April I landed amid a concourse of two thousand people, who saluted me with a deafening volley of musketry and waving of flags. Katakiro, the chief Mukungu, or officer, in Uganda, then conducted me to comfortable quarters, to which shortly afterwards were brought sixteen goats, ten oxen, an immense quantity of bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes, besides eggs, chickens, milk, rice, ghee, and butter. After such a royal and bountiful gift I felt more curiosity than

ever to see the generous monarch; and in the afternoon, Mtesa, having prepared beforehand for my reception, sent to say that he was ready to welcome me. Issuing out of my quarters I found myself in a broad street eighty feet wide and half a mile long, which was lined by his personal guards and attendants, his captains and their respective retinues, to the number of about three thousand. At the extreme end of this street, and fronting it, was the king's audience house, in whose shadow I saw dimly the figure of the king sitting in a chair. As I advanced towards him the soldiers continued to fire their guns. The drums, sixteen in number, beat out a fearful tempest of sound, and the flags waved, until I became conscious that all this display was far beyond my merits, and consequently felt greatly embarrassed by so flattering a reception. Arrived before the audience house, the king rose—a tall and slender figure, dressed in Arab costume—approached me a few paces, held out his hand mutely, while the drums continued their terrible noise, and we stood silently gazing at each other during a few minutes, I indeed more embarrassed than ever. But soon relieved from the oppressive noise of the huge drums and the hospitable violence of the many screaming discordant fifes, I was invited to sit, Mtesa first showing the example, followed by his great captains, about one hundred in number.

“More at ease, I now surveyed the figure and features of this powerful monarch. Mtesa is about thirty-four years old, and tall and slender in build, as I have already stated, but with broad shoulders. His face is very agreeable and pleasant, and indicates intelligence and mildness. His eyes are large, his nose and mouth are a great improvement upon those of the common type of negro, and approach to the same features in the Muscat Arab, when slightly tainted with negro blood. His teeth are splendid, and gleaming white. As soon as Mtesa began to speak, I became captivated by his manner, for there was much of the polish of a true gentleman about it—it was at once amiable, graceful, and friendly. It tended to assure me that in this potentate I had found a friend, a generous king, and an intelligent ruler. He is not personally inferior to Seyd Burghash, the Arab Sultan of Zanzibar, and indeed appears to me quite like a coloured gentleman who has visited European Courts, and caught a certain ease and refinement of manner, with a large amount of information. If you will recollect, however, that Mtesa is a native of Central Africa, and that he had seen but three white men until I came, you will, perhaps, be as much astonished at all this as I was. And if you will but think of the enormous extent of country he rules, extending from E. long. 31° to E. long. 31°, and from N. lat. 1° to S. lat. 3° 30', you will further perceive the immense influence he could wield towards the civilisation of Africa. Indeed, I could not regard this king, or look at him in any other light than as the possible Ethelbert by whose means the light of the Gospel may be brought to benighted Middle Africa. Un-

doubtedly the Mtesa of to-day is vastly superior to the vain youth whom Speke and Grant saw. There is now no daily butchery of men or women; seldom one suffers the extreme punishment. Speke and Grant left him a raw, vain youth, and a heathen. He is now a gentleman, and, professing Islamism, submits to other laws than his own erratic will, which we are told led to such severe and fatal consequences. All his captains and chief officers observe the same creed, dress in Arab costume, and in other ways affect Arab customs. He has a guard of two hundred men—renegadoes from Baker's Expedition, Zanzibar defalcators, a few Omani, and the elect of Uganda. Behind his throne, an arm-chair of native manufacture, the royal shield-bearers, lance-bearers, and gun-bearers, stand erect and staid. On either side of him are his grand chiefs and courtiers, sons of governors of his provinces, chiefs of districts, etc. Outside the audience house, the lengthy lines of warriors begin with the chief drummer and the noisy goma-beaters; next come the screaming fifers, the flag and banner bearers, the fusiliers, and so on seemingly *ad infinitum*, with spearmen and attendants.

"Mtesa asked a number of questions about various things, thereby showing a vast amount of curiosity, and great intelligence. The king had arrived at this camp—Usavara—fourteen days before my arrival, with all that immense army of followers, for the purpose of shooting birds. He now proposed to return, after two or three days' rest, to his capital at Ulagalla, or Uragara. Each day of my stay at Usavara was a scene of gaiety and rejoicing. On the first day after my arrival, we held a grand naval review; eighty-four canoes being under way, each manned by from thirty to forty men, containing, in the aggregate, a force of about two thousand five hundred men. We had excellent races, and witnessed various manœuvres by water. Each admiral vied with the others in extolling aloud the glory of their monarch, or in exciting admiration from the hundreds of spectators on shore. The king's three hundred wives were present *en grande tenue*, and were not the least important of those on shore. The second day the king led his fleet in person, to show me his prowess in shooting birds. We rowed, or were rather paddled, up 'Murchison Creek,' visiting *en route* a dhow he is building for the navigation of the lake, as well as his place of residence during Ramadan, and his former capital, 'Banda,' where Speke and Grant found him.

"*En passant*, I may remark that Speke could not possibly have seen the whole of the immense bay he has denominated 'Creek.' It is true that from a short distance west of Dwaga, the king's Ramadan Palace, up to Mngono, the extremity of the water, a distance of about eight miles, it might be termed a creek, but this distance does not approach to one-half of the true bay. Indeed, I respectfully request geographers—Messrs Keith Johnston and Stanford especially—to change the name of Murchison Creek to Murchison Bay,

as one more worthy the large area of water now known by the former inappreciative title. Murchison Bay extends from N. lat. $0^{\circ} 15'$ to N. lat. $0^{\circ} 27'$, and from E. long. $32^{\circ} 53'$ to $32^{\circ} 38'$ in extreme length. At the mouth the bay contracts to a width of four miles, but within its greatest breadth is twelve miles. Surely such a body of water—as terms go—deserves the more appropriate name of ‘bay,’ but I leave it to fair-judging geographers to decide. For the position of Mtesa’s capital I have taken three observations, on three different days. My longitude agrees pretty closely with that of Speke’s, while there is but four miles’ difference of latitude.

“The third day the troops of Mtesa were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth we all marched for the Grand Capital, the Kibuga of Uganda, Ulagalla or Uragara. Mtesa is a great king. He is a monarch who would delight the soul of any intelligent European, as he would see in his black Majesty the Hope of Central Africa. He is king of Karagwe, Uganda, Unyoro, Usoga, and Usui. Each day I found something which increased my esteem and respect for him. He is fond of imitating Europeans and what he has heard of their great personages, which trait, with a little tuition, would prove of immense benefit to his country. He has prepared broad highways in the neighbourhood of his capital for the good time that is coming when some charitable European will send him any kind of a wheeled vehicle. As we approached the capital, the main road from Usavara increased in width from twenty feet to one hundred and fifty feet. When we arrived at this magnificent breadth we viewed the capital crowning an eminence commanding a most extensive view of a picturesque and rich country, all teeming with gardens of plantations and bananas, and beautiful pasture land. Of course, huts, however large, lend but little attraction to a scene, but a tall flagstaff and an immense flag proved a decided feature in the landscape. Arrived at the capital, I found that the vast collection of buildings crowning the eminence were the royal quarters, round which ran five several palisades and circular courts, between which and the city was a circular road, ranging from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, and from this radiated six or seven imposing avenues, lined with gardens and huts. The next day after arrival I was introduced to the Royal Palace in great state. None of the primitive scenes visible in Speke’s book was now visible there. The guards, clothed in white cotton dresses, were by no means comical as then. The chiefs were very respectable-looking people, dressed richly in the Arab costume. The palace was a huge and lofty structure, well built of grass and cane, while tall trunks of trees upheld the roof, which was covered with cloth sheeting inside.

“On the fourth day after my arrival news came that another white man was approaching the capital from the direction of Unyoro, and on the fifth day I had the extreme pleasure of greeting Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of the Egyptian service, who had been despatched by Colonel Gordon to Mtesa,

to make a treaty of commerce between him and the Egyptian Government. The rencontre, though not so exciting as my former meeting with the venerable David Livingstone, at Ujiji, in November, 1871, still may be said to be singular and fortunate for all concerned. In Colonel de Bellefonds I met a gentleman extremely well-informed, energetic, and a great traveller. His knowledge of the countries between Uganda and Khartoum was most minute and accurate, from which I conclude that but little of the geography of Central Africa between the cataracts of the Nile and Uganda is now unknown. To that store of valuable geographical acquisitions must now be added my exploration of the Nile sources, which pour into the Nyanza; and also the new countries I have visited between the Nyanza and the Unyanyembe road. In Colonel de Bellefonds' arrival I also perceived my great good fortune, for I now had the means to despatch some reports of my geographical discoveries, and the long-delayed letters. The day after to-morrow I intend to return to Usukuma, prosecuting my geographical researches along the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza. After this I propose to march the Expedition to the Katonga valley, and thence, having paid another visit to Mtesa, I trust to march directly west for Lake Albert Nyanza, where I hope to meet with some more of the gallant subordinates of Colonel Gordon, by whom I shall be able, through their assured courtesy, to send several more letters descriptive of discoveries and adventures.

"I might protract this letter indefinitely by dwelling upon the value of the service rendered to science and the world by Ismael Pasha, but time will not allow me, nor, indeed, is it necessary, as I dare say, by this time, you have had ample proofs of what has been done by Gordon. Sir Samuel Baker, unfortunately, appears to be in bad odour with all I meet. His severity and other acts receive universal condemnation; but far be it from me to add to the ill report, and so I leave what I have heard untold. Then, briefly, thus much remains to be said. Livingstone, in his report of the Nyanza consisting of five lakes, was wrong. Speke, in his statement that the Nyanza was but one lake, was quite correct. But I believe that east of the Nyanza, or rather north-east of its coasts, there are other lakes, though they have no connection whatever with the Nyanza; nor do I suppose they can be of any great magnitude, or extend south of the equator. If you ask me why, I can only answer that in my opinion the rivers entering the Victorian Sea on the north-eastern shore do not sufficiently drain the vast area of country lying between the Great Lake and the western versant of the East-African mountain range. From the volume of the Nyanza feeders on the north-eastern side I cannot think that they extend farther than E. long. 36° , which leaves a large tract of country eastward to be drained by other means than the Nyanza. But this means may very probably be the Jub, which empties its waters into the Indian Ocean. The Sobat cannot possibly approach near the equator; this,

however, will be decided definitely by Gordon's officers. Colonel de Bellefonds informs me that the Assua, or Asha, is a mere torrent.

"When you see my chart, which will trace the course of the Luamberri and the Shimeeyu, the rivers which drain the whole of the south and south-east countries of the Nyanza, you will be better able to judge of their importance and magnitude as sources of the Nile. I expect to come upon a considerable river south-west; but all of this will be best told in my next letter.

HENRY M. STANLEY."

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to state, that the greatest depth of the Nyanza as yet ascertained by me is two hundred and seventy-five feet. I have not yet sounded the centre of the lake; this I intend to do on my return to Usukuma south."

"Mtesa's Capital, Uganda, April 14th, 1875.

"I must not forget to inform you and your readers of one very interesting subject connected with Mtesa, which will gratify many a philanthropic European and American.

"I have already told you that Mtesa and the whole of his court profess Islamism. A long time ago—some four or five years—Khamis Bin Abdullah (the only Arab who remained with me three years ago, as a rearguard, when the Arabs disgracefully fled from Mirambo) came to Uganda. He was wealthy, of noble descent, and a fine, magnificent personal appearance, and brought with him many a rich present for Mtesa, such as few Arabs could afford. The king became immediately fascinated with him, and really few white men could be long with the son of Abdullah without being charmed by his presence, his handsome proud features, his rich olive complexion, and his liberality. I confess I never saw an Arab or Mussulman who attracted me so much as Khamis Bin Abdullah, and it is no wonder that Mtesa, meeting a kindred spirit in the noble youth of Muscat, amazed at his handsome bearing, the splendour of his apparel, the display of his wealth, and the number of his slaves, fell in love with him. Khamis stayed with Mtesa a full year, during which time the king became a convert to the creed of his visitor—namely, Mohammedanism. The Arab clothed Mtesa in the best that his wardrobe offered; he gave him gold embroidered jackets, fine white shirts, crimson slippers, swords, silk sashes, daggers, and a revolving rifle, so that Speke and Grant's presents seemed of necessity insignificant.

Now, until I arrived at Mtesa's Court, the king delighted in the idea that he was a follower of Islam; but by one conversation I flatter myself that I have tumbled the newly-raised religious fabric to the ground, and, if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian mission here, the conversion of

Mtesa and his Court to Christianity would, I think be complete. I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here, that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the ten commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of Our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh that some pious, practical missionary, would come here! What a field and a harvest ripe for the sickle of civilisation! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The Bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no Church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire White race. Such a man, or men, Mtesa, King of Uganda, Usoga, Umgoro and Karagwe—a kingdom three hundred and sixty geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the Pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black Pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at two millions. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, a

Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyembe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.

“With all deference I would suggest that the mission should bring to Mtesa as presents three or four suits of military clothes, decorated freely with gold embroidery; together with half-a-dozen French *kepis*, a sabre, a brace of pistols, and suitable ammunition; a good fowling-piece and rifle of good quality, for the king is not a barbarian; a cheap dinner-service of Britannia ware, an iron bedstead and counterpanes, a few pieces of cotton print, boots, etc. For trade it should also bring fine blue, black, and grey woollen cloths, a quantity of military buttons, gold braid and cord, silk cord of different colours, as well as binding; linen and sheeting for shirts, fine red blankets, and a quantity of red cloth, with a few chairs and tables. The profit arising from the sale of these things would be enormous.

“For the mission’s use it should bring with it a supply of hammers, saws, augers, chisels, axes, hatchets, adzes, carpenters’ and blacksmiths’ tools, since the Waganda are apt pupils; iron drills and powder for blasting purposes, trowels, a couple of good-sized anvils, a forge and bellows, an assortment of nails and tacks, a plough, spades, shovels, pickaxes, and a couple of light buggies as specimens, with such other small things as their own common sense would suggest to the men whom I invite. Most desirable would be an assortment of garden seed and grain; also white-lead, linseed oil, brushes, a few volumes of illustrated journals, gaudy prints, a magic lantern, rockets, and a photographic apparatus. The total cost of the whole equipment need not exceed five thousand pounds sterling.

HENRY M. STANLEY.”

Stanley refers in the foregoing letter to his interview with Colonel de Bellefonds at Mtesa’s capital. The following interesting report was made officially to the Ministry of War at Cairo, and has reference to the same interview. It appears in the form of an “Extract from Notes made by M. Linant de Bellefonds, of the staff of General Gordon, Governor-General of the Egyptian Provinces of the Equator, respecting his visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda, and his meeting of Mr. Stanley.”

“Sunday, April 11, 1875.

“We are camped at Mtesa’s capital. His residence is scarcely more than a kilometre from the house which he has placed at my disposal. But let me not anticipate events.

“This morning a constant rain, which had fallen all the night, prevented us from setting out. At eight o’clock the rain ceased, but the wind arose,

making the trees shake their leaves and branches, so that we should have been wet through at the end of a walk of ten minutes, especially under the plantain trees, the huge arms of which are perfect reservoirs of water, which discharge themselves all at once with every blast of wind, and make perfect shower-baths for the unfortunate people who have to walk beneath. The natives of the Soudan are very much afraid of rain, and suffer greatly from it. At nine o'clock, therefore, we set forth on the march. We had to traverse many ravines where the rain water had gathered, rendering the passage somewhat difficult. We waded through muddy water above our knees. At the end of an hour of this experience we came up with the estates of the mother of king Mtesa; but the rain obliged us to seek a shelter. Besides that, we wished to make our toilette before entering the metropolis of Uganda. We therefore took possession, without any scruple, of some huts upon the side of the road.

"It was noon. The rain had ceased. An emissary from Mtesa came to bring me messages of welcome on the part of the king. Our toilette was complete. My Soudan soldiers produced the finest possible effect with their red tunics, their cartridge-cases made of leopard-skin, and their white trousers. We passed in column along the high road, the trumpets and the drums beating a lively movement. In front of us the Mtongalis echoed this with their nogaras, and waved their flags. A population of more than ten thousand people surrounded us, running hither and thither, singing, shouting, and dancing about. The effect produced was one of the most extraordinary I had ever seen. We went forward along an avenue with a breadth of from thirty to forty metres, the population still accompanying us, cross low hills and gardens. By and bye we arrived at an immense square, where a compact crowd, some sitting, others standing, waited our approach in solemn silence. Upon our arrival the nogaras, in incalculable number, united in a deafening peal. We were in the residence of the Queen Mother, and messengers succeeded each other every five minutes to bring me the salaams of Her Majesty. My own trumpets welcomed them, and it was an uproar, an inconceivable *charivari*, which did not want the charm of originality. One could see the whole country was *en fete*.

"The crowd which attended our footsteps increased more and more, but offered us no inconvenience upon our road; they left the way quite free, while dancing on either side of us, or flowing in tumultuous waves of humanity across the hillocks and cultivated places. It was one of the gayest and most festive spectacles to see this crowd, in the most curious and varied costumes, swarm all over the uplands, and then precipitate themselves like a living torrent into the streets below. Along the road a multitude of women were ranged in front of the houses, evidently admiring our *cortege*. A sorcerer, covered with a thousand odd charms, came up and harangued me;

and every now and then a courier would arrive completely out of breath, from King Mtesa. He brought me the royal salaam, which, being delivered, he would hurry back again like an arrow, not daring to stop till he laid my response at the feet of the king. At last the palace of Mtesa came in sight, built upon the north face of a hill, from which it commands a grand landscape. They told me that Mtesa was following our course with a telescope. We traversed for a quarter of an hour the avenue which led up to the royal residence, and presently arrived at the houses that were set apart for our use. All these habitations have a common fence. They contain many interior courts. My abode, specially raised for me, was exceedingly comfortable. Mtesa quite fatigued me with his salutations. Happily he now began to accompany them with something more substantial, for he sent me eggs, bananas, rice, onions, sugar-cane, and two kids—materials for a repast which outdid the best dinners of Auric at Cairo.

“Monday, April 12.

“My reception by King Mtesa was fixed for this morning, but the rain, which never ceased to fall up to noon, delayed the ceremony. At two o’clock, the weather having grown favourable, Mtesa sent me a messenger to let me know that he was ready to give me audience. Having warned my camp, every one proceeded to put on his freshest dress. When we were ready my private Soudan soldiers appeared quite superb in their red jackets and their white pantaloons. I placed myself at their head, the trumpets and drums resounding. We followed an avenue from eighty to one hundred metres broad, which led directly from north to south, and ended at the palace-gate of Mtesa. This palace now appeared in front of us, built upon an eminence which overtopped those around. On either side of the avenue were gardens surrounded by enclosures, within which were the habitations of the great captains and high functionaries. At the end of twenty-five minutes’ walking we came to the true gate of the palace. We passed, one after the other, five courts, full of an endless crowd of Mtongalis, soldiers, and others. The last court serves as the habitation of the Royal executioners, whose badge of office consists of a cord of banana fibres exquisitely plaited. Upon entering this last court, a perfectly frightful hubbub of music received us; a thousand instruments, each more barbarous than the others, brayed out in our ears the most discordant and deafening sounds. The body-guard of Mtesa, equipped with guns, presented arms to me.

“The king was standing at the entrance of his reception hall. I approached him, and made the Turkish salutation. He stretched out his hand, which I took; and then I saw to the left hand of the king a European countenance tanned brown. It was a traveller, and I concluded that it must be Cameron. We observed each other without at present exchanging a word. King Mtesa now rose and walked into an inner apartment, where we followed

him. It was a corridor twelve metres in length, and four metres broad, the floor of which sloped from the entrance, the roof being supported by a series of columns of palm-wood in a central row dividing it into three aisles. The central part was occupied by the king's throne. The two side aisles were filled by the great dignitaries and the chief officers. Against each column leaned one of the king's guards, wearing a great red cloak and white turban adorned with monkey skin, white breeches, and black blouse with red bands, and all alike carrying muskets. Mtesa took his place upon the throne, which was made of wood, in the form of an office sofa. His feet rested upon a stool, which again stood upon a leopard's skin, underneath which was spread a Smyrna carpet. In front of the king an elephant's tusk, brilliantly polished, served as a royal sign, while at his feet were deposited two boxes containing fetiches. On each side of the throne was placed a lance, one made of copper and one of iron. These are the attributes of Uganda; the dog, of which Speke makes mention, appears to have been suppressed. The Grand Vizier and two scribes squatted at the feet of the king.

"Mtesa possesses much dignity, and was not without a real personal distinction. His costume was elegant. He wore a white caftan fringed with red; he had stockings, slippers, a vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, and a tarboosh with a silver plate on its top. He carried a sabre with an ivory handle encrusted with silver—a Zanzibar-made weapon—and a wand. I proceeded to exhibit my presents, which Mtesa pretended scarcely to glance at, his dignity not permitting him to appear inquisitive. I addressed myself then to the strange European who was sitting in front of me at the left of the king:—'Have I the honour to speak to Mr. Cameron?' 'No, sir; I am Stanley.' 'Permit me to introduce myself as M. Linant de Bellefonds, a member of Colonel Gordon's Expedition.' We saluted each other with a low bow, as if we had met in a *salon* and not in the heart of Africa. This meeting with Mr. Stanley profoundly surprised me. He was far from my thoughts. Indeed, I was completely unacquainted with the plan of his journey.

"I took farewell of the king, who had been amusing himself with putting my soldiers through their exercise and hearing my bugles blow. I shook hands warmly with Mr. Stanley, and begged him to do me the honour of sharing my dinner. A few moments after reaching my house, Mr. Stanley arrived there. After having mutually expressed the pleasure caused us by this *rencontre*, Mr. Stanley informed me that Cameron had written from Ujiji that he had quitted that place for the Congo. Mr. Cameron, he said, had been very much troubled by the question of supplies, having exceeded the credit allowed him by the Royal Geographical Society. At Ujiji he must have left behind all his companions, and have been quite alone. Mr. Stanley spoke in the highest possible terms of Lieutenant Cameron, and earnestly hoped to see him succeed in his undertaking.

“As for Mr. Stanley, he was travelling as the representative of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald.’ He had left Zanzibar four months before I met him, to explore the Victorian Lake. He had penetrated through the country of the Masai, and had certified the existence of a great watershed discharging into the lake from the eastern slope. Leaving at Usuvuma his camp and followers, he had embarked with ten men in a little vessel which he had conveyed along with him upon the Victoria Nyanza. He had followed and explored all the eastern side of the lake, penetrating every bay, gulf, and creek, and surveying the islands and the capes. I have studied the results of Mr. Stanley’s explorations, which are very considerable. He has shown me his sketches of some extremely curious islands that he discovered. There are a bridge island, a cave island, and an island of the Sphinx. The first presents a natural bridge of granite, with all the appearance of a work constructed by the hand of man. The second contains an enchanted grotto, like Calypso’s. The third offers the aspect of the Sphinx of Egypt. We talked together until eleven o’clock at night. Stanley is a first-rate traveller—a brave, light-hearted gentleman, a good comrade, a patient explorer, taking everything as it comes. I derived the truest pleasure from his instructive and varied conversation. He has travelled far and wide, and seen a great deal. He knows the whole world. It was four months since I had heard a single French word pronounced. It was a great pleasure, therefore, to hear Stanley talking, for, without, expressing himself with perfect accuracy, he yet talked French sufficiently well to enable us readily to converse. This meeting of two white men in the heart of Africa, was well nigh as delightful as to meet a compatriot there, and the pleasure was quite inexpressible in discovering, in my unexpected friend, a man so well known and so entirely agreeable. According to what Mr. Stanley told me, Mtesa is extremely proud of finding his capital thus visited by white men, nor does he think that the event can be accidental.”

A second part of this report was afterwards forwarded to the Egyptian Minister of War; and by his authority it was transmitted to this country, and published, like all the rest of these documents, in “The Daily Telegraph.” It gives a graphic and touching description of the parting scene between the two travellers:—

“Uganda, Thursday, April 15, 1875.

“Mr. Stanley is leaving us in order to accomplish the work of exploring the western side of the lake, thereafter intending to return to Usuvuma, to pick up his followers and the goods left at Kagehyi. I had arranged to accompany him as far as Usovora, the point of embarkation in Murchison Bay. We start together, therefore, this morning, I having lent one of my mules to my friend, and ordered ten of my soldiers to escort us.

“We commence the journey by rounding the hill upon which His Majesty

resides, and then bend our steps southward with a slight easterly inclination. All the way along our route we see gardens luxuriant with the banana and sweet potato. We have to cross a canal, into which all the mud of the country appears to have gathered; it has a breadth of forty metres at the point where we cross, and there is a bridge of rough-cut logs and branches thrown over it; but, though people on foot may find the passage rendered easier by this construction, it is badly adapted to our mules, which lose their balance on the smooth and shifting trunks, with the result of pitching into the mud and water. However, we managed to haul them out and to get ourselves over, and then, after two hours' march, we climb a hill with a steep incline. The road is bordered on both sides by impenetrable thickets, the hiding-place of leopards and hyenas, where certainly no one is likely to interfere much with the digestion of their prey. Arrived at the top of this eminence, the beautiful view makes us quickly forget all the fatigues of the ascent. Under our feet the magnificent lake stretches out, sparkling like a cloth of silver; numerous green islands, softly rounded and indented, shut in the bay with a girdle as of emeralds; while along the shore are masses of darker green dotted about, these being groves of huge timber trees, which bathe their roots and branches in the fresh and limpid wavelets of the Victoria. Eastwards a silvery riband hurries to lose itself in the lake; that is the canal which we have lately crossed. The scene is enchanting, absorbing! The heart must swell with pleasure within the breast of any admirer of natural beauty who gazes upon it. We feel a keen desire to descend and approach nearer to this lovely coast whose charms ravish us, and after a quick advance of less than an hour the ripples of the quiet Nyanza are breaking at our feet. Everybody stoops to drink of the clear water, and Mr. Stanley and I toast our respective countries in the refreshing liquid.

"We are here at Usovora, a hunting station of King Mtesa, who frequently repairs to the spot in order to exercise his shooting-powers upon the crocodiles. Numberless huts and gardens appear around us, and among them His Majesty has a 'shooting-box' which covers an area of several kilometres. There is a broad approach, which Mr. Stanley christens the 'Avenue des Champs Elysees,' lined on each side by the dwellings of the royal guards, and it leads to the king's abode. This approach is more than a kilometre in length, Mtesa's lodge turning out to be a collection of huts, each encircled by a fence, while all around are scattered the lodgings for his escort. Certainly, to judge by the precautions here displayed for the royal security, His Majesty must sleep rather uneasily. We examine the king's premises minutely, for there is nobody about, not even a watchman; and we take possession for a time of the best of the huts reserved for the royal suite when Mtesa comes to Usovora. Mr. Stanley has been promised by the king the use of thirty canoes to accompany him to Usuvuma and to bring back to

Usovara his expedition and equipments. The High-Admiral of Uganda in person is to accompany them, but it is already four o'clock, and we see nothing either of the fleet or the official. News presently arrives that the delay is caused by a sad domestic calamity which has befallen the chief of the Uganda Navy, and it turns out that, having arrived overnight near Usovara with all his female establishment, the admiral has had all his wives fetched back by order of the king, His Majesty declaring that it was highly irregular to make a pleasure-party of that which was intended as a matter of important service. To-morrow, they say, all will be in readiness.

"Mr. Stanley and I devote ourselves accordingly to a promenade along the lake, in the course of which we behold with admiration enormous trees, that might afford cover with their thick shade to five hundred people at once. Parasitical plants climb over the trunks and branches of these Titans of the forest, and if you make an incision into the bark or roots there exudes a resinous gum, which appears very similar to the 'mastic' that the Cairo women chew. The soil at the edge of the lake is a mineral detritus, rich in oxide of iron, and upon it grows closely a thick and soft moss, of yellowish green, composing a carpet as agreeable to the eye as to the foot.

"Friday, April 16.

"My bed last night left much to desire. It was made of dry grass, with a bag of potatoes for the pillow. Such was my simple couch, for, as I had intended to return before nightfall, I did not take with me the least thing in the way of coverlet. Mr. Stanley most kindly pressed upon me his 'engereb' and railway rug, but I could not think it right to rob him of them. Imperfect, however, as my sleeping arrangements were, I reposed soundly, and that in spite of mosquitoes and fleas, of which there were a few of the former, but perfect hordes of the latter.

"At four in the morning, the squadron which was to escort my friend down the lake made its appearance, and assuredly the vessels of King Mtesa are curious, if not imposing. Each canoe is about ten to twelve metres in length, with a beam of one or one and a half. It is made up of many lengths of hewn plank, fastened by withes of osier, the seams being caulked with bark and mud. As a consequence of this very defective method of construction, the Wagandas have never been able to make themselves masters of the island of Uvuma. As soon as any war-canoe approaches that place, the islanders rush forth into the water, armed with knives, swim to the vessel, dive under it, and cut the withes which hold the affair together. The canoe thus falls apart, and its crew perish, either by drowning, or by the weapons of the Wavumas. The shape of these Waganda canoes resembles that of the Venetian gondola. The stern has a high sheer, and forms the seat of the helmsman who steers with a paddle, sweeping it now to the right, now to the left, according to the course which he desires to take. The stem-piece is

rounded and gracefully bent into the form of a swan's neck, two antelope horns being fixed upon it, so that, what with the long curved neck and the horns, a very strange effect is produced, especially when the boat is coming on; almost, in fact, as if some antediluvian creature were gliding towards you over the waters, and raising its head watchfully on high to follow some prey upon which it means to dart. None of these craft carries sails, and, indeed, the use of the latter is unknown among the Waganda. The boats are propelled by paddles, the crew sitting two by two, and varying in number from fourteen to twenty-four, in accordance with the size of the boat.

"A considerable division of the promised fleet having now arrived, we resolved to make a preliminary excursion upon the bay. Mr Stanley ordered his vessel, the 'Lady Alice,' to be got in readiness. She is a beautiful little craft, built of cedar, and constructed in water-tight sections, so as to be readily taken to pieces and put together again. I went on board with my companion, and all the canoes started at the same time, vying with each other to be ahead. They soon outstripped us, and then set to work paddling round the 'Lady Alice,' like so many tritons. On board one of them was the admiral, and the official drum of that magnate kept noisily beating, at one time commanding the fleet to gather about the 'flag-canoë,' at another sending them off, helter-skelter, in all directions. On one side stretched the boundless surface of the Nyanza, on the other extended the shore which we had just left, presenting together the gayest and most charming spectacle imaginable. The knolls and hillocks round the lake, each covered with a robe of tender green, and bathing its base in the shining waves, suggested so many water-goddesses reclining on the sunlit grass, and dabbling their feet in the cool and limpid ripples. I, indeed, was off and away in fancy, a thousand leagues from life's realities; and both Stanley and myself sat wrapped in a long silence, trying to satiate our eyes and minds—without succeeding—upon those prodigal glories of Nature which stretched far and wide about us.

"Unhappily, after returning to camp, I was seized with a frightful attack of neuralgia, and am sadly afraid that I must have proved a far from agreeable associate for my good friend during the remainder of that day. Mr. Stanley and the Admiral of the Uganda fleet had fixed upon the following morning for their start, but that naval worthy was meanwhile in despair, not having heard a word about his confiscated wives. It was too much to be feared, indeed that his Majesty had added them pell-mell to that division of his forces in which the effective list perpetually exceeds the estimates."

"April 17.

"I have passed a horrible night. A most pitiless headache prevented me from snatching a moment of repose until daybreak. From the time when I lay down to three in the morning I tried to get sleep, reclining upon the

moss by the side of the lake, and breathing the cool air from the water. The night was glorious, and my soldiers spent most of it in chatting and joking by the shore, or taking dips in the calm surface in spite of the crocodiles; they had, in truth, a lively interest in a certain hind-quarter of mutton which they were roasting whole over a fire upon a sharpened stake. At three in the morning their banquet was about ready, and just then I rose and went back to the huts, where Stanley was sleeping soundly; shortly afterwards, fatigue overpowering my headache, I too managed to close my eyes, and slumbered till five o'clock.

"At that hour the drums woke me, striking up on board the Waganda fleet, which was assembling to convoy my friend. He and I very soon made our toilettes; the 'Lady Alice' was got ready, the luggage, sheep, kids, chickens, and everything placed on board. It only remained to hoist the Anglo-American flag, and turn the vessel's head to the far South. I went down with him to the side of his craft, and then we pressed hands together and mutually commended each other to the protection of Heaven. Stanley stepped on board and took the helm; the 'Lady Alice' curveted and danced like a highbred steed, and then darted away, with the Victorian wavelets foaming white under her bows. The flag over my friend's head flew proudly out in the African breeze, and I saluted it with all my guns. If not an imposing salvo, let me say that it never was saluted with more hearty good-will. Farther and farther flew the pretty 'Lady Alice.' We waved our hands and handkerchiefs in token of last adieu, and—I confess it—my heart was full. I felt as one that has parted with a brother, for I had already grown fond of Stanley as a fine-hearted fellow, a frank, excellent comrade, and a first-rate traveller. In his society I had forgotten my fatigues; and then, too, till I met him, I had not spoken one single word of French for four months. Our encounter had thus produced for me almost the effect of a return to my native land. His conversation—amusing, pleasant, and instructive—made the hours of our friendship pass like minutes. I do hope to see him again, and to spend many a happy day with him.

"We turned aside from the waters which had just borne him far away, and nobody seemed in the mood for chatter, so that we all followed in silence the road to Ulagala. I arrived at Dubaga at eleven o'clock, and there heard that the greater part of my soldiers were down with fever—that no provisions had been sent during my absence, and that four of our cows had been lost by the herdsmen. The chief offender received a hundred blows of the stick, as he was suspected of having sold the animals, and I wrote to Mtesa that my people were suffering of hunger. I demanded at the same time an authorization to return to Foweira; an answer to which soon came in the form of twelve cows and a quantity of eggs. My headache returning, I went directly to bed."

“April 18.

“This morning I visited Mtesa. Audience was given me in private within one of the side huts of the royal *enceinte*. I had brought with me a pair of shoes, for which the king had particularly begged; it was the only spare pair I possessed, and I presented them with concealed regret. A distinguished deputation arrived while I was there. It was composed of Wagandas, who had been brought up along with His Majesty, in number about two hundred. These personages drew themselves together in line before the king's hut, each bearing a bundle of dry reeds, which he rattled while uttering noisy compliments. Their leader, armed with two spears and a shield, ran up and down the line meantime; capering and flying hither and thither amid the most grotesque gambadoes. This exercise lasted a quarter of an hour, after which the entire company prostrated themselves flat on their bellies, and violently ‘nyanzigged.’ Then the chief performer, trailing himself along upon his abdomen like a reptile, humbly entered the hut, and approached to kiss the feet of the king; after which he made a dumb-show of devoted valour by wildly advancing and retiring, attacking and defending, as if in deadly combat. These signs of loyalty, it is true, looked wonderfully like an impending assault upon His Majesty, but such is the fashion; and when the troop had gone through the same movements, it withdrew precipitately.

“A man was next introduced into the presence, who led a magnificent leopard, a cord being attached to the neck of the creature. He halted in front of Mtesa, and went through various exercises common to beast-tamers. The leopard was, in truth, wonderfully trained; but I told the king that our lion-tamers go boldly into the dens containing wild beasts, quite loose, and then and there put them through all kinds of tricks. This seemed greatly to astonish him, for he had counted apparently upon quite surprising me by the sight of this tamed leopard. In the course of the audience the sister of Mtesa made her appearance. She had arranged for a special interview, in order to study at leisure the white man, and for this purpose took up a recumbent position at the feet of His Majesty. Mtesa asked me, among other things, if he could have a house of stone built for his use in Uganda. Now, the Uganda stone will not do for building, as I replied; but I explained to him the nature of mason's work, and all about lime and mortar. I told him that lime might be had from the innumerable shells which cover the soil, and that he could have a brick palace built. Upon that the dialogue thus continued:—‘How long would it take to make me such a residence?’—‘Ten or twelve months.’ ‘But, if I give you plenty of people, could you not build me one in a single month?’—‘No, king! You can make a boat in a month, yet, if you were to set going ever so many workmen, could you finish it off in one hour?’—‘No! I could not.’ ‘It is the same, then, with a house.’ I then claimed from Mtesa the ‘Khotarias’ of Abou Bekr, who ran away; for

I could not leave about the king such rebels as would cheat him to-morrow, as they deserted their leaders yesterday. His Majesty promised to send them to my camp, whither in the afternoon he forwarded a good supply of bananas, eggs, and flour."

Stanley's next communication was written in May, 1875, after he had circumnavigated Lake Victoria Nyanza, and proved it to be what Speke, the first of modern travellers who sighted it, considered it to be, but what Livingstone doubted, one vast inland sea. The little 'Lady Alice,' dancing joyously over those pale-blue waves, after her long and unnatural journey through the thick forest, has at length settled the question for ever; and science knows now, that Speke's discovery was one of the grandest ever made in Africa. Stanley's chart of the lake, based on his voyage, presents a sea of rhomboidal outline, about two hundred and thirty miles long by some one hundred and eighty broad, the coasts of which, going eastward from the extreme south at Kagehyi, right round to S.S.W., are perfectly defined, and thickly filled in with names of districts, villages, and rivers. The result of this notable voyage is, as we have said, that the Victoria Nyanza stands displayed as one large and splendid inland sea, receiving from the mouth of the Shimeeyu, and from the west by the Kitangule, the drainage of an enormous watershed; and that the gallant Speke obtains, by the present revelation, that posthumous honour which he so well deserved. Brave as a lion, patient as a lamb, gentle and modest as he was true and good, he is now placed for ever in the first rank of the pioneers of civilisation. Stanley's letter will be read with the deepest interest:—

" Village of Kagehyi, District of Uchambi,
Country of Usukuma, May 15, 1875. "

" By the aid of the enclosed map, you will be able to understand the positions and places of the countries mentioned in my last, and of some which I shall be obliged to describe in this letter. It is needless to go over the same ground I described in my letter from Uganda; but since I send you a map, it will be no labour lost again to sketch briefly the characteristics of the countries lying east between Usukuma and Uganda.

" Between the district of Uchambi, which is in Usukuma, and the Shimeeyu River, the principal affluent of the Nyanza, lie the pretty districts of Sima and Magu, governed by independent chiefs. On the eastern side of the Shimeeyu is Maganza, a rugged and hilly country, thinly populated, and the resort of the elephant hunters. Beyond Maganza the coast is formed by Manasu, a country similar in feature to Maganza, abounding in elephants. This extends to the eastern extremity of Speke Gulf, when we behold a complete change in the landscape. The land suddenly sinks down into a flat marshy country, as if Speke Gulf formerly had extended many miles inland, and I have little doubt, but rather feel convinced, it did. This country is

called Wiregedi, peopled by savages who have little or no intercourse with Usukuma, but are mostly morosely exclusive, and disposed to take advantage of their strength to rob strangers who visit them. Wiregedi is drained by the Ruana, which discharges itself into Speke Gulf by two mouths. It is a powerful stream, conveying a vast quantity of water to the Gulf, but in importance not to be mentioned in the same category as the Shimceyu and the Kagera, the two principal affluents of Lake Victoria. Speke Gulf at its eastern extremity is about twelve miles in width. Opposed to the hilly ranges of Manasu and Maganza are the sterile naked mountains and plains of Shashi, Uramba, and Ururi. The plains which separate each from the other are as devoid of vegetation as the Isthmus of Suez; a thin line only, bordering the lake, is green with bush and cane. The gulf, as we proceed west from Ururi, is shored by the great island of Ukerewe, a country blessed with verdure and plenty, and rich in herds of cattle and ivory. A narrow strait, called the Rugeshi, separates Ukerewe from Ururi. The Wakereweh are an enterprising and commercial people, and the king, Lukongeh, is a most amiable man. The Wakereweh possess numerous islands—Nifuah, Wezi, Irangara, Kamassi, etc., are all inhabited by them. Their canoes are seen along Ugeyeya, Usamgora, and Uzuiza; and to the tribes in the far interior they have given, by their activity and commercial fellowship, a name to the entire Victoria Nyanza.

“ Rounding Ukerewe, we pass on our left the island of Ukara, and sailing past Shizu and Kiveru, come to the northern end of Rugeshi Strait, from which we see the towering table mountain of Majita, or Mazita, a little north-east of us, the mountains of Ururi and Iramba rising in our front. I mentioned to you in one of my letters that Speke described Majita as an island, and that I, standing on the same spot, would do so likewise, if I had no other proof than my own conjecture. As we approached Majita we saw the reason of this delusion. The table mountain of Majita is about three thousand feet in altitude above the lake, while on all sides of it, except the lake side at the base, are low brown plains, which rise but a few feet above the water. It is the same case with Ururi, Uramba, and Shashi. At a distance I thought them islands, until I arrived close upon them. On the northern side of this eminence the brown plain extends far inland, and I do believe a great plain or a series of plains bounds the lake countries east, for we have similar landscapes distant or near, everywhere. In endeavouring to measure the extent of this plain I am compelled to think of Ugogo, for as we traversed its northern frontier we saw each day, stretching north, the barren thorn-covered plain of Uhumba. On leaving Iramba we came again in view of a portion of it, more recently covered with water, under the name of the Luwamberri Plain. As we journeyed through Usmaow we saw from many a ridge the plain extending north. That part of the plain lying between Ururi and the lake is, of

course, drained by the Luwamberi, the Monunguh, and the Duna rivers, and discharged into the Nyanza under the name of the Shimeeyu. But north-east of the Shimeeyu's mouth imagine the land heaved into a low, broad, and lengthy ridge, forming another basin drained by the Ruana, and still another drained by the Mara, and again another by the Mori, etc. If we ask the natives what lies beyond the immediate lake lands, we are assured, unhesitatingly, 'Mbuiga tu,' 'Only a plain.'

"From Majita north we sail along the coast of Ururi, a country remarkable for its wealth of cattle and fine pastoral lands. It is divided into several districts, whose names you will find marked on the map. Molunu and Shirati, low, flat, and wooded districts of Ururi, separate this country from Ugeyeya, the land of so many fables and wonders, the Eldorado of ivory seekers, and the source of wealth for slave hunters. Our first view of it, while we cross the Bay of Kavirondo, is of a series of tall mountains, and of a mountainous projection, which latter from a distance we take to be a promontory, but which on a nearer view turns out to be an island, bearing a tall mountain on its back. At the north-eastern extremity of this bay is Gori River, which rises north-east, near Kavi—no important stream, but one that grows during the rainy season to large breadth and depth. Far east beyond the Nyanza, for twenty-five days' march the country is here said to be one continuous plain, low hills rising now and again dotting the surface, a scrubby land, though well adapted for pasture and cattle, of which the natives possess vast herds. About fifteen days' march east, the people report a region wherein low hills spout smoke, and sometimes fire. This wonderful district is called Susa, and is situated in the Masai Land. All combine in saying that no stream runs north, but that all waters come into the Nyanza—for at least twenty days' march. Beyond this distance the natives report a small lake, from which issues a stream flowing towards the (?) Pangain.

"Continuing on our way north we pass between the Island Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the 'Lady Alice' seems to crawl like a tiny insect, while we on board admire the stupendous summits, and wonder at the deathly silence which prevails in this solitude, where the boisterous winds are hushed, and the turbulent waves are as tranquil as a summer's dream. The natives as they pass regard this spot with superstition, as well they may, for the silent majesty of those dumb tall mountains awes the very storms to peace. Let the tempests bluster as they may on the spacious main, beyond this cape, in this nook, sheltered by tall Ugingo Isle and lofty Goshi on the mainland, they inspire no fear. It is this pleasant refuge which Goshi promises the distressed canoe-men, that causes them to sing praises of the bold headland, and to cheer one another, when wearied and benighted, with the cry, that 'Goshi is near to protect them.'

"Sailing between and out from among the clustering islands, we leave

Wategi behind, and steer towards two low isolated islands not far from the mainland, for a quiet night's rest; and there, under the overspreading branches of a mangrove tree, we dream of unquiet waters and angry sarfs and threatening rocks, to find ourselves next morning tied to an islet which, from its peculiarity, I have named Bridge Island, though its native name is Kihwa. While seeking a road to ascend the island to take bearings, I discovered there a natural bridge of basalt, about twenty feet in length by twelve in breadth, under which the traveller might repose comfortably, and from one side see the waves lashed to fury, and spending their strength on the stubborn rocks that form the foundation of the arch, while from the other he could behold his boat secure under the lee of the land, resting on a serene and placid surface, and shaded by mangrove branches from the hot sun of the Equator. Its neighbour is remarkable only for a small cave, the haunt of fishermen. From the summit of Bridge Island the view eastward takes in all Masavi as far as Nakidimo, and discovers only a flat and slightly-wooded district, varied at intervals by isolated cones; while northward, at the distance of twenty miles or more, we remark that the land makes a bold and long stretch eastward. Knowing now, however, by experience, that the appearance of the coast is deceptive, we hoist our sail, and scud merrily before a freshening breeze, by-and-by hugging the coast again, lest it should rob us of some rarity or wonder. At noon I found myself under the Equator, and four miles north I came to discoloured water and a slight current flowing south of west. Seeing a small bay of sufficient breadth to make a great river, and no land at its eastern extremity, I made sure I had discovered a river which would rival the Shineeyu; but within an hour land all round revealed the limit and extent of the Bay of Nakidimo. We anchored close to a village, and began to court the attention of some wild-looking fishermen, but the nude barbarians merely stared at us from under penthouses of hair, and hastily stole away to tell their wives and relatives of how suddenly an apparition in the shape of a boat with white wings had come before them, bearing strange men with red caps on their heads, except one—a pale skinned man, clad in white, whose face was as red as blood—and he, jabbering something unintelligible, so frightened them that they ran away. This will become a pleasant tradition, one added to the many marvels now told in Ugeyeya, which, with the art of embellishment inherent in the tongue of the wondering awe-struck savage, may grow in time to be the most wonderful of all wonders.

“Perceiving that our proffered courtesies were thus rudely rejected, we also stole out of the snug bay, and passed round to another much larger and more important. At its extremity a river issued into the bight, which, by long and patient talk with the timid natives, we ascertained to be the Ugoweh. In this the hippos were as bold as the human savages were timid, and to a couple of the amphibious monsters we had to induce the ‘Lady

Alice' to show lighter heels in retreat than even the savages of Nakidimo had shown to us. These hippopotami would afford rare sport in a boat specially built for killing them; then they might splinter her sides with their tusks, and bellow and kick to their utmost; but the 'Lady Alice,' if I can help it, with her delicate skin of cedar and ribs of slender hickory, shall never come in close contact with the iron-hard ivory of the rude hippopotamus; for she would be splintered into matches, and crushed up like an egg before one could say a word, and then the hungry crocodiles would leisurely digest us. The explorer's task, to my mind, is a far nobler one than hunting sea-horses; and our gallant cedar boat has many a thousand miles to travel yet before she has performed her task. The still unknown expanse of the Victoria Nyanza, northward and westward, and again south-westward, still invited us and her to view its delights and wonders of Nature. The stormy Lake Albert, and the stormier Tanganyika, though yet distant, woo us to ride on their waves; and far Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo, with the Lincoln Lakes, promise us fair prospects, and as rich rewards, if we can only bide the buffets of the tempests, the fevers of the swamp and forest, and the brunt of savage hostility and ignorance till then. Shall we forego the vantage of all this rich harvest and acquisition of knowledge for an hour's fierce pleasure with the ugly but formidable hippopotamus? Not by my election or consent. Let the admirers of 'sport at any price' call it faint-heartedness, or even a harsher name, if they will—I call it prudence. Yet I have for them an adventure with a river-horse—a cowardly, dull-witted, fat-brained hippo. I can abuse him savagely in your columns—for his brothers in Europe, thank Fortune, do not read 'The Telegraph' or the 'Herald'—without fear of a civil or criminal suit for libel. I say I have a story of one to tell some day, when I have no higher things to write of, which will warm all your young bloods; and I have had another interview with a lion, or I might put it, a herd of lions, just as exciting. But these must remain untold, until I camp under the palms of Ujiji again, with half my work done, and my other half still beckoning me forward. Let us pass on, therefore, to our subject, and the place where I left off—namely, cowardlike running away from a pair of bull hippos. I am not certain they were bulls either, though they were big ones, sure enough.

"We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Mahata, where we saw such a dense population, and clusters of large villages, as we had not beheld elsewhere. We thought we would make one more effort to learn of the natives the names of some of these villages, and for that purpose steered for a cove on the western shore of Mahata. We anchored within fifty yards of the shore, and so paid out our cable that but a few feet of deep water separated us from the beach. Some half-a-dozen men, wearing small land-shells above their elbows, and a circle of them round their heads, came to the brink.

With these we opened a friendly conversation, during which they disclosed the name of the country as 'Mahata' or 'Mabeta' in Ugeyeya; more they would not communicate until we should land. We prepared to do this, but the numbers on the shore increased so fast that we were compelled to pull off again until they should moderate their excitement and make room. They seemed to think we were about to pull off altogether, for suddenly appeared out of the bush, on each side of the spot where we had intended to land, such a host of spears that we hoisted our sail, and left them to try their treachery on some other boat or canoe more imprudent than ours. The discomfited people were seen to consult together on a small ridge behind the bush lining the lake, and no doubt they thought we were about to pass close to a small point at the north end of the cove, for they shouted gleefully at the prospect of a prize; but, lowering the sail, we pulled to windward, far out of the reach of bow or sling, and at dusk made for a small island, to which we moored our boat, and there camped in security.

"Next day we continued on our course, coasted along Nidura and Wangano, and sailed into the bay which forms the north-eastern extremity of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Manyara, on the eastern side of the bay, is a land of bold hills and ridges, while the very north-eastern end, through which issues the Ygama River into the Nyanza, is flat. The opposite coast to Manyara is that of Muwanda and the promontory of Chaga, while the great slug-like island of Usuguru, standing from west to east across the mouth of the bay, shuts the bay almost entirely in. At Muwanda we again trusted our fortunes with the natives, and were this time not deceived, so that we were enabled to lay in quite a stock of vegetables and provisions at a cheap rate. They gave us all the information we desired. Baringo, they said, is the name applied by the people of Ugana to Nduru, a district of Ugeyeya, and the bay on which our boat rode, the extreme end of the lake; nor did they know, nor had they heard of any lake, large or small, other than the Nyanza. I have described the coast from Muwanda to Uganda, and my visit to Mtesa, together with my happy encounter with Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, of Gordon's staff, at some length, so need not go over the same ground. The day after my last letter was written I made arrangements with the king of Uganda, by which he agreed to lend me thirty canoes, and some five hundred men, to convey the Expedition from Usukuma to the Katonga River. With this promise, and ten large canoes as an earnest of it, I started from Murchison Bay on April 17. We kept company as far as the Katonga River, but here the chief captain of the Waganda said that he should have to cross over to Sasse, distant twelve miles from the mainland, and the largest island in the Lake Nyanza, to procure the remaining twenty canoes promised by Mtesa. The chief gave me two canoes to accompany me, promising that I should be overtaken by the entire fleet before many days. I was impatient

to continue my survey of the lake, and to reach Usukuma, having been so long absent from the Expedition, during which time many things contrary to my success and peace of mind might have occurred.

“ I took my observations twice a day, with a sea horizon—one at noon for latitude, and one in the afternoon for longitude—and I am sorry to say that if I am right, Speke is about fourteen miles wrong in his latitude along the whole coast of Uganda. The mouth of the Katongo River, for instance, according to his map, is a little south of the Equator. I have made it by meridian altitude, observed April 20, to be in N. latitude $0^{\circ} 16' 0''$. Thus it is nearly with all his latitudes. His longitudes and mine vary but little; but this is easily accounted for. The longitude of any position can be taken with a chronometer, sextant, and artificial horizon, with the same accuracy on land as on sea. If there is any difference it is very likely to exist in the error of the chronometers. What instruments Speke possessed to obtain his latitudes I know not, but if he found the altitude of the sun ascending above 65° he could never obtain it with an ordinary sextant except by double altitude, and that method is not so exact as taking a simple meridian on a quiet lake, with an ample horizon of water. But there are various methods of determining one's latitude, and Speke was familiar with many. My positions all round the lake have been determined with a sea horizon. When near noon my plan was, if the lake was rough, to seek the nearest island or a quiet cape at the extremity of a bay, and there take my observations as deliberately as though my life depended on their accuracy. But this task was, indeed, a work of pleasure for me, and I have found a rich reward for most of my pains and stormy life on this lake in looking at the fair extent of chart-work on the blank space of my map, with all its bends, curves, inlets, creeks, bays, capes, debouchures of rivers, now surely known by the name of Victoria Nyanza. Any errors which may have crept into my calculations will be determined by competent authorities on my return from Africa, or on the arrival of my papers in Europe. Meantime I send my map as I have made it.

“ The Katonga is not a large river, and has but one mouth. The Amionzi River empties itself into the Nyanza, about eight miles W.S.W. of the Katonga. Ugunga stretches to the Kagerah, situated in S. lat. $0^{\circ} 40'$. On the south side of the river begins Usongora, extending to S. lat. 1° . South of 1° is Kamiru, extending to S. lat. $1^{\circ} 15'$. Thence is Uwya, with a country folk similar in enterprise to Ukerewe's people. Beyond Uwya is Uzinja, or Uzinza, called by the Wanyamwezi, Mweri. Uzinja continues as far south as Jordan's Nullah, and east of it is Usukuma again, while one day's sail from Jordan's Nullah we pass Muanza, which Speke reached in 1858, and this brings us home to Kagehyi, and to our camp, where we are greeted joyfully by such as live, having, however, to mourn the poor fellows who, in our absence, have been hurried by disease to untimely graves. I must be brief in what I

have to say now. I did think to make this a long letter, but Singoro's slave, who carries it, is in a hurry to go, as his caravan has already started. My next letter must continue this from the Kagera River, called in Karagwe the Kitangule, and it shall describe some foul adventures that we went through, which caused us to appear in a wretched condition to our Expedition. Though our condition was so wretched, it was not half so bad, nevertheless, as it would have been had we returned two days later, for I doubt much whether I should have had an Expedition to command at all. I had been absent too long, and our fight with the Wavuma had been magnified and enlarged by native rumour to such a pitch that Wolseley's victory at Ardahsu was as nothing to ours, for it had been said that we had destroyed a whole fleet of canoes, not one of which had escaped, and that some other tribe or tribes had collected a force, overtaken us, and destroyed us in like manner—an incredible story, which had, however, so won upon a faction of my soldiers, that they had determined to return to Unyanyembe, and thence to Zanzibar. But God has been with us here, and on the lake, and, though we have suffered some misfortunes, he has protected us from greater ones.

“We had been absent from camp fifty-eight days, during which we had surveyed in our brave little boat over one thousand miles of lake shores; but a part of the south-west coast has yet to be explored. We shall not leave the Nyanza, however, until we have thoroughly done our work. I returned to find also that one of my two remaining white companions, Frederick Barker, of the Langham Hotel, London, had died on the 23rd April, twelve days before I reappeared at Kagehyi. His disease was, as near as I can make it out from Frank Pocock's description, a congestive chill—that at least is the term applied to it in the United States. Pocock calls it ‘cold fits’—a term every whit, I believe, as appropriate. I have known several die of these ‘cold fits,’ or aguish attacks—the preliminary symptoms of very severe attacks of intermittent fever. These aguish attacks, however, sometimes kill the patient before the fever arrives which generally follows the warning. The lips grow blue, the face bears the appearance of one who is frozen, the blood becomes as it were congealed, the pulse stops, and death ensues. There are various methods of quickening the blood and reviving the patient, however; an excellent one is to plunge him into a vapour or hot water and mustard bath, and apply restoratives—brandy, hot tea, etc.; but Pocock was not experienced in this case, though he gave Barker some brandy when first he lay down, after feeling a slight nausea and chill. It appears by his comrade's report that he did not afterwards live an hour. Frederick Barker suffered from one of these severe aguish attacks in Ururi, but brandy and hot tea quickly given to him soon brought him to that state which promises recovery. Thus two out of my four white men are dead. I wonder, who next? Death cries, Who next? and perhaps our several friends will sadly and kindly ask, Who next? No matter

who it is. We could not better ourselves by attempting to fly from this fatal land; for between us and the sea are seven hundred miles of as sickly a country as any in Africa. The prospect is fairer in front, though there are in that direction some three thousand miles more to tramp. We have, however, new and wonderful unknown tracts before us, whose marvels and mysteries shall be a medicine which will make us laugh at fever and death.

“HENRY M. STANLEY.”

The following communication from Captain George, the Curator of Maps and Instruments to the Royal Geographical Society, concerning the height of Lake Victoria Nyanza, as determined by Mr. Stanley, agrees so closely with Captain Speke's result, that it must create a favourable impression on scientific geographers:—“Height of Lake Victoria Nyanza—The great pleasure every geographer will naturally take in the new discoveries of Mr. H. Stanley has induced me at once to look into his observations for the height of the lake. The readings of his instruments, though few, are very satisfactory. The aneroids appear to have rather a large index error, but as it is not precisely given, they must stand over for the present. The boiling-point observations, by two instruments of different makers, are to be preferred. From the fact of Captain Speke and Mr. Stanley observing near the same spot, and with the same class of instruments, their observations can fairly be compared. The same method and tables have therefore been used for both observers—viz., the Meteorological Tables by A. Guyot—with the following results:—

Captain Speke, on his map, gives.....	3,740 feet.
Mr. Stanley's observations give.....	3,808 “

Difference..... 68 “

And this difference may be greatly reduced when the Kew verification has been ascertained.

C. GEORGE, Staff Commander, R.N., Curator of Maps and Instruments to the Royal Geographical Society.”

Referring to Stanley and his work, as it is recorded in the letters he has sent home, the “Christian World” says:—“Mr. Stanley, the newspaper correspondent who was at one time treated with such supreme contempt by a section of learned society here in England, had, doubtless, certain features pertaining to his character, as well as to his culture, which exposed him somewhat to the barbed shafts of scientific scorn. But the meeting with the greatest of African travellers seems to have excited in his bosom a generous ambition; and we suspect that the jealousy provoked among the *savants* by

his discovery of Dr. Livingstone did not a little to spur him on in his new-born purpose to become himself a great African explorer. Be this as it may, he would appear to be in the fair way, should his life be spared, of doing much good work, and of rising to a position of such real eminence as few of his former detractors are ever likely to attain. When he set out on his present Expedition, Mr. Stanley had for his earliest object the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza, which still remains but very partially known. We now learn that he has reached that great reservoir of the Nile, and the account of his remarkable journey thither, across the uplands of Central Africa, has an interest not only for the general public, but also for geographers and other students of science. From Mpapwa, on the Unyanyembe road to Kagehyi, the village in Northern Usukuma where he encamped beside the Great Lake, the route chosen by him, lying far eastward of the path pursued by Speke, was until to-day a blank upon our maps. He has the merit of bringing into the light a great tract of country previously unknown to science; and this feat he has not achieved without forcing his way through fearful obstacles. We knew from the first that he must be a brave and enterprising man, not easily daunted by difficulty; but we now learn that he is the possessor of still higher qualities, uniting an organising and ruling faculty of a high order with rare magnanimity. Through deadly jungles, and still deadlier tribes of jealous and covetous natives, he had to storm his way, every mile almost costing a life. Dysentery, famine, fevers, and fighting, laid low one hundred and fifty-four men out of a force of about three hundred; and we regret to learn that among those who succumbed was the young Kentish sailor, Edward Pocock, one of two brothers who went with Mr. Stanley, and whose uncle perished with Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, being at the time the great explorer's coxswain.

"If the Expedition had not been led with remarkable dexterity, it seems probable that not one of the three hundred would ever have reached the Victorian Sea; and when we read of all the dangers that beset them on the way, we marvel to learn that the stores and equipments were still ample, and that they had carried the little steamship, the 'Lady Alice,' in safety, through the seven hundred and twenty miles of African wilderness. That swift and adventurous march across the Forest Plateau, is one of the heroic deeds that will live in history. It was achieved, including all haltings and fightings, in one hundred and three days, being, for one thing, the swiftest bit of work of the kind that was ever done. Leaving his camp at Kagehyi, under Francis Pocock, Mr. Stanley explored all the eastern and northern coasts of the great lake around to Mtesa's city, at the mouth of the Victoria Nile. Returning by the west shore, he found that another of his white companions, Frederick Barker, had died. His observations, taken with great care, showed that the Victoria Nyanza lies at an altitude even exceeding that estimated by Speke—

a correction which strengthens the likelihood that it is one of the great fountains of the Nile, and makes it certain that Speke's discovery was one of the grandest ever made in Africa. Mr. Stanley calculates that the sea is two hundred and thirty miles long by one hundred and eighty broad; and in the map which he has constructed and sent home the coast-line is studded with names of districts, villages, and rivers. This map will be exhibited and discussed at the first meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. After 'settling' the south-western corner of the great inland sea, it was Mr. Stanley's purpose to transport his men and stores to the Kagera or Katongo River, on its western shore, and thence, crossing the Unyoro country, to address himself to the fresh task of solving the great problem of the Albert Nyanza, of which only a mere fragment has been mapped. At his latest writing, on the 15th of May last, he reports himself as well equipped for at least two years more. His next letter, if we are ever to hear from Stanley again, will be looked for with anxious expectancy by the people, both of England and America."

The Royal Geographical Society has again and again noticed in a very marked and flattering manner the labours of the distinguished traveller. At the opening of the forty-sixth session, the chairman, Sir H. C. Rawlinson, said, in the course of his address, which was received with great enthusiasm, "In my anniversary address of last May, I ventured to anticipate, from Mr. Stanley's well-known intrepidity and determination, that being once launched into the interior of Africa, with means and appliances of the most extensive and efficient character, it would not be long before he had resolved the doubts which have existed since the first discovery of the Victoria Nyanza as to the true nature of that great Nile reservoir—that is, as to whether it was one large sea studded with islands, as maintained by the first discoverers, Captain Speke and Colonel Grant, or whether it was a mere collection of lagoons, as suggested by Captain Burton and Dr. Livingstone, on the strength of native information. This anticipation has now been realised, and I am enabled, through the kindness of the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph' and 'New York Herald,' to exhibit to this evening's meeting a complete chart of the lake, as delineated by Mr. Stanley, who for the first time has almost circumnavigated its shores. The narrative of Mr. Stanley's cruise round the northern and western shores of the lakes, which was entrusted to M. Linant de Bellefonds, whom I met at Mtesa's capital on a mission from Colonel Gordon, has been published in the columns of 'The Daily Telegraph' only this morning. The other letters, however, despatched *via* Zanzibar, and published some weeks ago, have acquainted us with all the main features of this most remarkable journey, which I proceed accordingly to recapitulate. Mr. Stanley, it appears, did not follow the high road from the coast to Unyamwe, but struck a track further to the east, probably the same by which

Mtesa's messengers had previously travelled from Uganda to Zanzibar, and thus reached in one hundred and three days, including halts, the southern shore of the lake, distance seven hundred and thirty miles from Bagamoyo, having fought a severe battle with the natives on the way, and having also discovered and followed to the lake a new river, the Shimeeyu, which rises some three hundred miles beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and is thus, as far as our present information extends, the true southern source of the White Nile.

“Embarking at a short distance to the east of the Jordan's Nullah of Speke in a portable boat, called the ‘Lady Alice,’ which accompanied the Expedition from England, Mr. Stanley, with a portion of his followers, succeeded in tracing the sinuous shores of the lake along its southern, eastern, and northern sides to Mtesa's capital at Uganda. His description of this very considerable extent of new country—for we knew nothing of it before except from native information—is full of interest to the geographer, and would have entitled Mr. Stanley to a very high place among African discoverers if his explorations had been confined to this single voyage. From Mtesa's capital at Uganda Mr. Stanley followed the western shores of the lake to the River Kagera, the Kitangule of Speke, and then seems to have struck across direct to his station on the shore of Usukuma, leaving the south-western corner of the sea for subsequent explorations. His circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza covered about one thousand miles, and seems to have been verified throughout by a careful series of observations for latitude and longitude. Pending the examination of the register of these observations we cannot affirm that the positions, as laid down on the map, and which differ slightly from Speke's positions, are rigidly correct; but, for all practical purposes, Stanley's delineation of the lake may be accepted as sufficiently accurate, and as a great boon to African geography. With regard also to his hypsometrical observations, it is interesting to note that whereas there was a difference of more than four hundred feet in Speke's calculations of height for the northern and southern portions of the lake respectively—a difference which first led geographers to suspect that the lake might be composed of separate basins of varying elevation—Mr. Stanley's measurement by boiling water at his station, east of Jordan's Nullah, gave a result within seventy feet of Speke's observation near the same spot; so that the height of the Victoria Nyanza may now be considered to be determined at about three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. Mr. Stanley intended, after completing his survey of the Victoria Nyanza, to cross the intervening country to the Albert Nyanza, where he hoped, by means of the ‘Lady Alice,’ to make a second voyage of discovery round this hitherto almost unvisited lake; but more recent intelligence from the Upper Nile leads us to expect that he will have been anticipated in this second achievement by Colonel Gordon, or by some officers of the Upper Nile command, as it appears that a steamer has at length forced its way to a point above the principal

rapids, from whence the passage to the Albert Nyanza is tolerably free from impediment.

“Before I close this brief account of Mr. Stanley’s exploration of the Victoria Nyanza—an exploration which does infinite credit to his energy and skill, and which will be explained to you more in detail by the veteran traveller, Colonel Grant, at our next meeting—I am desirous of drawing attention to the extraordinary munificence of the proprietors of the London ‘Daily Telegraph’ and the ‘New York Herald,’ in fitting out this Expedition entirely at their own expense. Such munificence far transcends the efforts of private individuals in the cause of science, and even puts to shame our public institutions, enabling, as it did, the undaunted Mr. Stanley to take the field with four Europeans and three hundred natives, amply provided with arms, instruments, and supplies, and assured of continual support, until he had fairly accomplished his work. And I may add, that the courtesy which has placed at my disposal Mr. Stanley’s map of the Victoria Nyanza for the gratification of the fellows of the Geographical Society, and for the general instruction of the public, is a graceful sequel to the liberality of Mr. Stanley’s English and American patrons in preparing the original Expedition. I feel assured, then, that I only express the feelings of the fellows of the Society in recording our warmest thanks to the proprietors and staff of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald’ for the service they have rendered to the cause of geography, and in wishing the most complete success to Mr. Stanley’s further operations.”

Not many days after that of the above meeting, a special meeting of the Society was held for the consideration of African questions, Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson, the President, again in the chair. A paper was read by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., on ‘Mr. H. M. Stanley’s Exploration of Lake Victoria Nyanza.’ The theatre of the University of London was crowded by ladies and gentlemen, amongst them being the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., Sir Samuel Baker, Captain Burton, Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Rev. Horace Waller, etc. etc. On the table, in front of the president’s chair, was, under a glass shade, the map of Victoria Nyanza district executed by Mr. Stanley in Africa.

The PRESIDENT, in opening the proceedings, said they had met to discuss the question of Central or Equatorial Africa. At the last meeting he had the honour of representing to the Society how much it was indebted to Mr. Stanley for his recent circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza. On the present occasion the meeting would have the advantage of hearing Mr. Stanley’s discoveries illustrated by his great predecessor, Colonel Grant. As they were also honoured by the presence of Sir Samuel Baker and of Captain Burton, they had all the great authorities on the question present, and he therefore hoped they would have an interesting discussion on this most important sub-

ject. He should only notify to the meeting that there were two subjects for discussion that evening—one relating to the Victoria Nyanza, the other to the Albert Nyanza—but the two subjects would be kept as distinct as possible. After the first discussion he should read a few extracts of letters from Colonel Gordon relative to his survey of the Nile, and his labours in the vicinity of the Albert Nyanza.

COLONEL GRANT, who was loudly cheered, then read his paper. He said—“The journey recently made by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the commissioner of ‘The Daily Telegraph’ and ‘New York Herald,’ is one of the most important and brilliant that has ever been made in Central Africa, or, indeed, in any other country; for, when we consider that he accomplished it so quickly, taking only sixteen to eighteen months from the time he left England, it seems at first as incredible as was his famous discovery of the late Dr. Livingstone. It is not alone the short time, but the great geographical question which he has finally settled—namely, he has confirmed Speke’s discovery, that the Victoria Nyanza was one vast inland fresh water; he has navigated its shores for a thousand miles, thereby proving that its waters are continuous. In 1860, Speke and I started from Zanzibar with two hundred followers. It will give some idea of the fickle African race when I tell you that we had only forty men of the two hundred when we reached Kazeh, four hundred and thirty miles west of the sea-coast. Three-fourths had deserted us. We need not, therefore, be alarmed by the report of Mr. Stanley, that one-half of his men were non-effective. He will enlist others, or do with fewer. Months of weary delay again took place on the way between Kazeh and the hilly region of Karagweh, on account of the difficulties thrown in the way by the inhabitants. We wished to get on quickly, and tried to march near the lake, but were told that the ordinary route *via* Usui must be kept. We accordingly went that way, and crossed the watershed at two and a-half degrees S. lat. From this position we descended the northern incline of Equatorial Africa, and never left Nile-land till we reached the Mediterranean. The route may be likened to the teeth of a saw, the points being plains and the depressions swamps. We had extensive views of the lakes from these plains. The bays and long inlets of water or friths seen by us on the western and northern shores were M’werooka, Katonga, Murchison, etc. Some were completely land-locked, and twenty miles in length. I allude to the one seen near our camp at Uganda capital. It is here, probably, that Colonel Long, of the Khedive’s service, found himself the other day, when he reported that Speke’s Victoria Nyanza was merely a small affair of thirty miles in extent.

“The greatest river on the route between the most southern point of the lake, round its western and northern shores, is the Kitangule Kagoera, in the district of Karagweh. In appearance it has a slow, majestic, winding course, which is navigable for thirty to forty miles from its mouth; vessels drawing

twenty-five feet of water could, I believe, float at the ferry where we crossed. Speke and I had to conjecture this depth at the ferry, because we were forcibly prevented from dropping our lead-lines into it; the king would not be pleased; it was not 'canny' to take soundings. I should not be the least surprised to hear that Mr. Stanley selects this noble river as a point for exploration. With the 'Lady Alice' he can ascend this stream for the lake up almost to King Rumanika's door; or he can cross over the mountains of Ruanda and Urundi and descend to the spot on Lake Tanganyika where Livingstone and he had such a pleasant pic-nic; or he may select the Albert Nyanza as his field for exploration. All will be new to us; either route would interest geographers intensely, for the country, its people, and its animals, are all unknown. The area of the lake, according to Speke, is six hundred and forty-five geographical miles in circumference; and if we add to this the circumference of Lake Bahr-ingo, we have nine hundred and ten geographical miles. Many will remember the enthusiastic reception given in old Burlington House where Speke and I were received after telegraphing that the 'Nile was settled,' that 'the Victoria Nyanza was the source of the Nile.' Such a reception certainly awaits Mr. Stanley when he appears here; and if he should make more discoveries—which he undoubtedly will, if God spares him—there is no honour which this Society can bestow that he will not have earned over and over again. He, as an observer, a traveller in its real sense, a provider of true and pleasant pictures from unknown lands, has confirmed the discoveries made by Speke, and to him the merit is due of having sailed on the broad waters of the lake, and sent home a map, and descriptions so vivid and truthful that the most sceptical cannot fail to be satisfied. Here it may be as well to explain that some geographers never accepted Speke's lake as one great ocean, although the geographical world did. The foremost of unbelievers, and the one who appeared first in the field, was Captain Burton, the companion at one time of Speke. He did not seem to have any reason for his argument. He said there must be several lakes, lagoons—anything, in fact, except the lake. Even the late Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley made out there must be several lakes. Livingstone wrote in a very patronising tone, 'Poor Speke had turned his back upon the real sources of the Nile'—'his river at Ripon Falls was not large enough for the Nile'—and was disparaging to Speke's discoveries. The work of Dr. Schweinfurth, 'the Heart of Africa,' has fallen into the greatest blunder. About three years ago a map, constructed without authority in our map-room, was suspended from these walls, but on my protest the President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, ordered that it be altered to the delineation of the lake by Speke. This was done. Numbers of other writers and map-makers, Continental and English, have gone on disintegrating the lake from book to book, map to map, and from year to year; but I think the public will now perceive how unjust the above critics have been, how firmly

the fame of Speke has been established, and will not fail to accord him that place in their opinions which he may have lost for a time. (The Colonel here enumerated a series of maps, in which the Nyanza is divided into two or more lakes, and resumed.) It is now my place to make some comments on Mr. Stanley's journey. Starting from Zanzibar, in 1874, with three hundred followers, he made a rapid journey of seven hundred and twenty miles to the south-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, performing this distance in one hundred and three days, inclusive of halts. Through forests, across deserts and rivers, he conveyed the boat, 'Lady Alice,' in sections, and launched her on the lake. The forethought and energy required to convey this boat must command the fullest admiration, for in doing so he has navigated the inland ocean, and given us a thrilling account of its extent, its rivers and shores, and its beautiful islands. He experienced almost stunning losses and privations in his land journey. Having to travel through sterile, unhealthy regions, the want of food and water was felt severely; his men suffered from sickness—death was rife amongst them—and he had to contend against the Waturu race, who sounded their war drums, and killed twenty-one of his men. After contesting with them for three days, and clearing a way for his advance, he continued his march towards the lake. On the 27th of February last he obtained his first view of the great sea, and it can be imagined how impatient he must have been, and how hard he and his men must have worked to put the 'Lady Alice' together, to have a short trial on the lake before taking to sea in her.

"There are many questions which we should like to ask Mr. Stanley here—namely, what crew had he? who were they? how did they all manage for food? and was it ever rough weather? But we must be content with his map now before us, with its rivers, islands, and broad expanse. It seems as if the great brown plains, which Mr. Stanley speaks of as bounding the lake to the east, drank up all the rain that falls upon them, for there are no rivers on that side. Everywhere he heard of plains to the east. The mountains of Ugeyeya, are called gigantic, for Mr. Stanley says, 'We pass between the island of Ugingo and the gigantic mountains of Ugeyeya, at whose base the 'Lady Alice' seems to crawl like a tiny insect, while we on board admire the stupendous summits.' There is nothing as to size or summit on the other side of the lake to compare with this description of the equatorial mountains of Ugeyeya. Having abstracted all the notes on the mountains of the east coast, we can say that there are no mountains, no volcanic cones, to be compared with them as to their height and proximity to the lake on the west coast. I therefore cannot but conclude that the fairway of the lake will be found on the east coast, and that the miles of swamps and shallow water in the west do not exist to the same extent on the other shore. But this interesting question will, I trust, soon be settled when we receive Mr. Stanley's observations on depths. No fewer than sixty islands may be counted upon Mr. Stanley's

map, dotted generally in clusters all round the shores, at distances of two and three miles from the mainland. The largest in the whole lake is Sesseh, which we made forty miles in length. Sesseh—or, as Mr. Stanley calls it, Sasse—has an area of about seven hundred English square miles; the dimensions of this one island will give some idea of the importance of this inland sea, which is probably the largest body of fresh water—at this altitude—in the known world. Regarding the altitudes taken by Mr. Stanley, we find that, in leaving the desert plain of Ugogo, he ascended to another plateau, three thousand eight hundred feet; again, as he proceeded north-west, he came on a still higher one of four thousand five hundred feet, and his greatest altitude was five thousand one hundred feet, which is the watershed between the lake and the sea-coast. This last height corresponds with the highest inhabited country Speke and I traversed in our journey—namely, the capital of Karagweh, which approaches to within fifty miles of the W.S.W. end of the lake. The height of the Nyanza above the sea was three thousand five hundred and fifty to three thousand six hundred and fifty feet by one aneroid, and three thousand five hundred and seventy-five to three thousand six hundred and seventy-five by another. A further observation by Mr. Stanley, with two boiling thermometers, made the altitude, subject to correction, similar to Speke's—namely, three thousand eight hundred and one, or sixty-eight feet in excess of Speke's observations. The difference is insignificant, and we may accept them as the established altitude of Victoria Nyanza. The area of Victoria Nyanza, as made known to us by Mr. Stanley, proves that Speke far underrated its extent. I have carefully measured the maps of both travellers with compass to ascertain their existing difference, measuring every ten miles, and the result by this rather rough means obtained is as follows:—Circumference of Speke's lake, six hundred and forty-five geographical miles; circumference of Stanley's lake, eight hundred and ninety geographical miles. If we add two hundred and sixty-five geographical miles, the circumference of the Bahr-ingo Lake in Speke's map, we get nine hundred and ten miles as one body of water—a curious similarity, in circumference, to Stanley's single lake—only twenty miles of difference. Mr. Stanley thinks the mode of spelling Nyanza is objectionable, because, he says, the natives do not pronounce it in this way. Let me first explain that, in using the expression, Lake Victoria Nyanza, we actually say Lake Victoria Lake—Nyanza signifying 'lake.' All that is necessary when using the word is to call it the Victoria Nyanza, or Victoria Lake. As to the spelling and pronunciation of the word, we find that it is sounded differently in different localities." In conclusion, Col. Grant said—"These few remarks on Mr. Stanley's journey, I may state, are made on my own authority, by request of the President of the Geographical Society, for I felt that it was not for me to come forward as the champion of Speke. He required no such

bolstering. In fact, I should have preferred that some other and more competent hand wrote a comment on Mr. Stanley's journey. However, I have great pleasure in complying, for it has opened up to me an old love, and given me this opportunity of congratulating the Society on the great achievement before them. Who amongst us would have had his energy? Who would undertake a cruise in an open boat, and absent himself from his camp for fifty-eight days? Who would risk such danger to life, and exposure to an African sun in the month of April? Who of us are able to guide, provide for, lead, and attend to a little army successfully, and, in the midst of all this, take their observations for latitude and longitude? I think him a worthy representative of the energy which sent out such an Expedition."

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, who was cheered, said "that, even when old African travellers were placed upon the retired list, there was a pleasure which remained to them still, and that was to watch the efforts and endeavours, and to praise the energies, of those younger travellers who were filling up the paths the older ones had cut out. He had come that evening from the south of England, at some personal inconvenience, personally to render all the praise an old African traveller could to the energy displayed by their friend, Mr. Stanley. At the same time it was such a pleasure to add his testimony to the indomitable perseverance Mr. Stanley had shown, and it was so gratifying to meet old African travellers—and they had in Captain Burton the oldest living African discoverer—that he should have been sorry not to have been present at that meeting. He had always advocated 'Fair play and no favour,' among African travellers, and although, unfortunately, there had been some little rivalry amongst them, he was perfectly certain every traveller who started from this country started with one great aim—to carry out his duty to the Society, and to represent the integrity and determination of England. Captain Burton started with Speke, when he (SIR S. BAKER) was comparatively a young man, and Speke a very young man, and he had owed most of his success to the map Speke had given him. The original map was among the records of the Society, and it was not only recognised, but proved almost to the letter by Mr. Stanley. In these days of geographical triumph, they all grieved that Speke was no more; and he was sure his fellow-traveller, Colonel Grant, was only too happy to feel that this day would add to his dead friend's undying reputation. Speaking of Mr. Stanley's letters, he (SIR S. BAKER) must say that everybody must be struck with the candour of his descriptions. There were people in England fond of sitting down to criticise, who said Mr. Stanley need not have fought or occasioned bloodshed. But it was most unfair for any person who had no knowledge of the state of the case or of the country, in which there was no law but the law of force, to speak or write in this way. He felt certain no person travelling for the Society would commit an act of force, except through necessity; but still

there were many people who, for the sake of cavilling, ignored the state of the country, and the difficulties travellers had to endure. When natives would not sell food it must be got, or travellers starved. If the travellers tried to take the food the natives would try to kill them, and to prevent this travellers had to use force. Mr. Stanley did so, and got his food. With respect to the difficulties as to carrying the boat surrounding Mr. Stanley, the feat was to be admired more, perhaps, than any other. He (SIR S. BAKER) and his party took out boats, but they never had any one to carry them, and never got one of them near the lake. Even when Mr. Stanley was navigating the lake in the 'Lady Alice,' he encountered much hostility from the natives." After an exhaustive address upon certain geographical points in the district referred to in the paper, SIR SAMUEL BAKER concluded amid cheers.

CAPTAIN BURTON, who was very warmly received, said he had already complimented Mr. Stanley for his undaunted perseverance; and he quoted former statements of his own in that room with respect to the Victoria Nyanza, which had now been actually proved by Mr. Stanley to have been correct. The existence of lakes to the north, north-east, and possibly to the east of the Victoria Nyanza, was still, he thought, extremely possible.

THE PRESIDENT—"The meeting is aware that it is to the proprietors of 'The Daily Telegraph' and the 'New York Herald,' we are indebted for the highly important and interesting particulars upon which the paper of to-night and the discussion are founded. Mr. Arnold, who is a friend of Mr. Stanley, is amongst us to-night, and I shall call upon him to acknowledge the hearty encomiums passed upon his friend."

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD said—"It is because the President does not desire to leave any blank in the records of an evening so important to geographical science as this is, that I rise to detain you a moment after hearing orators so illustrious. Since the whole discussion this evening has constituted one magnificent encomium upon the labours of my friend Mr. Stanley, it may seem good that I should tender a brief form of thanks, which I trust he may one day fill up in this hall. If he could have heard the generous words by which his work has been described—'the southernmost sources of the Nile'—words the import of which most of you in this room can well recognise—it would cheer him beyond any material aid which could be sent him. I wish I could help the gentleman who uses that wand upon the map to point with it to the spot where Mr. Stanley now is. If we could do that, we should not wish to send him beads, brass wire, money, or provisions, so much as copies of the speeches delivered in this hall, which would cheer him more and carry him forward better than aught else could do. There is a story of an African architect who was commissioned to build the Pharos at Alexandria, and who wrote his king's name upon the plaster and his own upon the stone underneath. I am here to reverse that process. I inscribe brief and fleeting

thanks, withpassing words, and underneath them I hope Mr. Stanley will some day write down his enduring gratitude. I thank you very earnestly in his name, and, as far as I may speak at all for those two allied journals which have been so happy as to commission Mr. Stanley, I thank you also most sincerely. I may indeed conclude with some of Mr. Stanley's own words contained in a letter addressed to me personally, and of the same date as that affixed to the last letters you have seen. He says—'I am in perfect health, thank God. The Nile sources and their atmosphere make me stronger and stronger, and increase my energy. My last word to you is, *En avant.*'"

The Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, remarked that it might be expected he would say something respecting the noble call—the Christian appeal made by Mr. Stanley. The subject had long occupied the attention of the Society, and it was due to the Church Missionary Society that geographical expeditions were started in Eastern Africa. There were, of course, great difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposal, but every possible precaution would be taken; and in accepting King Mtesa's invitation, which they expected was sincere, they did not anticipate any of the dangers which some people spoke of. The Society thought and believed that half the energy, fortitude, and indomitable perseverance which had been displayed by Geographical explorers would suffice to bring the Gospel to the shores of the Nyanza. What the Society was now considering was, what was the best route? They knew that a combination of circumstances should direct them in what they were about to undertake. From one friend they had already got £5,000, and another friend had that morning promised to give them £3,000. Surely that showed there was a feeling in this country which would bring to the poor wretches of Africa that Gospel which made the people of this land what they were. In conclusion he should, for the attainment of this object, bespeak sympathy of all lovers of geographical science.

It must be gratifying to all true lovers of Africa to know that the appeal to the friends of Christian Missions on behalf of that land has not been in vain. Two Societies at least have resolved to respond to it in a practical way; to one of which reference is made in the speech just reported. At a Special General Committee of the Church Missionary Society, summoned to consider the subject of the invitation conveyed from the capital of Uganda in Mr. Stanley's despatches, the following letter was submitted and read by the Honorary Clerical Secretary, after alluding to the interest aroused by King Mtesa's invitation:—

"DEAR MR. HUTCHINSON—My eyes have often been strained wistfully towards the interior of Africa, west of Mombasa, and I have longed and prayed for the time when the Lord would by his providence open there a door of entrance to the heralds of the Gospel.

“The appeal of the energetic explorer Stanley to the Christian Church from Mtesa’s capital, Uganda, taken in connection with Colonel Gordon’s occupation of the upper territories of the Nile, seems to me to indicate that the time has come for the soldiers of the cross to make an advance into that region.

“If the Committee of the Church Missionary Society are prepared at once and with energy to organise a mission to the Victoria Nyanza, I shall account it a high privilege to place £5,000 at their disposal as a nucleus for the expenses of the undertaking.

“I am not so sanguine as to look for the rapidity of success contemplated by Mr. Stanley; but if the mission be undertaken in simple and trustful dependence upon the Lord of the Harvest, surely no insurmountable difficulty need be anticipated, but His presence and blessing be confidently expected, as we go forward in obedience to the indications of His Providence and the commands of His Word.

“I only desire to be known in this matter as

“AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

(Luke xvii. 10).

“Edward Hutchinson, Esq.”

The Secretaries then laid before the Committee the information furnished by the travels of Speke, Grant, Colonel Long, Mr. Stanley, and the Rev. J. Wakfield, with regard to the circumstances of the tribes adjoining Lake Nyanza, and full discussion having ensued, the following resolutions were passed:—“1. That this Committee, bearing in mind that the Church Missionary Society is primarily commissioned to Africa and the East, and recognising a combination of providential circumstances in the present opening in Equatorial Africa, thankfully accepts the offer of the anonymous donor of £5,000, and undertakes, in dependence upon God, to take steps for the establishment of a mission to the vicinity of the Victoria Nyanza, in the prayerful hope that it may prove a centre of light and blessing to the tribes in the heart of Africa. 2. That a sub-committee be appointed to consider and report to the Committee on the best mode of carrying this resolution into effect. 3. That a special fund be opened for meeting the expenditure connected with the proposed mission.”

NATIVE WEAPONS



TYPES OF VARIOUS AFRICAN TRIBES



NAWCA



AFRICAN VIOLIN



MANDOLINE

CHAPTER XXVII.

Stanley and Tippu-Tib—Consultation with Mr. Pocock—Starting of the Expedition—Launching of the “Lady Alice”—Sickness in the Camp—Parting between the Zanzibari and the Arabs.

IT was a crisis in Stanley's life when he saw that the task before him was to explore the haunting river which had beckoned, and then eluded, every traveller before him. It may be said to be indeed his own river, for it owes everything to him, while he owes to it the grandest work of his manhood. Did he dream of all that it might be on that never-to-be-forgotten evening which he has himself so graphically described when he and Frank Pocock talked the matter over together in their hut at Mwana Mamba? It was after dinner, and the only light they had was from the wicks in a couple of saucers filled with palm oil. The dangers of the river had not been hidden from him, but they could not quench his desire. Tippu-Tib, whom Cameron had seen and mentioned as *Tipo Tipo*, and who had conducted him across the Lualaba as far as Utotera, an Arab trader of good circumstances, visited Stanley and told him of Cameron, explaining how it was that he had been unsuccessful in solving the great problem of African geography, and had left it where Livingstone also had been compelled to leave it. He could not get canoes, nor persuade the men to risk the dangers of the unknown. Stanley asked Tippu-Tib if he would help him as he had helped Cameron. The Arab hesitated; he told Stanley there would be great risk, and he who explored the country for ivory could not understand the white men, who seemed only looking out for rivers, lakes, and mountains. His wonder at Dr. Livingstone had never ceased, for the old man who travelled further than any one had yet, bought no slaves, collected no ivory, nor seemed to have any money.

When Stanley appealed to Tippu-Tib, however, he announced his willingness to go a journey of sixty camps, each camp to be a distance from the other of four hours' march, for the sum of five thousand dollars, Stanley to find provisions for Tippu-Tib's men, who were nearly one hundred and fifty in number. Stanley was, however, to return to Nyangwé for the protection of Tippu-Tib, and he was to have his money, no matter what happened, unless he proved faint-hearted and refused to go on.

It was then that Stanley and Frank Pocock had their memorable

consultation, and Mr. Pocock proposed that they should toss up, and let two out of the three tosses decide the matter. So Stanley took a rupee from his pocket, and Mr. Pocock said, "Heads for the north and the river, tails for the south and Katanga." So they tossed, and it was tails; then they tossed again, and it was tails that time also, and so on for six successive times the tails won. Then they tried straws, the short straws for the south and the long ones for the river, and all the short straws were drawn first.

But of course these signs were not regarded. Stanley was more and more convinced that his destiny called him up the Lualaba river; and he told Pocock that if he would stand by him he would make the venture. His friend—a faithful friend indeed, faithful unto death—assured him that he would stand by him whatever came.

So the contract between Henry M. Stanley on the one hand, and Tippu-Tib on the other, was signed in the presence of witnesses. Stanley then summoned the Wangwana chiefs of his party, and announced to them the arrangements that had been made. They were perfectly willing to go on with their master, since Tippu-Tib with seventy Wamgamwezi spearmen and one hundred and forty guns were going too. They were to travel for sixty camps, and then, if the country was hostile, return; but if they met Portuguese or Turkish traders who would travel with them, and so strengthen their party, they would go on still further. The Wangwana chiefs heartily approved, and declared that the presence of Tippu-Tib would prevent the desertions that often greatly harassed Stanley as they had done his predecessors.

The next day, the 24th of October 1876, the Expedition started on its ever memorable journey.

As it passed out of Mwana Mamba, many strangers asked to be allowed to join, and the numbers were considerably swelled when they reached the first halting-place, eleven miles on the road. The first few days were very pleasant ones, for the route lay through a beautiful country, with hills to the north-east of them, and to the west "a rolling, grassy land," the grass being of gigantic proportions. A very rapid march was made *viâ* Marimbu and Kankumba, through Manyema to the Kunda river, across which they were ferried, and so on to Nyangwé, at which place Abed bin Salim met the Expedition, and offered Stanley the use of his house.

Nyangwé is a town of some importance to the Arabs, who up to Stanley's arrival had made it the end of their journeys westward. It is built on a cliff overlooking the river known hitherto as the Lualaba, and is forty feet above it. An Arab trader founded it, and it was in the possession of three or four Arabs and their followers.

The "Lady Alice" was rebuilt, and floated on the Lualaba at Nyangwé, at which place the width of the river is nearly five thousand yards. The water was at that time very low, but often it rises so high as to overflow its banks.

At Nyangwé Mr. Stanley made the acquaintance of a tribe of fisher-folk called the Wenya, who were the aborigines of the place.

Tippu-Tib and his force reached Stanley on the 2nd of November, and on the 5th the grand start was made. Stanley's muster was 146 only, but Tippu-Tib brought 700 people with him, and this fact put courage into the hearts of all.

Their first halt was made at the villages of Naskasimbi, and there Stanley made acquaintance with some of Tippu-Tib's companions. Sheikh Abdallah, an Arab, who had a flint-lock musket of which he was proud; Muina Ibrahim, his bosom friend, was a coast man and more like a negro than an Arab; Jumeh, who had told the story of the dwarfs—of whom Stanley was to know more than enough during other portions of his life; Muina Hamadi, and others. Tippu-Tib's confidential man, "the master of the axe," was Bwana Shakka, a person of great strength and renown, who was not, however, to go all the way with Stanley, but to branch off presently on an expedition for his own master.

On the day after their start they entered the black forest-mass which had been visible from Nyangwé. It was dark and chill, and most forbidding from the first. Tippu-Tib's people were in front, and the march was not as rapid as Stanley would have chosen, and a great deal more uncomfortable. All the sunshine and brightness was past, and the forest was dense and damp. Our travellers soon got wet as they went slowly on, "in a feeble, solemn twilight, through a path of stiff clay, so wet that each man splashed himself and his neighbour." Immense trees were about them, and the thick undergrowth was twenty feet high. Sometimes they descended into ditches, and then climbed on to banks, where the leaves struck their faces, and all the time their clothes were being saturated with the moisture from the trees, while the atmosphere was suffocating.

On November 7th they rested at Mpotira, for the boatmen who were carrying the sections of the boat through the forest were quite worn out, and indeed every one suffered frightfully from fatigue. The guide, who had been along that way before, declared that it would be worse the further they went; but this seemed impossible. Stanley ordered his men to try to cut a road through the mass of foliage; but even when that was done there were still the fallen trees which lay everywhere to obstruct them. No idea can be formed by those who merely read the story of the difficulties they had to encounter. "The toes grasp the path, the heads bear the load, the hand clears the obstructing bush, the elbow puts aside the sapling."

In Uregga, the home of the Waregga tribe, who live in this forest, the Expedition halted for a rest. These people in their wood-homes were civil to the strangers, who wondered how they could manage to exist at all in such a country; but they knew nothing of the Lualaba, though they were near to it.

Here Stanley's troubles began to be augmented by the complainings of his men. The Wangwana and the boatmen became savagely rebellious, urging Stanley either to burn the boat so that it need not be carried, or to return to Nyangwé. He was resolved to do neither; and the next day Tippu-Tib waited upon him to cancel his engagement. The sufferings were such as he could not bear—though of course they were not more than Stanley's, whose shoes were worn out, so that he was now marching with naked feet. Tippu said that he did not know there could be such a place as this forest in the world, and that it was killing his men.

Stanley upbraided him for his dishonourable breach of contract, and besought him for his own credit's sake to continue the journey. Indeed our brave explorer felt that if Tippu-Tib went back it would be the downfall of his own hopes and expectations; so for two hours he plied him with arguments, censures, and entreaties, promising that if he would continue they would cross over to the other side of the river, where, though the tribes were said to be dangerous, the country was more open. Tippu-Tib at last consented to keep on for twenty marches further.

There was much that was interesting at Wane-Kirumbu, where at present their camp was formed. There was a large forge and smithy, in which a dozen blacksmiths were at work making spears and knives of all shapes and sizes, and of good quality. The smelting furnace had four double-handled bellows, which were worked up and down by four men. The blast could be heard half a mile away. The furnace was a hollow excavated in a great mound of clay. There were apertures in the sides, into which funnel-shaped earthenware pipes were fitted. Sacks of charcoal were at hand, and boys fed the fire with it.

Stanley here saw some widowers mourning for their wives, which they do for two and a half years, the widows deploring the loss of their husbands for the same length of time. The symbol of mourning, which is worn all the time, is a thick daub of charcoal paste, which covers the face; the women further disfiguring themselves with bands of faded banana leaves across their foreheads.

The next halt of the Expedition was at Kampunzu, a long village of one street, with low, gable-roofed houses on either side. This village was chiefly remarkable for its collection of skulls, placed in two rows three or four yards apart, running all through the village, and placed about two inches deep in the ground, the tops of them showing white and bleached above.

Livingstone had reported of these to Stanley, who was at once much interested in them. He thought they looked like human skulls, but the people said they were "meat," and parts of the "Sokos," who live in the forests and steal the bananas, and are themselves hunted and slain by the people of Kampunzu. Stanley thought he had found the missing link, and he

succeeded in purchasing two of the skulls, a male and a female, which he subsequently sent to Professor Huxley.

On the 19th of November 1876, after a journey of forty-one geographical miles from Nyangwé, Mr. Stanley reached the river. Livingstone had given to it the name Lualaba; but Stanley here altered it, and gave it the name of *The Livingstone River*.

He pitched his tent about thirty feet from the river, which was twelve hundred yards from bank to bank. There were no people within a mile, and very soon the scene was one of busy activity, which was, however, a rest after their long and most toilsome march. The boat was being put together by Mr. Pocock and the Wangwana chiefs, and the cook was preparing the breakfast of the captain of the Expedition, when an inspiration came to them. The broad brown river was very gentle as it flowed onward between the great forests on either side. Mr. Stanley looked at it, and wondered what mysterious scenes were in the unexplored regions through which the great river silently ran. "Something strange must surely lie in the vast space occupied by total blankness on our maps between Nyangwé and 'Tuckey's Farthest.'" The master let his imagination dwell on all that he had heard and read of the land of dreams, and which might be unfolded to the adventurous travellers now. "I seek a road to connect these two points," so ran his musings. "We have laboured through the terrible forest, and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people's hearts have become faint. I seek a road. *Why, here lies a broad watery avenue cleaving the unknown to some sea* like a path of light! Here are woods all around, sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. *Why not build them!*"

With Stanley to think was to act, and he at once had the drum sounded which called to muster; and immediately Mr. Pocock and the chiefs appeared, and the people followed and surrounded their leader with wonder and expectancy on all their faces.

And now occurred one of those opportunities when it behoves a man to be eloquent and persuasive in the highest degree. Mr. Stanley could well be this, on occasion; and he lifted his hat and stood erect before the people with his face aglow with feeling, and the resolute purpose of his heart seen in every line of his face and curve of his body.

His voice rang out as he addressed them—"Arabs! Sons of Unyamwezi! Children of Zanzibar! listen to me." He referred to the troublous journey they had endured, and spoke of his wish to find a path that should take him to the sea. "By that Salt Sea, on which the great ships come and go, live my friends and your friends." "Yes, yes," cried the people. "I have found the path to the Salt Sea; it is by the broad flowing River which you see before you, and which has flowed on thus in silence and darkness day by day. But no man has ever penetrated the distance lying between this spot and our white

friends by the Salt Sea. Why? Because it has been left us to do." Murmurs of "No, no," and desponding shakes of the head greeted this statement. "Yes, my friends," continued Stanley, "it has been left from the beginning of time until to-day for us to do. It is our work. It is the voice of the one great God!" Then he addressed the Wangwana and the Arabs with words that were intended to go straight to their hearts. "You who have followed me through Turu, and sailed around the great lakes with me, who have followed me like children following their father, through Unyoro and down to Ujiji, and as far as this wild, wild land, will you leave me here to die alone, or will you bind me and take me back by force? Speak, Arabs! Where are my young men with hearts of lions? Speak, Wangwana, and show me those who dare follow me."

There was a pause, and then Uledi, the coxswain, came forward, and declared he would follow his master even to the death. And so said all the boat's crew. At that Stanley asked the men that all who were on his side should stand forth and let him count them. Thirty-eight stood forward, and ninety-five made no response.

Stanley thanked the brave men, and prophesied that the others would yield presently, and then the assembly was dispersed.

Tippu-Tib, Sheikh Abdallah, and Muina Ibrahim remained to endeavour to shake the resolution of this unreasonable adventurer. They talked to him of cataracts and cannibals, and murderous tribes, before whom the Wangwana would prove cowards, and from whom they would run away. But Stanley assured them that they were mistaken, and that these were free-men, and not slaves with their spirits broken, and that he believed they would prove true to him. He cautioned his three Job's comforters to abstain from pouring forth their doleful prognostications before the Wangwana, and so trying to discourage them; and he ended by promising that if they obeyed him they would know him henceforth as "the white man with the open hand."

A canoe with two men approached while they had been talking, and Stanley called his interpreter to speak to them kindly and ask them to bring their canoes and convey the Expedition to the other side. "Who are you?" demanded the occupants of the canoes; and when they heard they answered, "Ah, you are bad, you are bad; we do not want you to cross the river. Go back; go back!" And they uttered a wild, weird cry, which the interpreter thought meant war.

But Stanley, as soon as his "Lady Alice" was launched, rowed up and down the river before the people, examining an island, and looking at the shores, the natives gazing on him all the time with great curiosity. After a while they went across to the shore, and then the interpreter, in a quiet voice, invited the people to look at the white men who had come to visit their land, and whom they might trust, for he would do no violence to any, nor have a leaf

touched that would not be paid for, but would give them an abundance of shells.

The natives held a consultation, and then said that if the strangers would make blood-brotherhood between them, there should be no further trouble. They were thanked, and an arrangement made for Mr. Pocock and ten men to go to the island to perform the ceremony.

Mr. Stanley was not sure that treachery was not intended though, and so he gave orders to "the detective of the Expedition, the faithful and gallant Kachéhé," to take twenty men across in the night, and hide in the brushwood of the island in case they should be wanted. This was done, and early the next morning Mr. Pocock and his men went to the island. Stanley entered the boat on its return, and rowed near so as to be within call if anything desperate should happen. He saw several canoes full of men paddle to the island. After a time the peculiar cry of the natives rang through the air, and Stanley hurried up. Mr. Pocock told him the natives seemed all at once to grow suspicious and violent, but were quiet when they saw Kachéhé, and again when Stanley appeared. The master thought it would be best to be bold, so he took Kachéhé and his men across the river into the wood, and, landing them above the village of the natives, ordered the men to cut down some trees with their axes, and proceed to form a camp.

Stanley then rowed back to the village, and by the help of an interpreter informed the natives that he had already placed thirty men in their country, and they would be wise, therefore, to be friendly, and ferry the others across, in which case they would be well paid for their services. While they hesitated the wise master tossed a small bag of beads across, and money proved as powerful as it usually does, for the canoes were soon forthcoming, and the Expedition was speedily conveyed across the river, and spent their first night in Wenya land.

In the morning all the inhabitants had fled, leaving the villages totally unguarded, with canoes at the landing-stages, and fruit on the trees; but Stanley gave orders that nothing was to be touched, because he knew if they helped themselves to anything swift retribution would follow them.

He took Tippu-Tib and about thirty other persons in his boat, and went down the river, toward a village where it was hoped they might purchase food. As they drew near to each place they heard the cry again and again repeated, which seemed to be the signal for every one to flee. At last they came to an uninhabited forest, extending along the river for several miles, and next to that a plantation of bananas. They saw also the huts of the village to which the plantation belonged; but as the people did not see them they got quite near the shore, and might have landed, when a little child cried out to its mother, "The Wasambye! The Wasambye are coming." This name meant "The bad uncircumcised stranger." At this cry everybody rushed away from

the market which they were holding, and, penetrating the jungle, hid in it, evidently frightened beyond all power of self-control. Stanley went on, and on, but at every village, as soon as he had requested the people to sell them food, their only response was their peculiar cry, "Ooh-hu-hu"—three times in succession.

At last, in the afternoon, they reached the Ruiki river, a black slow stream, with a wide mouth. On the 23rd November they halted and built a strong camp, so that they might wait until those who were travelling by land should overtake them. There were thirty-six of them altogether, and all the food they had was a few bananas. It was therefore necessary to try to break through the reserve of the aborigines. While waiting, Stanley explored the Ruiki, and found the waters were black as ink, in consequence of moisture exuded from some tree. On returning from this little trip, taken really in hopes of meeting the marching party, they were alarmed to hear the rapid firing of guns in the camp. They hurried on, and found the river blocked with canoes full of fighting men. The boat was urged on, and at sight of it the savages fled away, crying "Ooh-hu-hu." No one was hurt in the camp, but they had been attacked, and had fired. All that night they waited in silence in the camp, hoping the rest of their party would come, but as they did not, Uledi, the coxswain, was sent with five other young men to search for them. He brought them in the afternoon, looking very wretched and tired, and with doleful stories to tell of how they had been attacked with arrows. The Expedition was now reduced to such straits by hunger that Stanley was compelled to allow them to get food for themselves in any way that was possible.

They next floated down the river to Nakampmba, those who had to march walking as near the bank as they could. When the path led through jungle, each party sounded a gun, so that the other might guess their whereabouts, and be the happier for the companionship. They passed several beautiful islands in the river, which was here 1700 yards wide. The thick forests were still on both sides of it, and everywhere the people fled, showing by their cries of "Wasambye" and "Bwana Muhala," or "Mtagamoyo," that some bad characters had been that way before, and stolen the people to sell into slavery, thus making the task of all future strangers a very hard one.

Those who were in the boat fared better than the men who were still—with little food and great discomfort—struggling through the forest, and at length they succumbed to small-pox and dysentery. On their feet and legs came dreadful ulcers, the result of the thorns which had pricked them. Happily they came upon half-a-dozen canoes which, having become unsound, had been abandoned, and a floating hospital was made of them, so that the sick people could be taken with them and tended in the best way possible.

On the 27th they heard the sound of rapids, and saw some canoes shoot

down the river and disappear. The rapids of Ukassa were soon after reached, which rapids are caused by a ledge of rock jutting into the river from the Ukassa hills. They took the hospital into a quiet nook, and Mr. Stanley went on to reconnoitre, taking ten young men with him. He left orders that all the men were to remain where he had left them, and then went two miles to discover what they could about the river. At one spot they came upon a creek filled with forty or fifty canoes, in which were men silently watching the river. Our travellers did not disturb them, but hurried back to the camp. There Mr. Stanley found that he had been disobeyed, for Manwa Sera and five others had taken two of the canoes which formed the hospital and gone off down the rapids on their own account. Stanley sent fifty men after them down the creek, but that now was empty. Uledi and Shaumari therefore went to try to find the missing men, shouting as they went. Presently they found them sitting on the keels of their canoes, which had got turned upside down, and a number of natives attacking them. Uledi and those who were with him had fired upon the natives, and thus saved the lives of the disobedient Wangwana, who were safely brought back, but who had lost four Snider rifles. The story they had to tell was that they had been drawn into a whirlpool and then tossed out of it.

Mr. Stanley was very angry at being disobeyed, and he said so in language so strong that Manwa Sera sent Tippu-Tib with his resignation, which, however, Stanley did not accept; but he told Mr. Pocock that it was a matter of life and death that his instructions should be invariably carried out to the letter.

Then Tippu-Tib and the Arabs waited upon Stanley to urge him to go back. How could he go on? they asked. Everything was hostile; and small-pox, rapids, sulky Manwa Sera, and cannibalism were all brought to bear in their arguments. But Stanley was not to be moved to go backward.

The "Lady Alice" was carried overland past the rapids, and the hospital taken safely through them, and again they were on the smooth waters of the Livingstone river. Stanley went on to explore; and the next day they all moved down another four miles to Mburri, opposite a settlement of Wenya villages. There they pitched their tent, and prepared to spend the night. Two canoes came cautiously down, the occupants of which were promptly secured and taken to Stanley. The one was an old man and the other a young one; but neither was amenable to the kind smiles and soft conversation of the white man, though he gave them beads which they snatched eagerly. Next day three canoes came from the opposite bank, and Stanley tried to make friends with them, asking them to sell food. They requested that the drum might be beaten; so Mtesa's page Kadu performed upon it to their great delight. They expressed their admiration, and then went away home.

Next day Stanley went down the river, past some beautiful islands, and

there encamped at Usako Ngongo by the market-place. These market-places were considered neutral ground by the natives, so that all might meet there; on this part of the river they were about three miles apart. They were wide open spaces covered with grass, and under the shade of beautiful trees. Stanley could not help looking forward to a possible time when goods from Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham should be bought and sold in them. The scene would afford an artist a worthy subject, with the brown river in the foreground, and the dark forest at the back. At present on market days the people came up the river, and through the forest and over the hills, bringing their produce and exchanging it for that of their neighbours; and a very miscellaneous collection was here bought and sold. The market only lasted during the morning; at mid-day the people vanished as rapidly as they came, and left the place to the eagle, the ibis, the grey parrot, and the monkey.

The Expedition moved on the 30th farther down the river, and reached another market-place at Ukongeh, a place of which Livingstone had heard on the 10th of March 1871, while staying at Nyangwé. In this neighbourhood the tribes had won for themselves the character of being exceedingly warlike; and the Arabs who had attempted to penetrate into the interior had always been savagely repulsed.

It was on the 4th of December that they reached Muriwa Creek, and the town of Ikundu, which is on the north bank of it. This town consisted of one large street, with houses on either side of the broad thoroughfare, thirty-two feet wide, and two miles in length! At the back of the village were groves of bananas and palms. The houses were semi-detached, and though they were only huts they were picturesquely made of panicum grass canes; and they were exceedingly cosy and comfortable. Ikundu was deserted, though it was full of eatables and wines, which our travellers would very gladly have bought. They wondered what had become of the people, for there must have been a large population; and they were very grieved and disappointed at their determination all along the river to hold no communication with them.

The time was a very sad one. There was so much sickness in the camp, and of such terrible types that every day several died. The leader and Mr. Pocock did their best, but they were themselves utterly weary and worn with the sorrows of others. They found an abandoned canoe, not sound but very large, which might be repaired and used to convey the sick men. So Uledi and others set to work, and kept at it day and night, mending it with new boards and wooden pins, and banana corks. The Wangwana launched it, and the sick men were put in it; and though it leaked, it was safe.

A small native was found suspiciously near the camp with a bow and poisoned arrows—he was only four feet six inches high, and measured round the chest thirty inches, and round his waist twenty-four. He was chocolate

coloured, and had a scraggy beard ; and when in conversation he spoke of the "Watwa," Stanley recognised him as belonging to the Dwarfs. His arrows were tipped with something smelling like cantharides, and Stanley pretending to prick him with a point, he cried out in great terror. The fact, therefore, was established that the poison was of a very virulent kind. He told Stanley of an island called Maturu, where everything had been destroyed by lightning ; and of the Wasongora tribe—"the people of the filed teeth."

With these people the Expedition had a battle when they had moved down the river to Unya-N'singé. They came out in half-a-dozen canoes, and challenged the strangers to meet them in mid-stream. Stanley told them they did not want to fight, as many of the people were sick ; but, with their numbers greatly augmented, they dashed into them, and began shooting their poisoned arrows at the strangers. Stanley was obliged to retaliate with his guns, which soon settled the matter. Three of the Expedition were wounded by the arrows, but the application of caustic prevented further mischief. At this place nine persons died

Indeed the sickness was now so great that it gave every one grave anxiety, and Stanley was almost at his wits' end. If he should live to be a very old man indeed he will never forget that month of December 1876 ; and but that his courage was indomitable, he must have given up in despair before such fearful odds. But he kept his resolution through all ; and used his eyes in order to learn and communicate as much as possible. There was a creek filled with plants that bore a strong resemblance to asparagus, from which the natives made salt by drying and burning them, and then collecting the ashes, and allowing water to run over them. The liquid was evaporated, and then a sediment was found which had become salt.

Mpika, a populous island, which figured in subsequent works of Stanley's, was reached on the 18th, and here, by means of some people who had come to the market, the Expedition had not to win by force of arms the right to remain ; but the strangers were treated kindly, and when they left it was to the pleasant sound of a farewell which meant "Go in peace."

But the peace did not last long. They had not rowed far before a man who was one of the guards of the hospital canoes cried out that he was shot by an arrow, and almost immediately a cry from the jungle and the crack of the Sniders proclaimed the fact that a sharp contest had commenced. Then followed a night of terror. The natives kept up a horrible noise of ivory horns and yells intermingled ; but Stanley had had a fence of brushwood hastily made, and though "it rained arrows all night," not many men were wounded. There was a hand-to-hand fight once, and so much vigilance was necessary that the master ordered kettles of cold water to be thrown upon any able bodied man who should try to go to sleep.

In the morning, after a breakfast of bananas and coffee, Mr. Stanley went

down the river to explore, and found another large town, formed, as all these river-side places were, by a string of villages. Things had become desperate with him ; and feeling that he must house his sick people, and procure a fresh supply of food, he resolved to occupy the first of these villages. Accordingly, he had the boat and canoes brought down to the spot ; and they rushed up the bank, and finding the village deserted, they at once took possession, cutting down some trees to block up the end. The natives arrived with their arrows, but the sharp-shooters answered them ; and when evening came they had their seventy-two hospital patients in one part of the village and the healthy people in another, while all round the village were defences formed of weeds and grass. Guards were placed at each approach to protect the village, and their temporary home was now completed. One thing cheered Stanley greatly in the midst of his trouble, and that was the courage and determination which the people began to show ; they realised that they must be brave or die, and they rose to the occasion.

At one time their village was only saved by a desperate fight all around it, but Tippu-Tib and the party that had been travelling by land arrived just in time to augment their forces and discourage the enemy. The canoes which had brought the people whom Stanley called "the river savages" were all paddled away, and disappeared behind an island a little distance off.

Stanley rewarded the forty defenders of his camp, and then proposed that when night came they should go out and cut the canoes adrift, and in this way stop the resources of the enemy. This they did, and thirty-six canoes were soon gliding down stream toward Stanley's camp, where they were secured. The next day they went back to the island to ascertain what the natives thought of this, but the place was nearly deserted. One or two remained, however, and these were invited to become peacemakers, and tell their friends that if they would send two canoes with their chiefs to meet the same from Stanley's party, and in mid-stream would make brotherhood, some of their canoes should be returned, and the travellers would pay them for the others. This was eventually done, and Sageni and the chief Vinya-Njara becoming brothers on behalf of the rest, peace was secured.

Tippu-Tib had arrived at the conclusion that he could endure no more, but that he would return to Nyangwé immediately after Christmas. Stanley agreed to this, although the Arab owed him eight marches more, but sickness had so told upon his people that nothing would have induced them to go farther. Payments and gifts were therefore awarded them, and Tippu-Tib promised to use his influence to get the people of the Expedition to go on with Stanley instead of returning with him.

The master then called the assembly together, and gave them a stirring address. "Into whichever sea this great river empties, there shall we follow it ;" so he commenced his appeal, and he ended it with words of the same

significance, reminding the men that they were now in the middle of the continent, and it would be just as dangerous to go back as forward. "We shall continue our journey, and toil on, and on, by this river and no other to the Salt Sea." The address was received with applause, and Manwa Sera and Uledi, speaking for the others, declared they would follow Stanley.

After this they had a merry Christmas. In the morning they named the canoes they had bought, and the 'Livingstone,' 'Stanley,' 'Telegraph,' 'Herald,' 'Glasgow,' 'London Town,' and the rest, numbering together twenty-three, were manned; and they held a regatta, which gave them great delight. Also races were run for prizes, the great event of the day being a race between Mr. Frank Pocock and Tippu-Tib. It was won by the latter, who carried off the prize, a richly-chased silver goblet, which had been given to Stanley in England.

The next day the Expedition had orders to embark, and Mr. Stanley found, to his great joy, that every one of his people was faithful to him, and that he had still a company of 149 souls. Frank Pocock, the loyal friend and devoted servant of Stanley, asked a question of the master as to their future, and received a confident answer. The blank space on the African map was going to be filled in, and Stanley believed that at the latest they would get over their difficulties and reach the ocean some time in March.

There was a pathetic parting between the men of Zanzibar and the Arabs and Wanyamwezi, who returned with Tippu-Tib. They sang a farewell song to our people which touched their hearts. Some of the men were sobbing, and Stanley himself felt lonely and sad when he took his last look at the companions who had on the whole served him well; and then with as much cheer as they could muster they set their faces toward the new year and the unknown river-road to the sea.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Great Mysterious River—The Stanley Falls—Making Canoes—Leaving the “Lady Alice”—On the March—Difficulty of obtaining Food—Welcome Supplies—Arrival at San Paulo de Loando.

ON New Year's Day, 1877, Stanley found himself in smooth water floating by an uninhabited tract of forest. The height and size of the trees were remarkable, and the undergrowth consisted of masses of ferns, palms, dates, capsicums, vines, and creepers. The only paths through them all had been trodden by the elephants; and the orchids, mosses, and delicate ferns grow in beauty for no eyes to see them. There is plenty of insect life in the mysterious shades—the myriapedes; the ants, brown, black, and yellow; the mantis, five inches in length, “gaunt, weird, and mysterious;” the caterpillar, the lady-bird, the cricket, the frog, and a host of other creatures large and small, find in it a home. Stanley had eyes and ears for everything; and the hush of nature calmed him, for “the forest was all beauty, solemn peace, and soft, dreary rest.” But the man's thoughts were busy looking back and forth, seeing such dangers as few men had ever had to meet behind, and dreading lest the future had something even worse in store for him.

The Expedition was now in the midst of hostile foes of a very repulsive character, for they were cannibals of the worst description, and no sooner did they see the travellers than they began to laugh, and to say that they would have “much meat.” Stanley had two cannibals with him, interpreters from Ukusu who had been persuaded to join the Expedition by Tippu-Tib, and they rendered some service by calling out “Sennenneh! sennenneh!” “Peace, peace.” But the natives did not want peace; and although the first day of the year passed without a contest, the second did not, for Mwana Mamba's people challenged them, and for three hours a sharp fight went on. So it was through much of the journey. Now and then they captured a man, and, by treating him kindly, made him friendly enough not only to negotiate with their fellows on behalf of the Expedition, but also to answer questions, and thus convey the information for which Stanley was ever seeking. One question which he always put was, “What is the name of this river of yours?” To this he received many answers, and so it became evident to his mind that the people called the river by various names, according to the openings which happened to be near to their own place of residence.

They glided on between the banks, thankful whenever they passed a village without winning their right of way by battle. The Peace-word, "Sennenneh," was loudly uttered by Katembo with as much pathos as possible, and sometimes to their joy the word was repeated by a hundred voices, "Sen-nen-neh, sen-nen-neh!" each vying with the other in an endeavour to give forth the Peace-word as loudly as ever. At Kankoré they passed a grove and a bank lined with men and women who watched the flotilla with friendly faces, and kept up the cry of "Sennenneh." Seeing them so friendly, Stanley invited them to come and talk to him, assuring them of friendship, and asking their help for the strangers. The men did not venture, and the scene that followed was so amusing that it must be told in Stanley's inimitable way.

"We held up long necklaces of beads of various colours to view: blue, red, white, yellow, and black.

"'Ah-h-h,' sigh a great many admiringly, and heads bend toward heads in praise and delight of them.

"'Come, my friends, let us talk. Bring one canoe here. These to those who dare to approach us.'

"There was a short moment of hesitation, and then some forms disappear, and presently come out again bearing gourds, chickens, bananas, and vegetables, etc., which they place carefully in a small canoe. Two women step in and boldly paddle towards us, while a deathly silence prevails among my people as well as among the aborigines on the bank.

"I observed one or two coquettish airs on the part of the two women, but though my arm was getting tired with holding out so long in one position those necklaces of glorious beads, I dared not withdraw them lest the fascination might be broken. I felt myself a martyr in the cause of public peace, and the sentiment made me bear up stoically.

"'Boy,' I muttered in an undertone to Mabruki, my gun-bearer, 'when the canoe is alongside, seize it firmly and do not let it escape.'

"'Inshallah, my master.'

"Nearer the canoe came, and with its approach my blandness increased, and further I projected my arm with those beads of tempting colours.

"At last the canoe was paddled alongside. Mabruki quietly grasped it. I then divided the beads into sets, talking the while to Katembo—who translated for me—of the happiness I felt at the sight of two such beautiful women coming out to see the white chief, who was so good, and who loved to talk to beautiful women.

"'There! These are for you; and these are for you,' I said to the steerswoman and her mate.

"They clapped their hands in glee, and each woman held out her presents in view of the shore people; a hearty hand-clap from all sides testified to their grateful feelings.

"The women then presented me with the gourds of palm-wine, the chickens, bananas, potatoes, and cassava they had brought, which were received by the boat's crew and the interested members of the Expedition with such a hearty clapping of hands that it sent the shore people into convulsions of laughter."

Stanley found that these people were friendly because they had been watching his behaviour, and had found him honest and kind. They had sent up a canoe of provisions to tempt him. If it had been seized it would have meant war; but it had been unmolested, so peace was assured. These were the people of Kankoré, and they tattooed their bodies. The women wore large necklaces of bits of wood round their necks, and iron rings around their legs and arms.

At Mwana Ntabar they were attacked by a tribe who came out covered with war-paint, one half of the body being white and the other half red, with broad black bars across the body; and these men were in enormous canoes. They beat drums and blew trumpets, and yelled until the noise was deafening. But one of the canoes came near the "Lady Alice," and was promptly captured by Stanley, who christened it the "Great Eastern" of the Livingstone River. He gave the natives two small canoes for it, and went off as speedily as possible. It was at this point that Stanley discovered a river, about two hundred yards wide, which he called the Leopold River, after the King of the Belgians.

And now they were drawing near to the series of cataracts which will be known for ever as the "Stanley Falls on the Congo." They could hear the thunder of the water before them, and on either side of them the yells of the savages, and scarcely knew which risk would be the greater. It seemed a choice of deaths by knives or drowning. Eventually they made a stockade of brushwood, and threw themselves down behind it half dead with fatigue.

In the morning Stanley explored the first cataract, and found "beautiful cascades and foaming sheets of water" on the one side, and on the other "a scene of indescribable confusion, a horror of whirling pools, and a mad confluence of tumbling water." Here he discovered the "Young's River" of Livingstone flowing into the great river; and here too they "blazed" a path, along which they carried the canoes for a mile or two past the first cataract.

No sooner was the trouble of this over, and they had spent a little time afloat on the calm water, than they began to hear the roar of the second cataract, and were afraid to go on for fear of being drawn down the terrible cascade. The natives were full of angry threatening; but Stanley's men drove the boat ashore and made a camp, protecting it as well as they could. They found no one there but an old woman whose wounds they dressed, and who told them that the island on which they were was Cheandoah, and belonged to the Baswas tribe. Questioned about the river, she replied that the left branch was

called Lumami, and the right branch Lowwa. The island was very populous and very large, and there was upon it a remarkable collection of articles in ironware, many of them exceedingly well made; there were also baskets made of palm fibre. The houses were gable-roofed and comfortable, and plenty was in them—among other things great jars of dark-red butter made of the palm-oil.

Stanley was considerably worried to know how he was to get by this cataract. He launched an old and condemned canoe above the fall, and saw it shoot down like an arrow, and then whirl, tumble, and disappear, coming up again far away bottom upward. He saw they must not attempt to go over the fall, but must brave the Bakumu, the savage cannibals of whom he had been several times warned. Some fights were inevitable; but of course Stanley won.

A worse trouble than the natives came to him opposite the south end of Ntunduru Island when the canoes were being taken down. A chief named Zaidi was in one when the canoe was upset. Two of the men swam down the stream and were rescued, but Zaidi clung to the overturned canoe, and was swept down towards the fall. The waters just before their leap were divided by a rock, and here the canoe got split in two, and one end of it stuck up. Zaidi clung to this, and sat upon the rock holding on for dear life, with the abyss immediately under him. This was in front of the camp, so that all were aware of the perilous condition of their companion. "To his left, as he faced upstream," wrote Stanley in his diary, "there was a stretch of fifty yards of falling water; to his right were nearly fifty yards of leaping brown waves, while close behind him the water fell down six to eight feet through a gap ten yards wide between the rocky point on which he was perched and a rocky islet thirty yards long." But the man of resources thought of a plan. A rope was formed to which a canoe could be fastened, but the water broke it up as soon as it was tried. Poles were lashed together, but they could not reach him. Then a canoe was fetched and cables fastened to it, to be held by the men on land so as to steady it, and pull it back when necessary. Two brave volunteers, Uledi, the coxswain, and Marzouk, sprang into the canoe and paddled across to the roaring falls; and those who held the ropes allowed the canoe to go within ten yards of Zaidi. They threw him a cable, and he grasped it just in time, and was dragged out of the seething waters. Even then the peril was not nearly over, for the rush of water carried them into most dangerous places; but at last they reached a small islet, where they remained for the night, and the next morning they were rescued by means of cane-ropes, over which they came hand-over-hand, one after another, safely ashore.

It was not until the end of January that they were clear of the Stanley Falls. On the 26th they got over the Seventh Cataract and were once again in clear water, with the canoes safely carrying them instead of having to be carried as they had been overland until the falls were safely passed. They hurried away

from the sounds which for three weeks had been like roaring thunder in their ears. The last cataract had been the most furious. "I have seen many waterfalls," wrote Stanley, "in my travels in various parts of the world, but here was a stupendous river flung in full volume over a waterfall only five hundred yards across. The river at the last cataract of the Stanley Falls does not merely fall—it is precipitated downwards."

The entire surroundings of the Seventh Cataract are interesting. The Wenya people are industrious and clever. They had put down poles into the falls, to which they affixed baskets in which great quantities of fine fish were caught; and Stanley saw some beautiful specimens of woodwork and banana fibre.

That they were all alive after their great dangers and their exertions was reason for joy and thankfulness. They were not left long in peace, for through the whole length of their journey the savages, resenting their presence upon their river, attacked them with terrible ferocity. At Aruwimi an enormous force bore down upon them, in half a hundred tremendous war-canoes, and Stanley, grown sick of the weary fighting, poured his shot upon them, and then pursued them to their village. Here, though he found signs of cannibalism, he also saw many proofs of the powers of these people if only they could be brought under civilisation. They had a temple of ivory over an idol; their paddles were beautifully carved, the iron-work was fine, and the earthenware very superior; and Stanley pronounced the people on the banks of the Aruwimi river at its confluence with the Livingstone, "more advanced in the arts than any he had hitherto seen since he began the descent of the river."

Stanley considered the Aruwimi to be the most important affluent of the Livingstone, and he identified it with the Wellé of Schweinfurth. It empties itself into the Livingstone at a point three hundred and forty geographical miles north of Nyangwé.

As they hurried away from Aruwimi, Stanley remembered that the desperate combats which had been forced upon him had now numbered twenty-eight, and there were not now thirty persons in the Expedition who had not been wounded. He had become utterly weary and disheartened, and almost ready to die rather than again fight for life. "Livingstone called floating down the Lualaba a foolhardy feat," he wrote in his diary; "so it has proved indeed, and I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by any man."

But a few days later, having had short spells of quiet in which to rest and commune with nature, and having slept well, free from alarms and terrors, Stanley was himself again, and the Expedition in good spirits. The natives of Rubunga were friendly; but they were very ugly, for every bit of their bodies was tattooed. They showed Stanley four old Portuguese muskets,

which caused his people to hope that they were really in a path that would lead to the sea. They gave Stanley a list of the places which he would pass further down the river.

At Urangi the people welcomed the strangers with much demonstration ; and the great chief came to see them, and declared that Stanley was his brother. At Marunja, the natives had never seen a white man before, so they did not kill Stanley, as they would otherwise have done. At Bangala sixty-three canoes came out, and a murderous outrage was made on the Expedition. But Stanley says they are a very superior tribe, and he greatly regrets their singular antipathy to strangers. At Bolobo they were frightened, but not hurt. At Chumbiri the people were very cordial, and the king sent them a royal present, and then paid them a visit. He invited Stanley to stay in his village, and treated him most hospitably. He boasted that he had "four tens of wives," and every wife wore large brass collars. The women were good-looking, of a rich brown colour ; their eyes were large and lovely, and their forms altogether graceful. Our travellers very much enjoyed their visit to Chumbiri, and when they left the king sent them an escort of forty-five men.

On March 8th they discovered a rapid river of a very light colour, to which Stanley gave the name of the Lawson River. (Was it after Sir Wilfrid?) On the 12th they reached a long row of white cliffs, with a green grassy tableland above them, which Frank Pocock at once called Dover Cliffs ; and here was that expanse of water to which the name of Stanley Pool was given—a name that has since become exceedingly well known all over the world. They did not remain there then, and soon came into a repetition of some of their old troubles, not with the savages, but with the river.

On the 15th of March they reached the confluence of the Gordon-Bennett River ; and they were then within reach of the roar of the Livingstone Falls. They had heard much of these rapids from Itsi the King of Ntamo and his people, also from Mankoueh, the chief of the Bateké. Itsi told them there were three cataracts, named severally Child, Mother, and Father, the last being the most wild. Of course they had to drag the canoes overland, and had the usual difficulties ; but there was a worse piece of river even than the Father, which bore the significant name of The Cauldron. Here they lost the canoe "London Town," and the "Glasgow" was very nearly swept away also, and the "Crocodile" had a narrow escape. Here Kalulu was drowned in the falls which are now called by his name ; and indeed, before they got clear away from the place, other accidents followed, and the master had to record sorrowfully the fact that nine men had been lost in one afternoon.

On the 3rd of April they had some more rapids to pass, and a canoe was upset which contained fifty tusks of ivory and a sack of beads, while the men were only saved from drowning by the brave Uledi. The Whirlpool Narrows were reached on the 8th, and the "Lady Alice" having been taken safely through

the tempestuous water, the canoes followed. Next they came to a worse place still, to which Stanley gave the name of the Lady Alice Rapids, where they had a narrow escape from death. On the 24th they reached the terrific falls of Inkisi, where the river is forced through a chasm of only five hundred yards in width. Stanley hoped these would prove the cataract of which he had heard, named after Tuckey, and that he was getting near the end of his troubles ; for he was growing exceedingly weary of the endless roar and turbulence of these cataracts. The natives were curious to learn how the Expedition would get past, and surprised to hear that the canoes were going to be hauled over the mountain. When they heard that they looked up at the towering crags in horror, and then went to spread the report that "the white man was going to fly over the mountain." The white man only wished he could ; but failing that he got the natives to bring up six hundred men to help with the work, and that which had seemed impossible was accomplished.

The next camp was at a cove called Nzabi ; and here the trees were so remarkable that Stanley conceived the idea of hollowing one out for a canoe. The chief told him he might select his own ; and on the first of May they had a festival of work, and a tree was felled—a green frankincense tree, which was ten feet round at the base, and had forty feet of "branchless stem." In a week it was ready to launch, and they called it the "Stanley." Then they cut down another magnificent tree, this time a teak, which was thirteen feet in circumference, and fifty-five feet in length ; this was made into a canoe, which was called the "Livingstone." While they were at Nzabi creek they had some heavy thunder-storms.

The next camp was at Mowa, and here they spent seven quiet, restful days, which Mr. Stanley will always remember with a pathetic pleasure, for they were the last he had with the faithful servant who had become a loved and trusted friend, Frank Pocock. He was very happy, and sang some of the hymns he loved ; for he was a good singer, and had been in the choir of Rochester Church. He was very cheerful, though suffering from some bad ulcers on his feet which compelled him to be less active than usual. For thirty-four months he had been the constant companion of Stanley, who had grown to love him as a brother.

On the 3rd of June Stanley hurried to Zinga, in order to meet the chiefs and arrange for a camp there. He promised to send a hammock for Frank, who could not walk, and he ordered Manwa Sera to see that the "Jason" was manned, and tell the crew to go carefully down the river to Massassa. When they reached this point Uledi was to ascertain whether it would be possible to go on over the Massassa Falls in canoes, or whether they must take them over the rocks.

Stanley was well received by the chiefs, and after he had made arrangements for the camp he ascended a rock above the falls and watched for Uledi.

He had a good view of the Massassa Falls, and he had not looked long before he saw in the rapids an overturned canoe. The men clung to it for a time, but they could not right it; and presently they let it go and swam ashore, and the canoe shot past Stanley. It was the "Jason" which was swept over the cataract. He hastened to the rescue of his men, and called others to help; but Kachéhé hurried to tell him that only eight of the eleven men were saved, and that one of the three who were drowned was *the little master*.

Frank had insisted on going with Uledi, whom then he urged to try the falls. The coxswain had been most unwilling, knowing them to be dangerous; but Pocock had so put him on his mettle, by taunting him with cowardice, that he made the fatal attempt. When they were all in the abyss together Uledi had tried to save Frank, and nearly lost his own life.

Stanley was terribly shocked and grieved. He had never felt so lonely and sad before, and this great sorrow brought other worries. The Wangwana completely lost heart and hope, and refused to work, and great horror of the river came over them all; the Mowa natives told them that they were all doomed to death, for the "Spirit of the Falls" had willed it. The people mutinied, and declared they would serve Stanley no longer.

He felt so utterly ill and miserable that, as he told the men, he could "lie down smiling and die." The men deserted, and had to be brought back by force, if persuasion did not answer. And when they were getting away from Zinga they lost another man, a ship's carpenter, who was carried over the cataract and drowned, the large canoe, the "Livingstone," being lost also.

On June 26th the brave leader, whose heart was almost breaking, made this entry in his diary:—"A month ago we descended the Upper Mowa Falls: it is still in sight of me, being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned even in this short distance!"

The next day they were battling with the Mbelo Falls; and again in the presence of death, for an accident happened to the boat, and they were tossed into the fierce and swift river. But Stanley's work was not yet finished; and again he was saved.

He had suffered almost everything; and the terrible battles with the savages, the awful difficulties of the cataracts, the loss of friends, and sickness of many kinds had followed each other more swiftly surely than troubles had ever done before; but after all there is no chapter in Stanley's wonderful book, "Through the Dark Continent," which it is so impossible to read without tears as that which describes the last month of their journey—namely, that of July 1877, when they were dying of starvation.

It was absolutely necessary, if they were ever to reach home again, that they must hasten on, and yet their strength was exhausted. The troubles of the river were not yet quite over, but they were drawing near to the end of them. Mbelo Falls were passed, and then others, and they looked forward to

Isangila. But every day made it increasingly difficult to obtain food, and every man was dreadfully bony and weak. Stanley knew where he was, and that a few days more would bring them to the sea. He told his men so, and Safeni, one of the Wangwana, actually became mad with joy, and ran off, saying that he would go and tell the brothers of Stanley that he was coming.

On the 28th they had a bit of pleasant sailing, but the next day the roar of the rapids was again upon them. The thing, however, that pressed them the most sorely was the terrible hunger from which they suffered day by day. Stanley's men were so sallow and gaunt that it made him miserable to look at them; and once, at Kilolo, they were goaded to steal some of the food, of which there was plenty. They were immediately fired at, and came running back to camp, some of them covered with wounds. Stanley had scarcely strength to reproach them, when they cried, "Master, we are dying of hunger; we left our beads and moneys on the ground." The natives came up, strong and hearty, with loaded guns in their hands, and offered to fight, but after a long talk Stanley managed to make peace between them.

They went on towards Rock Bluff Point, and on the way the natives had very little to sell, only a few ground-nuts and some cassava; but they bought what they could. There were more rapids, but they passed them safely, and presently came near the cataract of Isangila. This is a very fine crescent-shaped fall, having a drop of ten feet, and below that another of eight feet. The scenery at this point is rocky and mountainous, and the steep slopes and high tableland are covered with grass.

The natives came from the three nearest villages to look at the strangers, but they had very little food to sell, and for that they asked an enormous price. They, however, gave Stanley the good news that Embomma was only five days away.

"Are there any cataracts below Isangila?" inquired the master of the Expedition.

"Yes, indeed; there are three great ones, larger than Isangila, and a great many small ones."

"Is not one called Sangella?"

"Yes—no; we are not sure."

"Perhaps it is Sanga Yellala. That is what Captain Tuckey called it."

"Yes; but we cannot speak that name."

"But try to say this—Nsongo Yellala. A traveller who came many years ago called it thus."

But the natives were not able to give much information, and Stanley turned his thoughts to the journey which still lay before him.

And he resolved that, as there were still four cataracts to be overcome if they kept to the waterway, he would leave the great river and take to the land. He had, through stress of storm, fierce hunger, and savage encounters,

accomplished the task which he believed had been set before him. He had navigated the mighty river of Africa, and there would no more be a blank space on the future maps of that country. He had settled the fact for ever that the Lualaba of Livingstone was the Congo of Tuckey; and though now he was faint and weary and thoroughly sick of the land which had been so lone and so sorrowful to him, there would come a time when he would realise the glory of his achievement, and know that all the world realised it too.

His faithful Wangwana were rejoiced to know that the river was now to be left, and that a march of a few days would take the Expedition to the end of the long journey. Stanley tried to put them into good spirits by dividing among them everything he had; his money, medicine, clothes, knick-knacks were given to the people in order that they might exchange them for the food for which they were perishing. "Take the things, and do the best you can with them," he said, "and eat the food you can get so as to have strength to march to Embomma."

The people raised a cheer, though a feeble one. They had grown to love their master, and knew his anxiety for them was that of a father. Very disappointed looks were upon the people's faces, however, when they had made their purchases. It was easy to dispose of their goods; but it seemed impossible in that desolate region to get their money's worth for the money.

The good boat which had rendered such splendid service, the "Lady Alice," which had navigated Lake Victoria, Lake Tanganika, and the wonderful Congo, had to be left there by the roaring waters of Isangila, and they hauled her to the top of the rocks and left her to her fate.

Forty men were on the sick list, suffering terribly from dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, when they started on their march. After a mile or two they had to leave the ass behind, for he was too weak to go with them. Before they had gone far they were stopped by a man who said he was the king, and he would not allow them to pass through the country without paying him, and he demanded a bottle of rum.

They were asked for rum at the next village, where some scarlet-coated chiefs appeared. These would not sell food for beads, or wire, or cloth, but they would have taken rum in exchange if Stanley had possessed any.

The second day's march was a difficult one for the poor hungry caravan; and though they were only three days' march from Embomma, Stanley feared that they would not live to reach the place.

At last the hero, who, weakened though he was, and near to death, was still a man of resources, had another good idea.

"Do you know Embomma?" he inquired of a young man who visited him.

"Yes, I know it well. Have I not often taken Nguha ground-nuts there and sold them? They pay me in rum at Embomma."

"Will you carry to Embomma a letter for me, and let three of my men go with you that they may learn the way?"

"What will you pay me?"

"Almost anything you like, for there we shall find friends who will help us."

The man looked doubtful, and Stanley urged him by appealing to his kindly feelings, his love of rum, and everything else that he could think of. He would not consent until Stanley had spent four hours in entreating him; but at last he said that two of his young men should go.

So that evening, after partaking of his dinner, which consisted of "three fried bananas, twenty roasted ground-nuts, and a cup of muddy water," Stanley wrote the following letter, which ought to belong to the nation if possible, and be preserved for ever in the British Museum:—

"Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1877.

"To any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma.

"DEAR SIR,—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I therefore have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you, but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of great distress, but if your supplies arrive in time I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from what we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people cannot wait. Supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me, yours sincerely,

"H. M. STANLEY.

"P.S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person who discovered Livingstone in 1871."

This letter was written in French and Spanish, and after a wearisome delay in getting the guides to start they set off, accompanied by the three faithful servants Uledi, Kachéhé, and Muini Pembé, and last, but not least in importance, the boy Robert, who went that the white man in Embomma might more readily understand and assist them.

The next day, having obtained a few ground-nuts, the Expedition managed to struggle on for a few miles, so as the sooner to meet the relief which they hoped would speedily arrive. They met with opposition from other chiefs who wanted payment for allowing them to pass through their lands; but they escaped without much trouble, and on the 6th of August they reached Banza Mbuko.

All eyes were turned in the direction from which the men must come, and old and young were strained to the utmost. It was given to a boy to catch the first glimpse of the deliverers, and he screamed out that Uledi and Kachéhé were coming, and a company of men with them. Instantly the cry was taken up, and "Food, food! Thank God we are saved!" rang along the lines in a joyful shout.

Stanley hurried forth and saw Uledi holding up a letter in his hand, and coming along running and jumping in his eagerness. "Here we are, Master! We found the white men, and they were good to us. We have plenty! plenty! See!"

The Wangwana stepped forward to take the burdens from the men, and soon the camp was a scene of busy and most joyous excitement. Men and women hurried to fetch water, fires were lighted, and the heads of the families waited with aprons or bowls for the rice and fish and sweet potatoes. The officers gave all a most generous supply, and then Murabo, a boy, struck up an impromptu ode, all about the journey, with its cataracts and cannibals, its wastes and lakes, its battles and victories, and added a chorus, which everybody joined, to the effect that the Great Salt Sea was reached and all their troubles were over. Some of the people were too hungry to cook their food, and began to eat it raw; and almost everybody had at once a taste of something, which cheered and invigorated them wonderfully. And when the master had seen all his people supplied, he went to his tent to find his own special supplies, which Kachéhé had set out ready to greet his eyes.

"Here, Master! Do you see the bottles? The white people are good, good! They have sent you many things. And now you can feast."

And so indeed he could, for there were port wine, champagne, enough of wheaten bread made into delicious loaves to last a week, butter, tea, coffee, white sugar, salmon and sardines, plum-pudding, and several kinds of jam.

The letter which he had received was in itself a thing to delight the heart of the man who had lately been so companionless and lonely.

“Boma, 6th August 1877, 6.30 A.M.

“Embomma, English Factory.

“H. M. STANLEY, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday at 7 P.M. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you such articles as you request, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such a piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Em bomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health, believe us to remain your sincere friends,

“HATTON AND COOKSON.

“(Signed) A. LA MOTTA VEIGA.
J. W. HARRISON.”

Stanley's gratitude may be better imagined than described. As soon as he could, he wrote his thanks, and despatched them, out of the fulness of his heart, as follow :—

“Banza Mbuko, Sept. 6, 1877.

“Messrs. A. LA MOTTA VEIGA and J. W. HARRISON,
Embomma, Congo River.

“GENTLEMEN,—I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me, wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye Gods! just think of it—three bottles of pale ale!), besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store; and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

“For the next twenty-four hours we shall be too busy eating to think of anything else much; but I may say that the people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, ‘Verily, our master has found the sea,

and his brothers ; but we did not believe him until he showed us the rice and the pombé. We did not believe there was any end to the great river ; but, God be praised for ever, we shall see white people to-morrow, and our wars and troubles will be over.'

"Dear Sirs, though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor, faithful, and brave people called out, 'Master, we are saved! food is coming!' The old and the young—the men, the women, and the children—lifted their wearied and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honour of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my efforts of composure.

"Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go is the very earnest prayer of yours faithfully,

"H. M. STANLEY,

"Commanding Anglo-American Expedition."

They had been just one thousand days from Zanzibar when they were met by some white people, or those who were nearly white, and greeted by the representatives of civilisation. Stanley had forgotten what a white face looked like, and he was almost overcome by the warmth of their friendship and their appearance. They conducted the poor forlorn Expedition into the town, and offered Stanley the freedom of Bornea.

At Bornea they stayed two days, and "three little banquets" were given to the hero, all the Europeans doing him the honours which he deserved.

On the 9th they embarked on a steamer, and were taken to Kabinda, where they were housed and treated with great kindness for a week. Here the people fell into what was almost a state of coma, for, now that there was no more necessity for them to struggle, it seemed as if they would die from the reaction. Everybody became silent and drowsy, and Stanley was obliged to rouse himself in order to counteract this feeling in others, so that rest should not mean death.

On the 27th of September they arrived at San Paulo de Loanda, through the kindness of the commander of the Portuguese gunboat "*Tamega*," who had taken them thither from Kabinda. At Loanda they were *fêted* and feasted, and the poor sick folk were most tenderly nursed and cared for by Portuguese doctors and nurses, Serpa Pinto giving the Wangwana money that they might purchase anything they pleased in the markets. These men were causing Stanley some anxiety, for he felt that by some means they must be conveyed to their homes in Zanzibar, on the other side of the continent. But the officers of the English Royal Navy offered to take the Expedition to

Cape Town in H.M.S. "Industry," an offer which was gratefully accepted, and on the 21st October they arrived at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope. Every kindness was shown to them there, and the Wangwana will never forget the "Great Lady," as they called the wife of the Governor, Lady Frere, nor all the wonderful things which they saw. They were downhearted, however, because they thought their master would send them to Zanzibar without him; but the brave and faithful Stanley actually went with them to their homes, and had his reward in seeing the glad meetings that occurred. Everybody was paid, everybody was happy, and Stanley not less than any man.

A few days before Christmas the brave hero entered the state-room on the "Pachumba," which Mr. Mackinnon had ordered for him, and was steaming away from Zanzibar, thinking more of his "heroes," as he called them whom he had left behind, than of his own memorable achievements, and sure of the hearty hand-grasps that awaited him from a thousand of his fellows in the old home land.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Expedition to the Congo—Founding of Vivi—Making Roads and Erecting Houses—Isangila to Manyanga—Founding of Leopoldville.

WHEN Stanley returned from "The Dark Continent," and told its story in his own graphic way, many people believed what he himself had previously stated, that the Congo would open a new and a very fine field for commercial enterprise in the future. Almost every one who listened to his lectures, or read his book, was won over to the opinion of the great explorer. But everybody felt that there was only one possible leader of such an enterprise, and that was the intrepid Stanley himself. Accordingly, he was, in January 1878, interviewed by two commissioners of the King of the Belgians, who informed him that King Leopold wanted his assistance in an expedition to Africa. At first, being ill and weary, he declined; but after a time of rest in France, and a few weeks of mountaineering in Switzerland, "the ruling passion" within him became strong again, and he was ready to turn his thoughts to the best way of utilising the great Congo highway into Africa which he had himself opened.

It was at the end of the year 1878 that the plan took shape and life. King Leopold II. was throughout the ruling spirit of the enterprise, which he intended should be not only of a commercial and acquisitive character, but also, to a great extent, philanthropic, and should be of service not only to Belgium and the rest of Europe, but especially to Africa. Several meetings were held at the Royal Palace in Brussels, in which Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen also took part, and at which several resolutions were passed, pledging these representatives of the various countries of Europe to the work of further opening up and developing the Congo. At the initial meeting no less a sum than £20,000 was subscribed in order that proceedings might at once be commenced. A society was then and there formed, with the title of "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," and Colonel Strauch of the Belgian army was appointed President. To Stanley was given the post that no one else could have filled, of leader, director, and manager of the entire Expedition; and he, with the promptness which is his great characteristic, at once set about its organisation. Two steamers were chartered, the "Albion" and the "Barga," and the first of these at once started for the Mediterranean, Stanley's

intention being to get to Zanzibar as soon as possible, and there secure the aid of some of the men who had been his former companions.

Several commissions were entrusted to him besides the chief one in which he was engaged. An African International Association had been formed two years previously, and its first Expedition was reported to be in distress somewhere in East Central Africa, its commander being involved in a difficulty with Mirambo of Unyamwezi, one of the kings. Stanley was requested to collect information, to help with his advice, and, if necessary, to rescue the Expedition. He therefore, soon after the arrival of the "Albion" at Zanzibar, wrote a letter containing very valuable advice (which was acted upon) to Lieutenant Cambier, the commander. Stanley also organised a second International Expedition to Interior Africa, and instructed the commander, Captain Popelin.

In the meantime he was energetically preparing for his great Undertaking of Search. The Sultan of Zanzibar proved a true friend of the Expedition, and generously supplied the larder of the "Albion" with all sorts of good things. The American Consul also, and a French merchant who was there, did all they could to show their interest in the Expedition; and, best of all, some seventy men of Zanzibar, many of whom had travelled with Stanley before in his "New York Herald" and "Daily Telegraph" Expedition, offered to serve the brave commander again on the Congo. His policy was clearly defined. "We go," he said in a letter to Colonel Strauch, "to spread what blessings arise from amiable and just intercourse with people who hitherto have been strangers to them;" and the natives of any country are keen enough to appreciate such helps. They would pay for all that they obtained, whether of land or produce or service, and would by patience, tact, and generosity teach the people the advantages to be derived from commercial dealings with white men. They were to obtain permission to make roads and cultivate lands; and they were to establish stations which should be occupied by free negroes.

On the route from Zanzibar to Aden the "Albion" met with an accident which obliged the captain to take the ship into the port of Sierra Leone for repairs; but in August 1879 Stanley reached the mouth of the Congo, bent on one of the most remarkable missions of our own time.

The majestic river is at its mouth more than seven miles wide. The two points, Banana and Shark's, guard it at the south and the north. At its entrance, on Point Padron, is a monumental stone pillar, set up by Portuguese navigators so long ago as 1570; and from this point the river stretches some two hundred miles in an easterly direction.

In Banana Haven many friends and well-wishers awaited the arrival of the "Albion." The "Barga" had discharged her cargo, which consisted, among other things, of a flotilla of steamers, seven in number, which were soon on the water, ready to undergo inspection. Even at that time Banana Point was a place of considerable business. The managers of the "Dutch House" of the

African Trading Company of Rotterdam, whose buildings cover an enormous space, and who employ a large number of persons, and have dealings with the whole world, occupy the first position ; but there are other companies helping to make this place a very thriving one.

After testing the boats, and arranging difficulties with their engineers, and attending to a thousand and one details, the flotilla steamed away in sight of an admiring crowd on the morning of August 21st, and had soon entered the Congo river, here about three miles wide.

The broad stream was as peaceful as a lake ; and on either bank the dark woods were as silent as death. Kissanga was the first place of interest which was reached. Here they found several factories and dwellings. Next they gained Ponta da Lenha, about thirty miles from Banana Creek. Here there is a Dutch wharf, and several buildings where the natives barter their live-stock, palm oil, and nuts for cotton cloth, cutlery, powder, and other products from Europe and America. The next stopping-place was Boma, the principal trading place on the Congo, where there are dépôts belonging to Dutch, English, and other traders, who keep their own river and coast steamers, which collect the African produce kept in the various stores between Banana and Boma, and take them down to the sea, where they are shipped in the large ocean steamers belonging to England, Holland, Portugal, and other countries. Boma was at one time thickly populated ; but thousands of the natives had been caught in the neighbourhood and sold into slavery by white men, who for the sake of making money had committed all sorts of abominable crimes. Two slave-owners of the place, in order to punish some of the blacks for theft and incendiarism, put chains around their necks, tied their hands behind them, rowed them out into the middle of the river, and there had them drowned. But a beneficent change has taken place in Boma, where the great slave market of the Congo is changed into a place of barter, where British dealers sell their blankets, knives, crockery, beads, and other commodities—gin and rum, alas ! being among them—in exchange for ivory, oil, kernels, and india-rubber. The missionaries are at work there, and the International Association has established a hospital. There are comfortable homes and gardens cultivated with care, which care is paid for by the production of potatoes, tomatoes, onions, cabbage, and almost all other English vegetables, as well as oranges, citrons, limes, guavas, and pine-apples. Stanley himself did a considerable business at Boma. The “Albion” discharged her cargo and went down the river for wooden huts, machinery, and hardware, and then took a small exploring party up the river on the look-out for another camp. The “Albion” and the “Belgique” were then kept busily employed in moving the effects belonging to the Expedition from Banana Point and Boma to Massuko, where they were stored until they could be moved further up the river ; after which the “Albion” was sent back to Europe, carrying

with her the eagerly looked-for letters and reports, which announced the good news that in little more than a month the Expedition had advanced ninety miles up the river, that everything was in good order, and there was every prospect of success.

The river scenery of this part of the Congo is not particularly interesting; Stanley declared, indeed, that it was almost desolate. The river is deep, broad, and brown, and on either side of it are monotonous hills. Here and there are palm trees and rocks, and in some places the banks are steep, while the current is very swift and strong.

Stanley was anxiously looking for some suitable spot on which to establish the headquarters of the Expedition. He had secured the services of a chief whose acquaintance he had made in 1877, and whose name was Dé-dé-dé, to assist in the search for a station. Accompanying this chief was Nsakala, an interpreter. Dé-dé-dé undertook to conduct the search to a successful issue, and suggested a place called Vivi, which took at once a very remarkable character.

The site was not adopted without great consideration, and after a somewhat minute examination. Stanley wanted to be among people who were friendly, in a spot that was healthy, and from which both the interior and the sea were accessible. But Vivi answered all requirements as well as any spot could have done; and the five chiefs to whom it belonged agreed to let Stanley have it, yielding all rights to him in exchange for £32 paid in cloth, and a rental of ten shillings per week. Stanley thought it dear, but considered that with a little alteration of the shore it would answer his purpose, and that it might accommodate a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Stanley's Story of the Founding* of Vivi is a romance of labour which every young man should read. The region of Vivi was hard and gloomy in the extreme, "a chaos of stones, worthless scrub, and tangled grass;" but the intrepid explorer and leader of men had great faith in the miracle-power of toil, and in the mastership of man over nature, and as he stood on the height, which he afterwards called Castle Hill, his imagination saw the plain below peopled with men, and alive with industry.

And he at once set to work to make the dream a reality. One of the steamships, the "Experience," was sent back to Massuko to bring up men and provisions, and when these had arrived it again went for tools and more men and provisions. It was on the morning of the first day of October in that year so eventful to the Congo, 1879, that the men went to work with picks and hoes, sledge-hammers and crowbars, and the district became filled with the noises of industry. The chiefs and their men stood gazing in

* "The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State," by Henry M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

wonder, which was increased when the interpreter made them understand that the white men wanted more workers, and that if these natives would go and clear the ground of stones and grass there were bales of cloth and handkerchiefs with which they would be paid. The statement and the invitation were received at first with considerable caution, if not suspicion, but at last between sixty and seventy Vivi people, men, women, and children, came forward to work for the white man.

In less than a fortnight some sort of a road was made, and the site was cleared. Then four other white men—Mr. John Kirkbright, of Birmingham; Mr. A. B. Swinburne, of London; Mr. A. H. Moore; and Mr. Sparbank, of Boston—came up to render their assistance. The master-mind among them directed everything. The site of every house and store was mapped out by Stanley. He arranged that in the midst of the place there should be a garden, for which purpose an oval basin of two thousand feet was excavated, the rotten stone on the surface being removed and used to make uniform the foundations of the houses. To the hollow which was to form the garden the natives brought many tons of rich alluvial soil from one of the valleys in the neighbourhood, being paid at so much per load. When enough of this hothouse soil had been deposited, narrow paths were made, and the garden was planted with carrots, onions, lettuce, and all sorts of vegetables, and also with mangoes, oranges, pears, and limes. Then it was enclosed by a palisade, and kept well watered and tended, and very soon presented a lovely green oasis in the midst of the new town. This was meanwhile springing up with amazing rapidity. A two-storeyed *châlet* was erected for the chief of Vivi station, in such a position as to command a view of the garden. Next, stables for the mules, sheds for bricklayers and carpenters, and yards for the pigs and goats, were also prepared. Then wooden huts for the men and iron stores for the goods were erected. Everybody worked from six to eleven, and then from one to six, Stanley as hard as any of them. It was because he taught the men how to use a sledgehammer, and illustrated his instructions, that the chiefs gave him the name of Bula Matari, which means "A Breaker of Rocks."

On Saturday, the 24th of January 1880, the lower station of Vivi was completed; the roads were made, the garden was in excellent order, the stores were filled, and the houses were not only erected, but painted inside and out, the whole having taken three months and twenty-four days. Mr. Stanley gave all hands two days' holiday and four yards of cloth; for he wanted them to have a rest before beginning the next part of their work. All the Europeans were invited to a banquet, at which they drank the health of the King of the Belgians, Queen Victoria, and the contributors to the Expedition du Haut Congo.

After this they commenced making a road into the interior, which Stanley foresaw would be a difficult matter, for it was to be fifty-two miles long, and

much of it lay through thick brushwood and rock. He waited to see it commenced, and then made over the Vivi station to Mr. Sparbank, whom he appointed chief, and himself started off to make new discoveries.

His desire was to establish a waggon route past the Lower Livingstone Cataracts, which might be used by the traders, but which was absolutely necessary in order that the steamboats and launches of the Expedition might be conveyed overland, and again set afloat above the Cataract of Isangila. Accordingly, he left Vivi on the 21st of February 1880 with a trusty escort, going first into the Nkusu Ravine, then to the village of Chinsalla, on to the top of Vivi Mountain, which is 1350 feet above the Congo. Over the mountain he took his course, and down the southern slope to the Loa, then to the village Banza Nvana, and through by Banza Nimpunsu to the Muzonzila Gorge, where the important person rejoicing in the name of Dé-dé-dé lived, in whose town Stanley met in conference the chiefs of the district. There were thirty chiefs, and they represented a population of 12,000 persons. They brought with them many retainers, and altogether there was a large assembly, whose appearance was remarkable, because they all wore cast-off coats and other clothing from the London and Paris clubs, or the English or French armies. They all brought presents to the white man, and expected some from him in return. Stanley told them he wanted to make a road through their countries, over which heavy waggons might pass, and that it would probably go through some of their states, and he wished to know if they would give him authority to do this, and would also allow their young men to work for him at a fair price, and protect him in case of war. They took time to discuss the matter among themselves, and then declared that as it would be good for trade, and they were traders, he might make the road without fear of consequences. After that, on the 24th, Stanley and his men left, well pleased that a good and serviceable impression had been made.

In 1877 Stanley had trodden the same road full of gloomy forebodings ; but now, with the good-will of the natives and his own map to help him, he began to see the great possibilities of the route, and to take heart. He explored Inga and Ngoma, making copious notes of the river and its scenery, and at length reached Isangila, and bought of the natives the right to build there a town on the river-side. He had proved the possibility of making a waggon-road from Vivi to Isangila, and he foresaw the time when a railroad would unite the two places, and so greatly facilitate the progress of commerce.

On the 14th March Stanley returned to Vivi, having travelled nearly two hundred miles in eighteen days. He saw that in endeavouring to make the road he put his hand to a very stubborn bit of work ; but since the task, though difficult, was not impossible, he resolved that it should be accomplished.

On the 18th of March 1880 accordingly the work was commenced. He had to help him a force of one hundred and six men. These were marched up to

the Loa River, with provisions. There a line of road was traced with a cord, and the men were set to work to hoe up the grass, which there grows as high as ten feet. By night a clear roadway, fifteen feet wide and 2500 feet long, was made. So they proceeded day by day, rapidly lengthening the road, and moving up their camp. By the 30th of July they had reached Makeya Manguba, and recorded the fact that they had 125 miles of road-making yet to do before Stanley Pool was reached.

Stanley returned to Vivi, himself and his men suffering from illness; and after a few days' stay, again set to work, and soon everything was moved to the new camp on the Bundi River. In October he wrote to the Comité reporting progress, and never was there a more graphic summary than this:—"We have made three bridges, filled up a score of ravines and gullies at the crossings, graded six hills, cut through two thick forests of hard wood, and made a clear road thirty-eight miles long." With the small force which the intrepid leader had at his command, this accomplishment is little less than a miracle; and when the steepness of the roads in many places is remembered, the wonder grows that even after the road had been made, they succeeded in pulling up the ships and heavy machinery without accident.

On the 6th of November the camp was moved to the Bula River. From thence the difficulty was greater than ever, for rocks blocked their way; but these rocks were utilised for the building of a wall for the river, for the crossing of ravines, and the making of a roadway over the rocks. When the year ended they had nearly reached Isangila, and in February their camp was there by the side of the rapids, and the road-making was so far accomplished.

From Isangila to Manyanga was a stretch of navigable water, and here the little flotilla was kept busily at work. By the 26th of February the Isangila camp was cleared. Kuvoko was the next camping place, from which they went on to Kimbanza, where is some of the finest scenery of the Congo; and next they moved to Ndunga, where by the rapids, and in the gloomy trough of the Congo, all suffered from depression, and many from sickness. Stanley says in his book that at this Congo gorge "Nature has begrudged life, animal as well as vegetable."

At the end of April Manyanga was reached, at which place they were 140 miles above Vivi; 436 days had been absorbed between the two places. They were still nearly a hundred miles from Stanley Pool, but, as they made their camp beside the cataract, the thought of what had been accomplished must have furnished hope for the future. The same ceremony of meeting the chiefs of the neighbourhood for palaver had to be gone through, but after the first meeting Stanley was prostrated by a virulent fever, and for a fortnight he lay between life and death. On the 20th of May the brave man felt so sure he was dying that he had his friends summoned in order that he might bid them farewell. The curtains of the tent were lifted, and the people gazed

sorrowfully upon the white face of their master, who was so weak that he could not lift the glass of medicine to his lips. On the 21st of May he brought himself to yield to what he believed the inevitable, and gave up taking the quinine and hydrobromic acid, of which enormous doses had been administered to him; but after twenty-four hours of utter unconsciousness he took some soup, and began slowly to mend. He had been very ill for a month, but on June the fourth such good news came that it helped his recovery. A small body of picked men and a large number of recruits had come to his assistance, and were already near at hand. The brave heart of the leader filled with joy, and he began to hope that success would really attend the Expedition. He was terribly weak and thin, scarcely weighing 100 lbs., but when his new helpers arrived, some of them proving to be old comrades, strength came back to him, and he mended apace. It had been weary work, this endeavour to do with a few men that which would have been difficult even with a multitude.

Stanley was needed in a dozen places at once. There were several scenes of violence at the great Manyanga market, which made him anxious lest his people should be drawn into any fracas. On July 15th the Expedition started for Stanley Pool, and on the 19th goods and waggons, having been conveyed over six miles of road, were launched above the cataract. Stanley gave to Herr Lindner the superintendence of the conveyance by water of their waggons and goods, and Stanley and others marched overland. His visit in 1877 had made a deep and lasting impression, and almost everywhere he was received with glad welcomes; especially was this the case at Zinga, where the people well remembered the white man of the many canoes. There were, however, a few exceptions to this rule, notably at Malima; some lies had been circulated, the result of which was that orders were given to the people not to speak to the white man nor sell him anything.

Fortunately a message came to say that a very great man named Ngalyema, the chief of Ntamo, wished to see him, and accordingly the white man went to him, and he eventually gave Stanley his staff to show that he regarded him as a brother. He proved a very expensive brother to Stanley, who gave him some valuable presents. He returned very little, so that once when Stanley reckoned up the exchanges on both sides he found that he had presented the chief with goods to the amount of £900, and received in return the value of £66.

Besides this, Ngalyema was altogether a false friend. He made great professions of friendship to Stanley, but it was merely for the sake of gaining his own ends. On several occasions it became necessary to frighten him. He continually brought armed men to the camp, and once Stanley received the news that Ngalyema and all the chiefs of Ntamo, with a hundred guns, had arrived. Stanley gave orders to his men to have their guns and cartridges

ready, to scatter themselves in all directions, and then lie in ambush. They were not to stir unless they heard the gong sound, but at this signal they were all to rush up, and, yelling like madmen, flourish their guns about wildly. Ngalyema went into Stanley's tent, and tried to raise a quarrel, asking him why he had come into the country. Stanley told him what he already knew, and also that Makoko had promised him some land in Kintamo. Ngalyema said that he (Stanley) should not go to Kintamo; they did not want any white men in their country to injure their trade. Stanley replied that the white men would not harm them, and that he intended to build a village of his own. The chief got very angry, but glancing at the large gong suspended near the tent door, he asked what it was. Stanley replied that it was the war fetish. The chief told him to strike it, and as he did so out came the men from their hiding-place, giving vent to such hideous yells that all the chief's army fled in terror, and the chief himself implored Stanley to protect him. But though a peace was patched up for the moment, the trouble was not ended until some time afterwards, Stanley in the meantime having given the chief several lessons.

The great work in which Stanley was now engaged was the founding of a new town, to which the name of Leopoldville was given, in honour of the King of the Belgians, the founder of the Expedition. It was placed on the river bank near Kintamo, and there, during the end of the year 1881 and the beginning of 1882, the town was built. One peculiar feature of it was an immense block house, to build which several thousand small trees were cut down. The walls were twenty-two feet high and two feet thick. It was intended to be a stronghold for the safety of the people, in case of a rupture with the natives. It was surrounded by gardens, terraces, and huts. As soon as they were safely ensconced, Stanley commenced a sale of some of the goods he had brought, and in two days nearly a thousand pounds' worth was sold.

The situation of Leopoldville was well chosen; water and fuel were plentiful, as were also fruits and vegetables. The Wambundu, the tribes to whom the land belonged, were quiet and friendly. The view from Leopold Hill was very fine; and not only was the district pleasant to look upon, but the soil was rich and fertile, and watered by many streams.

All around was a population almost starving, the labour of whose hands might make Leopoldville the centre of wealth and happiness.

When Stanley had made all arrangements for the supply of provisions and the protection of the little colony, he, accompanied by fifty-three men, four of whom were whites, pursued his way higher up the river, hoping to find shortly another convenient place to establish a station.

The party started on the 19th of April, and on the 26th they halted at a native village called Mswata. They remained on the steamer, trying to make friends with the people before landing. When the distrust of the tribe had been dissipated by the pacific words of the new-comers, their chief Gobila

signified his desire to treat with them. It was, however, useless to make any arrangements with Gobila, as he merely held the land by permission of a more powerful chief called Gandelay. A message was sent to him, and he at once obeyed the summons, escorted by servants, who announced his approach with much noise. Also a chief on the opposite bank, named Ganchu, had himself rowed over to the conference, and announced his intention of taking the colonists over to his part of the country if Gandelay did not want them, for, said he, "We shall have plenty of trade with them." This was sufficient to decide Gandelay to grant permission to Stanley to choose a place for a settlement.

Lieutenant Janssen was left to inaugurate the building of a house, and Stanley returned to Leopoldville to obtain men and stores for the new station.

A messenger had been sent to the chief of Vivi, asking him to send the white men who had been destined for the service of this part of the river; but as Stanley knew that they could not reach him before a month, he determined to see if any good could be extracted from the knowledge of the dwellers on the banks of the Kwa river.

This river presents a singular appearance, having grey waters on one side and black on the other. The white or grey waters flow from the river Mbihé, and the black from the river Mfini. He found that the south bank would afford a fine opportunity for dairy farms. There is in the midst of the river the Holy Isle, which forms the burial-place of the kings and queens of Wabuma. Musye is a collection of villages belonging to the Wabuma tribe. They had a queen whose name was Gambaki, and as the steamer passed the settlement she came in a canoe to meet it. She was a fine-looking woman, and evidently accustomed to command. She was anxious that Stanley should stay at Ngete that day and accompany her to Musye on the morrow. When he refused she declared that if he went without her past Ngete he would be killed. He told her that he had already been to Musye, and that her people had refused to allow him to remain. Finally he arranged to go with her as far as the village, where she got him a goat and some bananas. She then went on to Ngete, thinking he would wait for her: but knowing her imperious character, he determined to make his escape; so they got up steam and dashed past, watched by the disappointed Gambaki, who tried to stop them with threatening gestures.

On the seventh day of this journey Stanley and his companions found themselves entering a lake, to which they gave the name of Leopold II. This lake Stanley desired to circumnavigate; but they were short of food for themselves and fuel for the steamer, and to crown their misfortunes, Stanley was taken ill, and had to leave the crew in charge of two of his lieutenants. They obtained food from some of the natives, and turned the prow of the boat towards Leopoldville. When it reached Musye, Stanley was compelled to be

indebted to Gambaki for hospitality. After a stay of two or three days, as they were anxious to reach Leopoldville, they departed, and in due course arrived, Stanley being so ill that he had to be carried from the vessel.

Soon after the men whom he expected arrived, and Mr. Comber of the Baptist Mission wrote to him for advice respecting the feasibility of establishing a mission at Leopoldville, and Stanley gave it as his opinion that it would probably prove successful, as indeed it has done. Stanley, in his book on the Congo, pays a very high tribute to Mr. Comber, of the Baptist Mission, and Dr. Sims, of the Livingstone Inland Congo Mission, which is undenominational.

Stanley was taken back to Vivi from Leopoldville, where he saw Dr. Peschuel-Loesche, who showed him a sealed commission from the President of the Association, which gave him the command of the Expedition if Stanley should be invalided. Stanley was glad to avail himself of this substitute, for he was extremely ill. So he left at once, and went just as far as Loando, the capital of Angola, in which place he had to wait for a ship. He arrived at Lisbon on the 21st September 1882; and in October he met the "Comité of the Association Internationale du Congo," "in order to report to them the present state of the Upper Congo." The Expedition had constructed five stations, had launched a steamer and sailing boat on the Upper Congo, and had a light steamer keeping up communication between the stations, while waggon-roads had been made between Vivi and Isangila, and from Manyanga to Stanley Pool. Most of all, the fact had been entirely established that a communication between the Upper Congo and the sea was practicable.

It now remained to consolidate the work that had been accomplished, by so establishing the rights of the Association as to secure future benefits to those who had taken the initial risk.

Stanley remained six weeks in Europe, and then, at the urgent wish of the Comité, he sailed for the Congo on the 23rd of November 1882 in the steamer "Harkaway," which had been despatched from England with fourteen officers and six hundred tons of miscellaneous goods for the Expedition. Poor Stanley found, when he reached Vivi in December, that many things had gone wrong in his absence. The chief of Vivi had left altogether, and most of the chiefs whom Stanley had appointed were disappointingly either inefficient or careless—indeed, nothing but bad news met him. Very stern and unpleasant duties awaited the leader, who, however, took them one by one, and discharged them with that rare ability for which he was remarkable.

He next equipped an expedition to the Kwilu-Niadi district, commanded by Captain Elliott, who was to establish a line of stations between that river and Isangila. This was to secure to the Association land which was necessary for their purpose.

On January 22nd, 1883, Stanley again left Vivi, and on February 15th Lieutenant Van de Velde sailed for the Kwilu. Stanley went on to Manyanga, where his intervention was required on several accounts, and on February 27th he reached the Inkissi river. Here he was informed that the station at Leopoldville had no food, so he had to despatch some to the chief. He was very disappointed with the state of Leopoldville, which he expected to find "a fair land of order and plenty;" but when he went to look into things for himself, he found everything most confused and depressing, for which he thought the Europeans chiefly to blame. What was wanted was men; a few more Stanleys would have changed the whole aspect of things. A conference was held, at which Ngalyema stated the reason for the unfriendly relations which had sprung up between the white men and the native chiefs. He said the white men had treated them as if they were common slaves, had shouted at them, pushed them, and threatened to kill them. The commander had been especially haughty, and at last all the natives had kept away and refused to sell them food. The officer who had been accused then stated his side of the quarrel, and he did so in a very passionate way; but Bula Matari—the "breaker of rocks"—established peace between the contending parties, and set them all to work to make Leopoldville look worthy of its name. On May 9th the Upper Congo Expedition started. The steamers "En Avant," the "Royal," and the "A.I.A.," a new steam launch, conveyed the Expedition, which consisted of eighty men and about six tons of goods. The river was high and the travelling pleasant. When they reached Kimpoko, Stanley said it ought to be called "Good View Station," so pleasant were its surroundings. Here they halted a day, and then entered the Upper Congo at the head of Stanley Pool. A little later they reached Mswata Station, which Lieutenant Janssen had completed. Here they purchased food to last them until they reached Bolobo, which was their next stopping-place. The journey was through extremely fertile lands, and Stanley enjoyed it, especially after his former experiences as told in his book, "Through the Dark Continent." They reached Bolobo May 16th, 1883, finding a population on the river front of about 10,000, under the sway of Ibaka, an important chief, who at once came to visit them. Stanley was immediately called upon to settle a quarrel, and he only barely escaped a war by expressing himself more ready to fight than he really was.

On the 28th of May Stanley again departed to seek sites for two more towns. He took with him three guides, Msenne from Mswata, and two men from Ibaka who were acquainted with the countries of Uyanzi and Ubangi. Bolobo would be very suitable for a settlement if one could count upon the friendship of the natives; but until that time Stanley felt they must be content with villages where the chiefs understood that the accommodation was mutual. A little distance beyond Bolobo the Congo broadens, and its banks are thickly

wooded with all kinds of equatorial vegetation. The scenery surpasses that of any known river.

The explorers had seen few signs of any inhabitants until after they passed Iyumbi; but having been forced to turn back by the difficulties of navigation, they perceived that a number of people were putting out from the shore to meet them. When, however, they saw the steamer near them they fled, and the occupants of the canoes, who were women, sprang among the reeds and scrambled to shore.

On June 1st they neared a native village, and as their stores were nearly exhausted they exchanged their merchandise for eatables to last several days. Finding the natives friendly, Stanley promised to call again on the return journey. The men of Lukolela hatch crocodiles by artificial means, and when the young come out of the eggs they are put in a net-covered pond, and kept till they are of a saleable size, when they are taken to market.

At Butunu and Usindi the travellers were warmly welcomed by the natives, who, it appeared, had many of them seen Leopoldville and Kintamo. The chief Juka gave them a warm invitation to stay and build. The chief of Irebu was Mangombo, and he sought an interview with Stanley, to whom he presented many gifts. With this chief, as with many others, Stanley made what he calls "blood-brotherhood." This was accomplished in the following manner:—The fetish man pricked the right arm of each, then pressed the blood out, and put into the arms a little pinch of salt and dust; then rubbed the black and white wounded arms together. A litany of incantations was muttered over them, and after this solemn interchange of blood each was consecrated to the service of the other.

Mangombo at once sought Stanley's aid. He and his people had a quarrel with Magwala the chief of Lower Irebu and Mpika the chief of Central Irebu, which was likely to end in great slaughter, and he therefore besought Bula Matari to intercede and make peace between them. Stanley said that he would gladly do it, but he had pressing business on hand. He proposed, however, that they should stop fighting for fifteen days, when he hoped to be back and able to give them his assistance. To this they consented.

Stanley got some amusement from the conversation which he overheard at Irebu. On one occasion they were discussing the difference between Stanley and Bula Matari, coming to the conclusion that the latter was the greater man of the two. Also they wished much to know the charm by which Stanley increased his wealth. They were curious too to know what turned the paddle-wheels of the steamers, and what was in the "big pot" (the boiler). They thought whatever it was that it took a long time to cook, and decided that it must be some very strong medicine.

On the 8th of June Stanley reached Ikengo, and was eagerly welcomed

by the people, who asked him to stay there. He chose Inganda as a temporary stopping-place, and tried to gather information about the meeting of the rivers. He was especially anxious to discover the name and character of a broad tea-coloured stream, one of the greatest tributaries of the Congo. This was the Baruki, which he said might be called the African Styx. This river had piqued his curiosity on his former visit, and he was glad to see it again. The river also bore the name of Mohindu, meaning "black."

When they reached a place called Wangata, from which they could see the junction of the three channels of the river, the people came to talk to him; and he found they belonged to the Bakuti tribe, who soon made friends with him, and offered him land on which to build. Stanley resolved to do so, though it was difficult to evade the people of Inganda, and here the Equator Station was formed, of which Lieutenant Vangele was appointed chief, assisted by Lieutenant Coquilhat.

On the 22nd of June Stanley met in council the chief elders of Upper Irebu, and decided that the war between Mangombo, Mpika, and Magwala must cease. Mangombo stated his grievances; but he had most of the blame. The united cry, however, was for peace; and Stanley's order was, "Give the pledge of peace, and bury the war." This was done with all due ceremony. Two pieces of unbleached calico, a gourd of palm wine, a keg of damp gunpowder, and a broken musket from each party formed the pledges, and these were taken charge of by eight neutral elders, who dug a hole and buried them. Each company of the combatants fired salvoes of musketry over the grave, and so the strife was ended and peace settled upon the tribes. After this Stanley had to visit them all, and this gave him the opportunity to examine Irebu, which consists of a number of villages so close together that they make a large town of about 15,000 persons.

On the 23rd they went up the Lukanga River to Mantumba Lake, passing through very picturesque scenery, and winding among sedges, water lilies, and papyrus. They navigated the lake, and ascertained its greatest depth to be thirty-two feet. The western beach was strewn with round ironstone, quartz, and reddish pebbles. At a village on the lake called Ikenge the natives are potters, and show their skill in this and various other manufactures.

CHAPTER XXX.

*Christmas Day at Iboko—Sacrifice of Slaves—Acting as Peace-maker—
Arrival at Tukunga—Duke Town.*

DURING its outward journey the Expedition had confined its course and observations mainly to the right bank of the Congo, and it was therefore deemed advisable to follow the left bank in returning. Going with the stream is much easier than going against it, and the flotilla steamed bravely along. The first camp was set up at Yakondé, or rather where Yakondé ought to be, for it had shared the fate of so many other villages in that region, and nothing remained of it but the ruins. Here the explorers again fell in with the Arab slave-traders whom they had met, and with some of the results of whose presence in that district they were only too sadly familiar. As Stanley could not use force against them, he persuaded some of their most reliable men to accompany him to the coast, thinking that the evidences of civilisation that were rapidly becoming so widespread, and bringing in their train law and order, might be beneficial to them, and through them to the community at large. They would learn by observation what no words could teach them—that where white men were in power the kind of trade in which they were engaged had to cease, and that where example was not sufficient force was adopted. This effort on Stanley's part to prevent the continued recurrence of the horrors related in the previous chapter he regarded as part of his mission, and there is no doubt it had a salutary effect.

A little delay was caused on arriving at Ikassa by an accident which happened to the steam-launch "Royal." It was proposed that at this point the flotilla should again cross to the right bank of the stream, that explorations might be again continued there; but while crossing the steamer struck against the extremity of an island, and her hull was battered, so that a halt had to be made until she could be repaired.

After repassing the hills of Upoto the navigation by the right bank was rendered difficult by the force of the flood towards the left bank, and the flotilla had therefore to somewhat change its course again. The cold winds which here prevailed were very trying to the travellers, and Stanley and some of the crew suffered rather severely for a few days.

Christmas Day was spent at Iboko, where was the landing-place of that

newly-made but enthusiastic friend and admirer, the chief Mata Bwyki. The thieving propensities of the Iboko tribe had been manifested in a very practical manner at their previous visit, and it soon became plain that if the explorers wished to retain any of their belongings they must be on the alert. Mata Bwyki was, as before, absent when his visitors arrived, and his sons were occupied in various ways. One especially, who had only the day before lost four of his children by drowning, was trying to forget his sorrows in a way only too well known to Europeans.

The thefts were so numerous and so continuous that at last a reward was offered to the man who should first catch a thief, while the next who so neglected his possessions as to allow any of them to be stolen was to receive punishment. After this a captive was soon made, who was borne to the steamer and there bound fast, while orders were given to prepare to get the vessel under weigh. Presently another thief was observed actually endeavouring to make off with the boat's flag; but despite desperate efforts to secure him he succeeded in making his escape. When the news of this disgraceful conduct on the part of his father's subjects reached the ear of Kokoro, one of the sons of Mata Bwyki, he was much incensed, and paddled up and down the river, near the shore, in a menacing attitude, and threatening the thieves with vengeance. He went to see the prisoner, and to his great dismay discovered him to be his son. He was, however, conscious enough of the meaning of the word justice, and made no attempt to obtain the release of his misguided son, unless it was at his instigation that a few hours later his cousin Njuga went to offer two tusks of ivory and two slaves as ransom. This, however, was not accepted, Stanley declaring that if the stolen goods were not at once restored Kokoro's son would be carried away to Bakuti, and not returned to his tribe for several days, and then only in exchange for the lost property.

The greetings which Stanley received on his voyage down stream were very different from those with which he was accosted on his upward journey. The appearance of the flotilla was a welcome sight to all the tribes on both banks of the river. Those who had already had intercourse with the leader of the Expedition were most enthusiastic in their welcomes; and those who had not had that privilege, having heard of his beneficent intentions from meeting with their neighbours at the markets, were eager to become acquainted with him. At Ukumira and Uranga this was especially the case, and from the former place seventy canoes laden with natives came forward to express their delight at seeing Bula Matari, and all clamouring for the promise that he would visit them in their respective villages.

Equator Station was called at on December 29th, and Lieutenants Vangele and Coquilhat congratulated on the many improvements they had made to this already "ideal station," after which it was time to restore the grandson of Mata Bwyki to his friends, and the flotilla steamed back to Iboko with

Lieutenant Coquilhat on board. Mata Bwyki could not find words to express the indignation which he felt at the treatment which the white men had received at the hands of his people. He urged Stanley not to give up Kokoro's son, saying, "Keep him safe until all your goods are restored; it will do him good, and he will be an example to the rest." Further efforts were made to recover the missing property, and more captives taken—not, of course, simply for their value, but that the aborigines might receive a lesson—and in all Mata Bwyki declared himself Bula Matari's supporter. Finally, the grand old chief announced that if every article stolen were not brought back he would give Bula Matari permission to deal with his prisoners exactly as he willed, even to the cutting of them up into little pieces. This awful threat had the desired effect, and finally every one of the various things abstracted was returned.

Many customs very strange to Europeans, and some of them of a cruel and repulsive nature, prevail among the peoples of uncivilised lands, and M. Vangele and his friend witnessed one of the most horrible of these at Equator Station. It happened in this way. The death had occurred of a great chief, and the custom was to sacrifice slaves to bear him company to the spirit world. The friends of the deceased thereupon set about collecting slaves; and, regarding the well-trained soldier-labourers of Lieutenant Vangele in that light, consulted him in regard to their purchase. This was of course indignantly refused, and the garrison showed their disapproval of such a proceeding on the part of the natives by chasing them with sticks outside the limits of the station.

However, fourteen martyrs were obtained, and M. Vangele was present at their execution. They were first partially hanged upon a tree; while in this position their heads were cut from their bodies by an executioner, and these were boiled until the flesh came off the skulls, so that the latter fixed upon poles might adorn the grave of the deceased chief. The bodies of the martyrs were cast into the river, and the blood-besprinkled soil was buried with the chief. With the advance of civilisation it is to be hoped that such sanguinary customs will soon be things of the past.

From Equator Station the Expedition proceeded to Usindi for the purpose of restoring the guide Yumbila to his master; and from thence to Lukolela, where Mr. Glave was in charge. Affairs here were not progressing very rapidly; but all was satisfactory, except that while Stanley was here news was received that Bolobo Station had been again ruined by fire. As there appeared to be a little difficulty in the management of this station, the reconstruction and subsequent control of it were transferred from its present chief to Lieutenant Liebrechts. Good times were in store for the people of Bolobo in the future, for not only would their material welfare be largely benefited by the settlement that was to be constructed, but it was reported that

the chief of the Livingstone Inland Congo Mission had selected a site near for the erection of a mission station.

The Expedition returned to Leopoldville on the 20th of January 1884, after an absence of 146 days, and a voyage of 3050 miles on the Upper Congo. Leopoldville continued to be one of the most flourishing of stations; and the state of perfection at which houses, gardens, and people had arrived aroused much wonder and admiration in the Arab slave-traders, who had thus far been Stanley's guests on the down voyage.

But as if to counterbalance the encouragement given to Stanley by the success of the Upper Congo Expedition, news of a very depressing character awaited him at Leopoldville. This was from Vivi, the chief station on the Lower Congo, which was still in a very unsettled state. The government of Vivi had been undertaken by one chief after another, but none seemed able to bring it into perfect control. Stanley had 120 letters awaiting him after his 146 days' absence, and by far the greater number contained reports of the condition of the settlements on the Lower Congo, which were far from cheering. It seemed as if nothing but the constant presence and effort of the Great Leader himself could ensure the prosperity of any scheme for the advancement of civilisation and trade in this part of the country. His only hope lay in the sending by the Comité of a second leader; but there was no prospect of this at present. Stanley therefore, after arranging for the carrying out of his promise to the Arabs, and after planning an expedition to the Stanley Falls, to be conducted by Captain Hanssens, set out for Vivi.

The caravan, by means of which men and materials to meet all kinds of need were conveyed from Leopoldville to the coast, left that station on the 20th of March, amid much cheering and assurances on all sides that those left in charge of the various branches of work would do their utmost to further its prosperity. All along the road leading from Leopoldville the natives had collected to bid farewell to Stanley and his noble band. Large jars of palm-juice had been set out for their refreshment, and everywhere there were signs of kindly feeling. These evidences of the love and esteem which the aborigines and his white followers as well possessed for Bula Matari cheered him greatly, showing as they did that his labours among them were not in vain, and kindling new hope in his heart, and giving new strength for future work.

The caravan made its first halt at Ngomas, a village which nestled in the shade of Iyumba Mountain; thence the way was over mountain and valley, through dark forests and again into bright sunlight, by "fertile glades" and groves of palm trees, then across a plateau from which the travellers could see on their right the waters of the Congo. Kinyila was passed, the river Lulu crossed, and opposite Nsangu they rested and gazed on all the loveliness of wood, mountain, and stream which met the eye on every side.

As the Expedition continued on its way groups of natives from the villages around came out with pleasant greetings. Bula Matari and his people were known in this region, and joy and hope occupied the place of the fear which was so characteristic a feature of the tribes of the Upper Congo on Stanley's outward voyage. From village to village the glad news was passed on of the coming of Bula Matari; and at Nselo the chiefs who were in receipt of monthly pay from the Association Internationale Africaine were most assiduous in their attentions.

A stretch of comparatively level country was next traversed and Mbimbi reached, where provision was at once made by the natives for the comfort of their guests. Here Stanley had to play the not unusual rôle of peace-maker. A dispute had arisen between the villages of Ngombi and Mbimbi, and the chiefs of the latter place were eager to fight, but such an idea was not for a moment to be encouraged by Bula Matari; he must show himself the friend of all the tribes, for strife meant not only a hindrance of present time, but perhaps closed roads and much future difficulty. Stanley therefore earnestly admonished the incensed chiefs to preserve the peace; and to help them to keep their promises to him, a treaty was drawn up, which they were required to sign. Similar treaties were made with all the chiefs on the journey.

Having satisfactorily settled matters at Mbimbi, the company pushed on through a country of most luxuriant fertility by Mani, Ngoma, Kimbenza, and Mpika, all of which were made picturesque by the banana groves which overshadowed them, past Nzungi and Kimpemba, into the plain of the Mulwassi River, and then again into the higher regions of Ngombé and Suteté. The chief of Suteté was in 1882 very eager to obtain possession of one of the agents of the Expedition which then visited the district. He was a man of brutish disposition, and boldly declared his wish to cut the agent's throat. This was the price asked for permission to pass through his village unmolested, and it is needless to say it was not paid. This same chief only two years later was dwelling in peace but a mile away from the station, interfering in no way with the governor or his twelve men; indeed he was so far subdued as to permit his people to become carriers and table-servants for the white men, while his children had become regular attendants at the Baptist school. This we are glad to know is only one of many equally striking incidents which are the happy result of Stanley's work of exploration, combined with the efforts of Christian missionaries.

The station at North Manyanga was found to be in a rather unsatisfactory condition. In spite of the £10,000 which the society had allowed for its construction, the houses were poor and tumble-down, and things presented such a disorderly appearance generally that Stanley ordered the new chief to entirely rebuild the place.

On April the 2nd the party arrived at Lukunga, where they were hospitably

welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Ingham, of the Livingstone Mission. This station was a sight truly worth seeing ; it was Livingstone's own work, with the assistance only of a handful of men. The residence of the missionary was quite unique in its daintiness, and the garden and premises for stores, schools, etc., left nothing to be desired. The children were gathered about in the shade of the mission-house, and all things looked happy and homelike ; and to Stanley this meeting with such kindred spirits as the missionary and his wife was intensely pleasing. In writing of his visit to Lukunga, Stanley speaks in highest terms of Mrs. Ingham ; to her artistic skill, prompted by devotion to the cause of her fellow-creatures, were due all the little adornments which made the place so inviting. The expenditure of perhaps £100 had made this a perfect station, with which Manyanga could in no wise compare.

Through a district which Stanley longed to see turned into cornfields, instead of yielding only tall grasses which grew in profusion but added nothing to the comfort of man, and by the Luima river, the explorers journeyed towards the station of Bauza Manteka. The keen eye of the leader here saw between the valleys of the Luima and Lunionzo a good position for a road from Voonda towards Isangila ; and no doubt such a scheme will one day be accomplished, and the heart of the "Dark Continent" rendered as easy of access as our great metropolis.

Isangila presented an appearance far from encouraging. The men who had been placed in charge of it seemed to have grown careless, and having no good chief, had sadly neglected their duty. From here a stiff climb soon brought the travellers to the ridge of a forest-covered mountain, from whence could be viewed Pallaballa, Nokki, and Vivi, with the irregular *cañon* of the Congo stretching beyond the last-named place. Here very rapid progress cannot be made ; the hills are difficult to climb, and the valleys with their tall grasses, among which the traveller is completely lost to view, and the heated atmosphere of which almost choke him, are extremely trying. Stanley says, however, that the woful descriptions of the climate of this part of the continent, as given by some Europeans, are due to the fact that in the first place they want to see too much, and so go too quickly ; and in the second, they are not prudent in their way of living. If they would but be deliberate in their movements, and content themselves with the light food which is all they require, they would find Africa as healthful to live in as England.

On the Pallaballa Mountain, at a height of 1700 feet above the sea, is a native station with an English mission attached, and there too is a lodging-house for travellers which the hospitable old chief Nozo has erected. Here the travellers rested for one night, and the next morning set out for Vivi. Stanley's forebodings as to the condition of this station were not at all exaggerated ; and as he viewed it through his glass from a hill opposite to it, he was much saddened by the signs of lethargy and even ruin which were only

too apparent. As far as he could see, no attempt whatever had been made at improvement, and all his efforts to secure its prosperity had thus far been fruitless. From the hill a descent was made to Mpozo Station, where a boat was taken and the Congo crossed to Vivi.

One of the first sights which attracted Stanley's attention on arriving at Vivi was a fine-looking house, with store-room attached, which was the residence of the accountant. To build this a frame mansion-house, which had been sent from Europe to be used as an hotel for the residents, had been literally pulled to pieces, and of the whole building, which had been worth £2000, not more than sufficient remained to build quite a small cabin, and that was left lying neglected and rotting through exposure to the weather.

Vivi is less favourably situated than many of the more prosperous stations on the Upper Congo. Its vegetation is scanty, and instead of hills luxuriantly clothed with pines and banana groves, the naked rock comes to the surface and gives the whole an appearance of barrenness. Stanley thought that this barrenness had imparted itself to the inhabitants, making them hopeless of ever seeing much fruit from their labours.

There can have been no excuse for the general aspect of neglect which characterised even the houses, gardens, and roads of Vivi, and the only reason could be that the white men stationed there had succumbed to the influences about them; and having no Stanley to stimulate them to earnest endeavour, had ceased to take any interest in the work about which they had at first been so enthusiastic—viz., the making of this a useful and prosperous station.

But Stanley was not the man to give up any task he had once undertaken, let the difficulties be ever so great; and so, though Vivi at present seemed altogether a failure, he at once set about the work of restoring it. He determined to remove it from the site it now occupied to a larger plateau, and preparatory to this a new road was made sloping gradually to the river Nkusu, which was crossed by a bridge. Then a railroad was constructed between the plateau on which the Vivi of the present day stood and that on which the Vivi of the future was to be built.

Not only was a new station required, but competent men to take charge of it were greatly needed. Indeed the person who could undertake the management of a station occupied by white men of almost every nation in Europe as well as natives must possess no mean ability. Some of the difficulties that Vivi laboured under arose from the fact that it had no good chief for any length of time.

One of the principal places of interest on the voyage was Duke Town, on the Old Calabar or Cross River. Stanley obtained permission to explore this river, upon which a great trade in oil is carried on, and several of the passengers on board the "Kinsembo" accompanied him. Duke Town bore a strong resemblance to the Upper Congo; indeed so much were the two places

alike, that Stanley says that if he had been carried by night in the "En Avant" and placed on the Calabar River near Ikintu, he should scarcely have known the difference. But there was one feature of Duke Town which surprised and delighted him, and that was the sight of houses for the chiefs made of corrugated iron of English manufacture, and furnished also in English style. Some of these were costly mansions, valued at from £2000 to £4000 each, and they were the result of the successful trade in palm-oil in which the natives were engaged. If such was the issue of fair trade on the Calabar River, there was much to hope for on the Lower Congo, when once its riches were known, and the difficulties of the march from Vivi to Stanley Pool were overcome.

Bonny, where the "Kinsembo" anchored on June 28th, is another prosperous town. Its climate is far from salubrious—indeed it is as dismal as it well can be; but the people seem to be too busy to consider it, and they are fairly healthy.

A flourishing trade is also carried on on the Benin River, and the cargoes from it and the Bonny River almost filled the "Kinsembo," which anchored next at Sierra Leone. Only three hours, however, were spent here, for the captain gathered that there was a pestilence in the town, and hastily pushed out of port. Then the steamer turned her head homewards, and soon leaving Africa far beyond the reach of the bodily eye, but bearing it constantly in mind, Stanley was landed at Plymouth on July the 29th, 1884, and hastened at once to Ostend to report to the King of the Belgians, who was spending the summer there, the great success, beyond all expectations, which had attended his mission to the Congo Basin. "And," says he, "I have no reason to believe that His Majesty was displeased with the results of those long years of bitter labour."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Return from Africa—Accepts the Command of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition—Sails again for Africa—Arrival at Cairo.

IT is not to be supposed that a man like Stanley would be allowed to rest quietly for any length of time together. He had, in founding the Free States, accomplished one of the most remarkable achievements of the century, and for that work, as well as for his successful journey across the dark land in search of Livingstone, he would be ever held in men's memories as the man for any great emergency that should arise, especially in regard to Africa. He was more than content, if not to be idle, at least to enjoy a change of labour, which is the nearest approach to rest which some natures allow themselves; but he had not long returned from the Congo when his services were again called into requisition.

It was on the 29th of July 1884 that he landed at Plymouth, and immediately went to report himself to King Leopold at Ostend; after which he relaxed the strain that had been so long upon him, and gave himself to the literary pleasures of preparing his book on "The Congo Free States," which was at once published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, of Fleet Street, London. Naturally, every one was eager to see the man who had brought Africa to our very doors, and in the autumn of 1886 he was about to respond to the invitation of the large towns of America to deliver a series of lectures on Africa.

But that country was again the cause of considerable uneasiness in the minds of English people, who had already suffered so much for it in the person of one of the noblest of his race—General Gordon. The new anxiety, like the old, centred in or near to the Soudan. At length the following letter brought matters to a crisis:—

"British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, 55 New Broad
Street, London, E.C., Nov. 8, 1886.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Iddesleigh, etc., Her Majesty's
Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

"MY LORD,—At a meeting of the Committee of this society, held on the
5th instant, I had the honour to lay before them a letter addressed to myself

by Emin Bey, and one from him to Dr. Felkin, a former traveller through the equatorial provinces governed by Dr. Emin Bey, and a member of this committee. Dr. Emin Bey, who was appointed by General Gordon to administer, on behalf of the Egyptian Government, the equatorial provinces on the Upper White Nile, has long been cut off from all help from the civilised world, and is now, as shown by his letter, in a very precarious position. After considering the subject-matter of the two letters (of which I have the honour to enclose a proof copy), the following resolution was passed unanimously, and I was directed to forward a copy to your lordship.—I have the honour to remain, your lordship's obedient servant,

CHARLES H. ALLEN, Secretary.

“*Resolved*—That in view of the services rendered by Dr. Emin Bey, both in the suppression of the slave-trade and in administering for a considerable period a settled and peaceful government in the equatorial provinces of Egypt, the committee consider that the position of Dr. Emin Bey presents a very strong claim upon Her Majesty's Government. While not suggesting any measure of a military character for his relief, the committee hold that both Her Majesty's Government and that of Egypt are bound to be sparing of neither exertion nor expense in order to rescue him from the destruction which seems to await him, or by the supply of money and goods to enable him to hold a friendly position among the natives of his province.”

This letter found an echo in many minds, and both through articles and letters in the press and the conversation of the people it was manifested that something would have to be done. The public heart ached over the delays to relieve Gordon which had occurred, to the everlasting pain if not the shame of England, before the Government was aroused to send Lord Wolseley to the Soudan. And this fact caused the conviction to grow that another brave man's life ought not to be sacrificed. Soon, therefore, the cry, “*Stanley to the rescue!*” was raised, and raised with such resolution that it reached him in America.

Before he had left England, the Geographical Society of Edinburgh had voted a large sum toward the Emin Relief Fund; and Sir William Mackinnon, Bart., had asked Stanley to advise him as to the best person to whom such an Expedition could be entrusted, and in reply our traveller had mentioned the names of Messrs. J. and H. H. Johnson. “Failing them,” he added, “I would suggest myself.”

“Would you be willing to lead such an Expedition?” inquired Sir William.

“If you are really in earnest, and choose me for the post,” was the magnanimous reply, “I will accept the command at once, and gratuitously;

but if you choose Mr. Thompson, I shall be happy to contribute £500 toward the expenses."

Sir William Mackinnon, who had been elected chairman of the Relief Committee, subsequently sent the following telegram to America :—

"Your plan and offer accepted. Authorities approve. Funds provided. Business urgent. Come promptly. Reply."

To this came the speedy answer—

"Just received Monday's cablegram. Many thanks. Everything all right. Will sail per 'Eider' 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. If good weather, and barring accidents, arrive 22nd December, Southampton."

It was Christmas when he reached London, and by that time £20,000 had been subscribed, of which the Egyptian Government had contributed half.

Much remained to be done before the start could be absolutely made. There was no lack of help volunteered; and Mr. Stanley might have had a company of English gentlemen numbering several hundred to serve under him. But he had to disappoint nearly all the eager aspirants who came forward, and he selected as his companions the following few and well-trying men :—Major Edmund Barttelot, of the 7th Fusiliers, an officer distinguished for service in Afghanistan and on the Nile; Lieutenant W. G. Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, experienced in Survey Service; Captain R. H. Nelson, who had served in Zululand and against the Basutos; Surgeon T. H. Parke, A.M.D., one of the survivors of the Abu Klea fight under Sir Herbert Stewart; Mr. William Bonny, of the A.M.D.; Mr. John Rose Troup, son of Sir Colin Troup, an Indian general of distinction; Mr. Herbert Ward, a wanderer in Borneo and New Zealand; and two gentlemen often mentioned, Mr. Jephson and Mr. Jameson.

Of course the English people could not let him go without a little feasting and a few speeches; and at the Mansion House, on January 13, 1887, he made an interesting speech in answer to the toast proposed by the Lord Mayor.

He said that he was about to step upon a platform in a town in Massachusetts to commence a lecture when he received a cablegram calling him to Europe. So many kind things had been said about his African travels that he need not himself refer to them, and he had now received the great honour of having the freedom of the City of London presented to him. He was now asked to make an effort to carry assistance to an officer who might be called the last white captain in the Soudan, who, owing to the catastrophe that had happened there, was cut off from civilisation by forces that barred the way to his return, and was shut up with officers and some thirty women and fifty children, whose return to Egypt it was desired to effect. There had been many speculations as to what the chances of rescue were, and the demands upon his time had rendered it impossible for him to refer to these speculations, or make

any statement of the facts which would determine the course or affect the fortunes of the Expedition between Zanzibar and the beleaguered garrison of Emin Pasha. From the information that had been liberally supplied to him, he thought that although the Massai route appeared to be the shortest, there were difficulties in that route which had not been taken into account by many speculators. It was the arrival of an explorer and his mysterious disappearance that at first precipitated Uganda into all this trouble, and made it so dangerous for white men. Then between the farthest known part attained by the white man and Emin Pasha there were the murderous Wakedi and other tribes who had decimated Emin Pasha's foraging expeditions. By these very successes they had become strengthened, and could present a formidable front. Even his appearance with a powerful caravan in that direction would still more endanger the position of Mackay, the English missionary, and that of the two French missionaries, whose situation was a subject of anxiety with the French Government. Then there was the fact that the Germans had made extensive annexations in that direction, and it was as likely as not that they might suspect the motives for this Expedition, although we here knew well enough that its sole object was to rescue Emin Pasha, and to withdraw with him non-combatants, who, on account of the failure of the supply of ammunition, could not now be despatched to the coast. If the Expedition took the central route it would have to front Uganda with 150,000 warriors. In the days of Mtesa, the father of the present King Mwanga, it would have been very easy to have negotiated for a safe passage through his territory. It was even likely that Mtesa would have said, "I will go with you, or, if you wish it, we will go and take the white man, and bring him to you." But Mwanga, the son, was a person of different disposition: he got drunk upon bhang; he had already distinguished himself by the atrocious murder of Bishop Hannington, and the sight of a valuable convoy going to Emin Pasha would without doubt excite his cupidity. If, on the other hand, the Expedition took the south-western route, it would encounter the brave and valorous Wahuma, who were the aristocrats of that part of Africa, who furnished the royal blood of all the chiefs in Equatorial Africa, and who would bar the way to Emin Pasha. Just at this critical time the King of the Belgians came forward and generously offered the free use of the whole stock of steamers belonging to the Upper Congo State for ninety days for the rescue of the brave Egyptian officer, and of the helpless women and children in his camp, for whom the Congo offered the best route. If the Expedition were to return to Zanzibar by the other route, it would be burdened not only with the weight of the ammunition, but also with the anxiety attending the transport of women and children through the factious tribes between Wadelai and the Indian Ocean. This, then, was the position of affairs: for the one side there was the river to float down and take these women

and children straight to the Atlantic without any trouble, with the prospect of being hospitably received all the way. This would be a one month's journey, or forty days at the most, to the sea. The other route would involve 1200 miles of march through combative tribes, against whom women and children would have to be guarded. This statement of facts put the matter in a nutshell, and people could judge for themselves which was the best route. He would proceed from England on the 20th inst. to Zanzibar, and if he found there a steamer for the Congo, he would take the Congo route; but if he did not find a steamer there, he proposed to take the risks of the inland journey. The Expedition would be in perfect order for the taking of either route, and for going to the west coast or the east coast. For the sake of the Expedition itself it did not matter what route was taken, but for the sake of the women and children and the safety of the ammunition it did matter greatly. In conclusion, he wished the Lord Mayor and company a happy and prosperous year, and sincerely thanked all for the cordial manner in which he had been received, and for the good wishes which had been so kindly expressed for the success of the Expedition.

From this speech of Stanley's it will be seen that he was as cautious as he was courageous, and did not in the least undervalue the difficulties in the way, though at the same time he had energy and hopefulness enough to make him sanguine as to the result.

He paid a hasty visit to the King of the Belgians, who had ever been one of his best friends, and who repeated now the kindness shown on former occasions.

Mr. Stanley left London and started on his journey by the evening Continental mail train on Friday, January 21st, 1887. There was a large gathering of people in the station, and when Mr. Stanley arrived on the platform, shortly before eight o'clock, he was greeted by a hearty cheer. No special arrangements had been made for the traveller, for Mr. Stanley's fellow-travellers and baggage had gone on from Gravesend in the "Navarino," and he was alone, even his rescued slave-servant, Baruti, having gone forward. A large company attended Mr. Stanley to the carriage, among them being General Brackenbury, Sir Lewis Pelly, Sir S. Rowe, the United States Consul (General Waller), Mr. C. T. Russell, Mr. J. Rose Troup, who, with Captain C. Troup, joined Mr. Stanley at Lisbon, Colonel Grattan, Sir Francis de Winton, Mr. G. F. MacKenzie, Mr. E. L. Sheldon, Major Kavanagh, Mr. Walter Wood, and Mr. J. R. MacKinnon of the United Steamship Company. Lord Wolseley and Lord Charles Beresford were expected, but letters from them were brought to Mr. Stanley expressing regret that they could not witness his departure, and wishing him success in his enterprise. In the few minutes which elapsed between the entry to the station and the departure of the train, Mr. Stanley's friends gathered about him to wish him God-speed and

to have a last word. A compartment was reserved, and with him, as far as Cannon Street, went some of the members of his committee who had assisted in raising part of the £21,000 necessary for the enterprise. Some one called out in a cheerful tone, "When will you be back?" and the traveller replied with a laugh, "As soon as I can." The signal was given for the train to move, and then a loud cheer greeted the hero, who bowed his acknowledgments from the window.

All the newspapers had articles both on the MAN and the Expedition, and many thousands of the English people gave a kindly God-speed to Stanley in their thoughts, and compared his readiness to depart on this errand to that of Gordon when he went out to the Soudan. Although the British Government had abstained from furnishing him with supplies, private generosity had done so, and the Government had requested the British Consul at Zanzibar, Mr. Thompson, to render him every assistance.

Stanley arrived in Cairo on the 27th of January. On reaching that place he drove to the house of Sir E. Baring, who accompanied him on a visit to Nubar Pasha. He told the people of Cairo that his Expedition was solely for the relief of Emin Pasha, that he was taking him ammunition and clothing, and felt sure that he would have no difficulty in reaching him by either the Zanzibar or the Congo route. But it was seen that he preferred the Congo route, and thought it less dangerous. Eventually Stanley decided to prosecute his journey by the Congo.

On the 28th it was reported that he had seen Dr. Junker. The latter had been opposed to the Congo route, but Stanley talked him round to his ideas respecting it. It was thought at Cairo that Stanley would reach Emin before the end of June.

On the 29th Stanley sent a telegram to say that at Cairo everything was succeeding satisfactorily. Uniforms were being made for Emin Pasha, and all hands were working loyally.

On the 6th of February he was at Suez, on his way to Zanzibar. Dr. Parke was with him, and sixty-one trained black soldiers who had volunteered from the Egyptian Army.

Dr. Edward Schnitzer, or Emin Pasha, is worthy of the Expedition, for he is an able and honest man. He was born in 1840, of Jewish parents, in Prussian Silesia. He studied medicine in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna. In 1869 he entered the service of the Turkish Government. When General Gordon went to Khartoum he accompanied him as a medical officer, and in 1879 Gordon made him Governor of the Khedive's Province of the Equator.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Zanzibar—Sailing up the Congo River—Disembarking—Stanley Pool—On the Upper Congo—The Camp of the Rear-guard.

THEY reached Zanzibar in February, and here Stanley gathered his followers together. He also secured the services of Tippu-Tib, because, being himself a famous Arab chief of the cruel Manyemas, and an extensive trader in ivory and slaves, his influence was great among the pitiless Arab raiders of the Upper Congo. He was to be established as Governor at Stanley Falls in the service of the Congo Free State, and undertook in the treaty between himself and the King of the Belgians, the sovereign of the Free State, to protect the force from the schemes of the slave-dealers and the attacks of unfriendly tribes. He also agreed to furnish six hundred men to assist in carrying the loads across the country, from the Falls Station to the Albert Lake or even to Wadelai.

The Expedition was embarked on February 25th, in the steamship "Madura." Besides the Europeans, it consisted of Zanzibaris, Soudanese, a few Somalis, three interpreters, and Tippu-Tib with some of his men.

Sailing round South Africa, they reached the mouth of the Congo on the 18th of March. At the commencement of the voyage one disturbing incident occurred. The Zanzibaris and some of Tippu's men, taking possession of the most comfortable quarters available, forced the Soudanese into a close, uncomfortable part of the ship between the decks. After protesting vainly in their unknown tongue, the afflicted Soudanese lost their temper, and with unmistakable vigour heaped reproaches and insults on their encroaching neighbours. These were received as a challenge to combat, and presently a fight began between them, anything that came to hand serving as a weapon. Quiet was however restored, the Zanzibaris were compelled to retire, and the Soudanese removed to other quarters. The voyage from this time was a prosperous one, the coloured people behaving well, and the Europeans proving invaluable helpers by their cheerful readiness and capacity for work. There was very little sickness on board; only three natives died. A few others were unable to continue the journey; but the rest, including all the Europeans, were in good health.

From Banana Point five steamboats, furnished by the Congo Free State,

carried the force up the river. At Boma, the headquarters of the Free State Government, the President visited Mr. Stanley and imparted the serious news that food was scarce in the district as far as Stanley Pool, and as an additional discouragement it appeared likely that when they reached that place there would be a great difficulty in securing sufficient steamboats for their further conveyance.

Having arrived at Matadi, the whole Expedition disembarked to follow the course of the river by land, since, as will be remembered, for many miles navigation is impossible by reason of cataracts. It is proposed to connect Matadi and Leopoldville by a railway, and so render the district of the Upper Congo easy of access; but along these weary miles the men marched, carrying the loads of stores on their heads.

Between Matadi and Lukunga Mr. H. Ward joined the Expedition as a volunteer. The following account of his meeting with Stanley, and his description of the caravan on the route, appeared in the "Illustrated London News":—

"After completing my term of service for the Congo State in March 1887, I proceeded down country for the purpose of embarking for Europe. But then I heard that Stanley was on his way out in command of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. I at once became anxious to accompany him on that interesting mission. I was able also to render him a timely service by engaging and taking down country some hundreds of natives for the transport of the loads of merchandise and ammunition which the Expedition was taking into Central Africa for the succour of Emin Pasha. I had broken camp early one morning, and was marching rapidly along, when, in the distance, coming over the brow of a hill, I saw a tall Soudanese soldier bearing Gordon Bennett's yacht flag. Behind him, and astride of a magnificent mule, whose silver-plated trappings shone in the bright morning sun, was Mr. Stanley, attired in his famous costume. Following immediately in his rear were his personal servants (Somalis), with their braided waistcoats and white robes. Then came Zanzibaris with their blankets, water bottles, ammunition belts, and guns; stalwart Soudanese soldiery, with great hooded coats, their rifles on their backs, and innumerable straps and leather belts around their bodies; Waswaheli porters, bearing boxes of ammunition, to which were fastened axes, shovels, and hose lines, as well as their little bundles of clothing, which were invariably rolled up in old threadbare blankets.

"Stanley saluted me very cordially and dismounted. 'Take a seat,' said he, pointing to the bare ground. We squatted down, and he handed me a cigar from the silver case given to him by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the night before Stanley left London. As concisely as possible I told him of my great desire to join him on his journey, and after a few minutes' conversation Mr. Stanley said that, partly in recognition of the fact that I had

rendered him such valuable help in obtaining the natives, he would accept me as a volunteer in his Expedition. He then expressed his surprise at my healthy appearance, considering that I had been so long in Africa. Having directed me to hurry on with my natives, bring up the loads, and as expeditiously as possible overtake him at Stanley Pool, where we should all embark together, we parted.

"Passing along, I became further acquainted with the constitution of Stanley's great cavalcade. At one point the whale-boat was being carried in sections, suspended from poles, which were each borne by four men. Donkeys, heavily laden with sacks of rice, were next met with, and a little farther on the women of Tippu-Tib's harem, their faces concealed, and their bodies draped in gaudily-coloured cotton cloths. Then, now and again, an English officer, with whom, of course, I exchanged friendly salutations. A flock of large horned goats next came along, and then the dignified form of the veritable Tippu-Tib came into view as he strutted majestically in his flowing Arab robes and large turban, and carrying over his right shoulder a jewel-hilted sword—an emblem of office from his Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar. Behind him, at a respectful distance, followed several Arab sheikhs, whose bearing was grave and dignified.

"In response to my salutation, they bowed most gracefully. 'Haijambo,' said I. 'Sijambo,' they replied. 'Jambo sana,' I answered. 'Jambo sana,' also said they. 'Sana, sana,' I added; and 'Sana, sana,' they repeated. 'Khabari gani?' (What news?) I inquired. 'Khabari Ngema' (Good news) was the reply. And in that way I passed along the line of seven hundred men, which embraced, in addition to the nationalities I have already mentioned, Assyrians, Malagasies, and others, each wearing the distinguishing garb of his own country. As the Expedition filed along the narrow, rugged path, it produced an effect no less brilliant than striking. Its unbroken line extended over a distance of probably four miles."

On April 9th Stanley wrote to Sir William Mackinnon as follows—and as this was the first letter received from him, it was at once published in the "Times" and read with intense interest, June 6th:—

"Lukungu, Congo River, April 9th, 1887.

"We arrived here yesterday, after an intolerably slow journey from the Lower Congo. Nevertheless, we feel grateful that we have done so much. This journey of one hundred and ten miles is performed, generally, by native carriers in nine or ten days; it has occupied us fourteen days. The carriers only have their loads of sixty-five pounds each, with some native provisions. Our people have been loaded with similar weights, and then have to carry their rifles, ammunition, kit, and rations, making their load up to one hundred pounds each. Taken at their ease from Zanzibar, and from on board a comfortable

ship, we had to make very short marches at first, to inure them by degrees to the long tasks of marching which lie before them. The poor baggage animals were also unfit for several days to travel ; nor were we ourselves in any better state. But I had promised to leave the Lower Congo on the 27th, and in order to make ourselves as fit as possible for the journey we began the forward march on the 25th, two days previous, otherwise we should have been six days behind time.

"We shall improve, as in other expeditions, our marching pace. Daily the marches will become longer, and the people more fit, until even they will look back with surprise on the early days when they thought eight miles a fatiguing journey. Our extra loads of cloth, beads, and ammunition are being forwarded, with tolerable rapidity, by our agents on the Lower Congo, and a few days after our arrival at Stanley Pool I hope to have all goods, officers, and men together.

"I have no encouraging news from the Pool as yet. I cannot tell whether there are any steamers ready. All rather tends to make me think that we have appeared while every vessel is in a very unfortunate state of unpreparedness. There are the "Stanley," of the carrying capacity of two hundred men and four hundred loads ; the "En Avant," thirty men and thirty loads ; two lighters, aggregate capacity seventy men and seventy loads ; the A.I.A. are safe at Bangala station, five hundred miles up river.

"Besides all these, there are the Baptist Mission steamer the "Peace," capacity fifty men and fifty loads, and the American Mission steamer "Henry Reed," of similar carrying power. But the "Peace," I am told, will not be loaned to us by the Baptist Committee of London ; and of the "Henry Reed" there is no certain sign as yet that we shall have the loan of her services.

"But the worst news remains to be told. There are no provisions at the Pool. The traders and their workmen and followers have absorbed all the provisions the natives can raise, and prices have run up to sheer famine rates. If prices are already so high, what may they not amount to when the Expedition—seven hundred and fifty strong—has arrived to swell the numbers of those for whom food must be secured at all cost ?

"Yet somehow, for the life of me, I cannot feel so gloomy as I no doubt ought to do. My men must not die for want of food, and I must not be detained at the Pool for any unreasonable period.

"Four days by steamer up river there is a region of abundance, where thousands of people could be supplied. If there were any steamers ready it would be for the interest of the State, the missions, and the traders to assist me in getting this possible mob of hungry men away from the neighbourhood of their establishments.

"One day's residence at the Pool will suffice to make explicit and clear what is extremely hazy in my mind, viz., How many days will it be before I

can get away from the foodless region? If I can only procure a sufficient number of men to carry the loads, I can march the rifle-armed members of the expedition almost as fast as the steamers can breast the stream. If I can lighten the heavily weighted people of their loads, I shall no doubt be able to prove what fast goers they are.

"In this state of doubt, surmise, and anxiety, calculating and planning nightly after each march, I am likely to remain until I arrive at the Pool, when one view of the actual state of things there will enable me to tell you freely and frankly in my next letter what is and must be done by us.

"I ought not to conclude without saying that none of our officers have suffered a day's sickness since they left Europe in January. They work well, and endure Africa as if they were natives of the tawny and torrid continent, surpassing all my expectations; and with all they have to bear they are always gentlemen.

"H. M. STANLEY."

This letter was speedily followed by another, also published in the "Times" of June 17:—

"Camp near Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, April 26th.

"My DEAR MACKINNON,—I arrived at this place on the 21st inst., after twenty-eight days' march from the Lower Congo. The rainy season and the flooded rivers have impeded us greatly. The latter have been deep and impetuous, detaining us two days at each unfordable stream, and causing great anxiety. The country suffers from great scarcity of food, and I have had to feed this large caravan with rice brought from the coast. Considering all these unfortunate circumstances, we have no great reason to complain. At Stanley Pool they say that we have arrived wonderfully quick. Had the season been more propitious they would have had still further cause for saying so.

"But bad as is the condition of the famine-stricken country below, in the neighbourhood of Stanley Pool it is worse. I have been here five days, and the people with me have only managed to secure a few bananas, just sufficient to feed two hundred men one day, and I have seven hundred and fifty souls with me. It is a period of great anxiety with us, and whether we shall be able to tide it over without breach of order I know not. The Zanzibaris are very loyal, very obedient; the officers, who are all English gentlemen, are super-excellent. With such good qualities the Expedition may be expected to do all that is required by human nature. My duty however is not to put too severe a strain on such admirable qualities, and relieve these people from the temptation to be otherwise than they ought to be.

"The State, the English missions, and traders are in the same difficulties of provisioning their dependants as we are. You can imagine how great the stress is here when the State, after sending foraging parties round about the district, can only secure food enough for a third of its force. The other two-

thirds live on hippopotamus meat which their hunters provide. We have also sent out our hunters. We have had one hippopotamus within five days for seven hundred and fifty souls. There are four parties of hunters searching Stanley Pool to-day for hippo meat. The missions have but few men with them, so it is not such an extreme case with them. But, strange to say, not one mission station can supply its own people. They have not planted a single banana plant since I was here three years ago. I should say that they were in a worse state than when I left. They live on what is provided for them in Europe and America. 'Let be everything, struggle no longer,' seems to me to be their motto. It is not the fault of the soil or the climate. The soil is rich, and adapted for the cultivation of bananas and maize and dhowrra and rice.

"In 1881 I relieved two missionaries, named Clarke and Lanceley. They had suffered a misfortune—a fire had consumed all their effects. They sent me an appeal for provisions. I provided them with a fair allowance from our own stores. They belonged to the Livingstone Inland Mission.

"In 1883 a missionary named Sims applied for a site at Stanley Pool to establish a mission of the Livingstone Inland Mission. His colleagues had vainly striven without aid from me to obtain permission from the natives. I gave an order to the Chief of Leopoldville to locate Dr. Sims on a site in the neighbourhood of the station, so that, times being unsettled then, the mission could be under our immediate protection. In 1884 I extended the grounds of this mission at the Equator, subject of course to confirmation at Brussels.

"By a curious event, on arriving at Stanley Pool this time I found myself in the position of an abject suppliant for favour. His Majesty the Sovereign of this Congo State had invited me to take the Congo River route to relieve Emin Pasha at Wadelai. Provided the steamers and boats were at Stanley Pool in time, without doubt this route was by far the cheapest and best, even though food was not over-abundant. I therefore accepted the invitation and came here. But I had not anticipated this distressful scarcity of food, nor the absence of steamers and boats.

"To every one at Stanley Pool it was clear that a disaster would be the consequence of this irruption of a large caravan upon a scene so unpromising as this foodless district. The only remedy for it was immediate departure up river. Long before arrival I had sent letters of appeal to the English Baptist Mission, owners of the steamer 'Peace,' and to the Livingstone Inland Mission, which is now American, and owners of the steamer 'Henry Reed,' for aid to transport the Expedition to Bolobo immediately upon arrival at Stanley Pool. Reports confirmatory of the state of famine in that district were daily reaching me, and immediate departure was our only means of saving life and preventing a gross scandal.

"A few days later I received a letter from a Mr. Billington, in charge of

the 'Henry Reed,' saying he could not lend the steamer for such purposes, as he wanted to go down river—*i.e.*, overland to the Lower Congo—for some purpose; and next month the Livingstone Inland Mission expected some missionaries, and in the interval the steamer 'Henry Reed' was to be drawn up on the slip to be repainted.

"You will observe, as we did, that there was no question of urgency; the steamer was to lie idle on the slip for repainting, while Mr. Billington should go down river to be comfortably married to some young lady whose photograph he had seen, for this was the purpose that was taking him from the Pool.

"Meanwhile, the starving people would be tempted to force from every native or white the food which they could not obtain by purchase, and no one knew to what extent disorder would spread. If I did my duty I should have to repress it sternly. Still, whether my people or the natives would suffer most, it is clear that the condition of things would be deplorable.

"From the English Baptist Mission I received a letter from its chief, that unless orders to the contrary should arrive from home he would lend me the steamer and be happy to help me.

"Arriving at the Pool, and seeing more distinctly how greatly the district was suffering from scarcity of food, I sent Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson to represent our desperate position to the Livingstone Inland Mission. They saw Messrs. Billington and Sims. They tell me they urged the missionaries by all the means within their power for over an hour to reconsider their refusal, and to assist us. They were said to have declined. Mr. Billington argued that he had consulted the Bible, and found therein a command not to assist us; besides, he must get down river to meet 'his wife that was to be.' Dr. Sims echoed this as resolutely.

"I consulted the Governor of Stanley Pool district, Monsieur Liebrichts, and represented to him that a great scandal was inevitable unless means were devised to extricate us from the difficulty. I told him I could not be a disinterested witness to the sufferings which starvation would bring with it, that therefore a formal requisition should be made by him on the missions for the use of their steamers for a short term, of say forty days. That the 'Henry Reed,' according to Mr. Billington's letter, was to lie idle for a period of over two months; that this period could be used by us in saving hundreds of lives; that their objections were frivolous, and those of Dr. Sims were the result of a refusal by me to employ him on this Expedition, while Mr. Billington was only hungering after the pleasure of marriage with a person whom he never saw. Monsieur Liebrichts admitted that the position was desperate and extreme, and that the State was also in a painful uncertainty as to whether provisions would be secured for its people each day.

"The next morning Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson were sent over again to the Livingstone Inland Mission to try a third appeal with

Mr. Billington, who only replied that he had 'prayerfully wrestled even unto the third watch' against the necessity there was of refusing the 'Henry Reed.' He was confirmed in his opinion that he was acting wisely and well. Meantime, it was reported to me that Mr. Billington had furtively abstracted the valves and pistons of the engines for the purpose of hiding them. I therefore hesitated no longer, but sent a guard of Soudanese down to the steamer, and another with Major Barttelot to demand the immediate surrender of the steamer and her belongings. Major Barttelot kept his guard outside the boundary of the mission, and walked in alone with the letter.

"The Commissaire of the State, seeing matters becoming critical, ordered a guard to relieve the Soudanese at the steamer, and went in person to the missionaries to insist that the steamer should be surrendered to the State.

"Our guard was withdrawn upon an assurance being given that no article should be taken away or hidden. For two days the matter remained in the hands of M. Liebrichts, who at last signed a charter in due form, by which the mission permits the hire of the steamer 'Henry Reed' to us for the sum of £100 sterling per month, which is at the rate of 30 per cent. per annum on her estimated value.

"But what ungrateful people some of these missionaries are! Faith they may have in superabundance—in hope they no doubt live cheerfully; but of charity I do not find the slightest trace.

"The 'Stanley' steamer left here yesterday for Mswata with the first detachment of one hundred and fifty-three, and will return the day after to-morrow. We have now remaining for departure next Friday, or Saturday at furthest, the following transport vessels:—'Stanley,' 160 men, 400 loads, 6 donkeys; hull of 'Florida,' 160 men, 100 loads, 6 donkeys; 'Peace,' 50 men, 100 loads; 1st barge, 35 men; 2nd barge, 60 men; 'Henry Reed,' 50 men, 100 loads; 3rd barge, 50 men; 4th barge, 35 men.—Total, 590, 700 loads, 12 donkeys. There will be none remaining at Stanley Pool. We shall push on as fast as the steamers can tow the barges, which will be probably the rate the slow paddle-boat 'En Avant' ascended in 1883. Near Stanley Falls, or at the rapids of the Bryerre River, I will form an entrenched camp, and must use every precaution to make this camp safe. During the ascent of the Congo I shall have leisure to study this question. Having formed a safe camp, I shall push on, lightly equipped, and make forced marches through the unknown territory.

"Until we have reached the site of our camp on the Upper Congo, and the 'Stanley' descends to bring up the detachment which will be left at Bolobo under Major Barttelot, you cannot receive any further direct news from us.—Yours very sincerely,
"H. M. STANLEY."

On May the 1st the Expedition started from Kinshassa for the Upper

Congo. The Livingstone inland steamer, "Henry Reed," so grudgingly yielded up, took the lead, carrying one hundred and thirty-one men; the "Stanley," having the "Florida" in tow, followed with three hundred and sixty-four men, five hundred loads of baggage and goods, nine riding asses, and a flock of goats. In the rear came the "Peace," the steamer of the English Baptist Mission, drawing two boats with 117 people.

The "Henry Reed" and "Stanley" accomplished the appointed distance for the day without mishap, but, as ill luck would have it, the head of the rudder of the "Peace" broke straight off only two miles above Kinshassa, and as the Captain had now no control over the boat he threw out two anchors and drew up suddenly in the middle of a strong current, to get free from which it was found necessary to cut the chains. They managed to get safely back to Kinshassa, and here they had to wait till the rudder was made fit for use again. This necessitated a journey to the State workshops at Leopoldville, six miles farther down the river.

After this delay the voyage was continued for three days. It seemed impossible, however, to keep the "Peace" running at a proper speed, and the passage to Mswata, a course of only eighty-eight miles, took two days longer than the usual time allowed for it. After leaving this latter place, matters became worse and worse. When nearing Bolobo the boat not only made no headway, but her feeble efforts being utterly unable to resist the current, she began to be carried down the stream. Once more she was anchored, her passengers landed, and a messenger sent by boat to Bolobo requesting help from the "Henry Reed." When nearing Bolobo the gallant leader was astonished and horrified to find the "Stanley" and "Henry Reed" lying idle at a landing-place in the middle of the day. It was then found that the former had met with disaster in the attempt to investigate some low rocks on her own account. She had rushed upon them, with the result that the second of her fore sections was broken up. The helpless "Peace" reached Bolobo towed in the wake of the "Henry Reed," and after a careful examination of the injured vessel, the "Stanley," the engineers found that it could be made efficient once more by patching it underneath with plates.

All set themselves to the task with the utmost ardour and goodwill, and in two days the work was completed. When all were securely landed at Bolobo the "Stanley" was sent off to Kwamouth, with a word of caution to refrain from all rash enterprises, to fetch Major Barttelot and his men, who had made their way from the Wamboko river to Kwamouth on foot, so as to avoid unnecessary delay, as so much time had been already lost.

To the credit of the captain the steamer returned to Bolobo with gratifying promptitude in three days.

During this pause in the journey the engineer of the "Peace," deeply conscious of the sorry performance of his charge, and vexed in his soul at the

general recognition of its worthlessness—evident enough though silent—took counsel with the engineer of the “Henry Reed,” a shrewd Scotchman, as to the possibility of getting more effective work done in the future. They came to the conclusion, after careful consideration, that the proper thing to be done was to screw down one of the safety-valves, and so retain some of the power for service which had before been generated only to expend itself without result. The belief had been previously held that it was unsafe to work the engine with less than two safety-valves; but in accordance with the decision they had arrived at, the top of the upper valve was secured. The result was entirely satisfactory, for the “Peace” now led the way, as the commander’s ship should do, instead of laboriously bringing up the rear.

Mr. John Rose Troup had been left at Leopoldville in charge of the stores. Messrs. Ward and Bonny remained at Bolobo, and encamped there with one hundred and twenty-five men. The remaining six hundred and forty men, with five hundred loads of goods, proceeded in the boats up the river. Now ensued a period of smooth advance, when everything went well, and good fortune accompanied them with health, plenty, and consequent contentment—a time in which the memory was lost of the hardships endured from the dearth of food on the lower course of the river. The natives all met them as friends; no accident befell people or stores; no discomfort or disquiet approached them. The only source of uneasiness was the increase in weight of the men consequent on the plentiful food supplies; it became a question whether the boats would prove capable of bearing the additional burden. They did not fail however.

Tippu-Tib and his people were to be conveyed to Stanley Falls, according to the treaty between that chief and the King of the Belgians, represented by Stanley, one clause of which ran as follows:—“Tippu-Tib binds himself to hoist the flag of the Congo State on the station near Stanley Falls, and to make respected the authority of the State on the river Congo and all its tributaries, as well at his station as down the river as far as to the river Aruwimi. He undertakes to prevent the Arabs and the tribes there established from carrying on the slave trade.”

Major Barttelot with forty Soudanese on board the “Henry Reed” were entrusted with the escort of the Arab chief and his followers; and as the Stanley Falls station was higher up the Congo than the entrance to the Aruwimi River, the goal of the steamers, orders were given that the “Henry Reed” should proceed at a higher rate of speed, and, having accomplished its mission, should return with the escort the next day, and join the main body on the Aruwimi River as soon as possible. On reaching the first rapids near the head of this river, a point 1380 miles distant from the Atlantic Ocean, the Expedition was to disembark, and here a camp, enclosed by palisades, was to be built, and held by a considerable force under Major Barttelot and Mr.

Jameson ; while Stanley, accompanied by Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, Dr. Parke, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson, with nearly four hundred natives, pressed forward to the Albert Nyanza.

Stanley had hoped and believed that the journey from Zanzibar to Wadelai by the Congo could be accomplished in one hundred and fifty-seven days, but already it was becoming doubtful whether this hope would be fulfilled. Many delays had been experienced through various accidents and imperfect machinery, and time had been occupied in the completion and launch of a new steel steamer. The most difficult part of the way still lay before them. Three hundred and sixty miles of country stretched between the point of disembarkation and the Albert Lake, and Stanley now anticipated that possibly only thirty days of the estimated time would remain in which to perform the distance. But even in the prospect of a toilsome and prolonged march, by uncertain paths, through an unexplored and perilous region, peopled by strange and probably hostile tribes, speaking an unintelligible language, the resolute commander held firmly to the hope that by strenuous endeavour they might still reach the desired goal not greatly later than had been first expected, and in time to succour Emin Pasha.

The advance party arrived at the Aruwimi Rapids on the 19th of June, a little more than a week later than the appointed time—not a serious loss, though every day was precious.

They found themselves obliged to take forcible possession of the village of Yambuya, for during a three hours' parley no argument or persuasion could induce the natives to receive the new-comers amicably, and when at last they began to assume threatening attitudes, they were put to rout by the hideous and unearthly din of the steamers' whistles, and fled in a body. They ventured back at night, gathered together their possessions, and the next morning had disappeared, taking with them all their live stock, goats, and fowls, which would have been gladly purchased as provision for the garrison. There remained, however, a large stretch of Kassava gardens for its necessities.

Lieutenant Stairs at once set to work to prepare the Camp, while Mr. Jameson was occupied in putting up a house which was to serve as storehouse as well as dwelling. Captain Nelson and Mr. Jephson foraged for fuel to supply the engine fires of the "Stanley" and "Florida," that they might be started off as soon as possible on their return journey. The "Henry Reed" had not yet joined them.

The Yambuya village contained one hundred and ninety-four small cone-shaped huts, arranged in two lines, and forming a wide street ; and these would serve to shelter the force. For miles along the river lay other small villages, consisting of from fifteen to thirty huts, behind them a thick growth of low trees, in front a steep bank eighty feet high bordering the river. Many different tribes apparently had settlements in the district. The village

occupied by Stanley's force had been formed by the Watunga, while round about were Baburn and Batega villages, and dwellings of numerous other tribes. A few natives found prowling about were now and again seized by the scouts and brought into the camp, but all were dismissed with kind words and some little offering, which it was hoped would lay the foundations of confidence and goodwill. The presence of a considerable number of settlements on the soil was assurance that there must be plenty of food produced in the neighbourhood; and the most sanguine hopes arose in Stanley's mind with regard to those he would leave behind there, that they would soon become a thriving colony, living on terms of mutual amity with the neighbouring tribes, if Major Barttelot should prove to have sufficient tact and forbearance in his dealings with them.

Several days passed before the "Henry Reed" made its appearance, bringing up the Major and the Soudanese from Stanley Falls. Their failure to arrive in due time—they had been expected June 19th—had caused much annoyance and anxiety. It had been decided that a search party, under Lieutenant Stairs, must go down the river, when on the evening of the third day the sails of the eagerly looked-for vessel were descried, and every feeling of vexation gave way to thankfulness.

It may easily be imagined with what interest the accounts brought by the Major of the incidents of the way, and the state of affairs at Stanley Falls, would be received. He related that at the village of M'bunga an attack was made on a party of Tippu-Tib's men in his charge, and seven of them were wounded. This was the occasion of a slight skirmish. The Soudanese landed to avenge them, compelled the natives to abandon the place, and then set fire to it.

The burning village had attracted the attention of the main force as they came up to it a few hours later; but when, compassionating the natives for the loss of their homes, they inquired the origin of the fire, and were told it was a native quarrel, no one guessed what had really taken place, or attributed any share in the ruin to their comrades. Major Barttelot also told that Tippu-Tib had been received very heartily by many of the people at the Falls.

At a place called Yracombe he had found a large gathering of slavers making ready for a descent upon the unfortunate natives. Many of them were under the orders of a well-known chief spoken of by Livingstone, Said-bin-Hubub. As soon as possible Tippu-Tib had proclaimed himself the authorised Governor of the Stanley Falls district, and had forbidden the plunder and capture of natives within his borders.

There was no doubt that the prohibition would be respected by his own followers, but apparently the chief Said-bin-Hubub was determined neither to recognise the right of Tippu-Tib to rule, nor to regard any commands issued

by him. His bad example would probably embolden other Arabs to pursue their horrid work.

The new Governor had, through Major Barttelot, represented the position of affairs in a letter which was at once sent on to the Belgian authorities. He asked that the State should furnish him with thirty soldiers and two officers to support his demands. "I presume," says Stanley, "he feels considerable reluctance to enter at once into a warfare with men who are his countrymen and co-religionists, and who were yesterday his friends; that he requires a stimulus to urge him to a duty which seems somewhat unpleasant. That eventually he will prove himself worthy of the trust reposed in him I have no doubt. That he will restrain his own people is of course certain; and with a small force of soldiers such as he asks for, and with Europeans to supervise, advise, and encourage him, Tippu-Tib will make the very best Governor that could be found for that distant station."

It remained to send back the "Henry Reed" and "Peace" as soon as sufficient stores of wood had been gathered for their engine fires; and after that it would be impossible for some time to transmit any news of how they were faring to Europe.

On board the "Henry Reed" going down the river was a cow, a present from Tippu-Tib to a native chief near Leopoldville. No doubt many longing eyes were cast upon the animal by the garrison at Yambuya, as her flesh would have been a great luxury to them; but any lurking temptation to confiscate the prize was resisted, and she was allowed to depart to her rightful owner.

Near the spot where the new camp was being formed, Stanley, in 1877, had encountered some of the fierce tribes who dwelt in the neighbourhood, and had been obliged to attack a native village, and though on repassing the locality in 1883 he had been able, with the assistance of a strong-voiced interpreter of imposing appearance, to pacify the warriors gathered against him, his previous experiences in the district determined him to take precautions against any sudden onslaught, by fencing round the camp with palisades and by keeping soldiers continually on guard.

Mr. Werner, an engineer from the Congo Free State, visited it in 1888, and describes it as being on the top of a steep bank at a height of at least fifty feet. The fort, which was about thirty yards square, was enclosed by a strong stockade, the diameter of the poles forming it being from two to three inches, and the height from twelve to fifteen feet. They were placed very near together, the spaces between them being only sufficient to allow the muzzle of a gun to enter. Where it fronted the river the palisade was fixed on the brink of a precipitous descent of fifty feet, and thus afforded security from attack on that side. On each of the landward sides platforms were constructed about six feet above the ground. By this arrangement two ranks of men could be

stationed on these sides, who could shoot under cover of the palisade, which was sufficiently high to shelter the upper row.

Against an assault made by natives, whose only weapons were spears and arrows, these protective measures would have been enough. To provide against a possible conflict with Arabs, who are armed with rifles and double-barrel guns, a further defence was prepared. A trench was dug all round the camp, and the clay thrown out in digging it was heaped in an embankment five feet high against the outside of the stockade. The rain, which falls frequently in that part of the country, generally every few days, would collect in the trench, which would thus serve the further purpose of a reservoir of water for the supply of the camp, should they be prevented from reaching the river.

Within the fort five huts were raised; three were used as dwellings for the Europeans, and also as storehouses; another for their mess-room and as a tool-house; while the fifth served as a hospital when Mr. Werner was at the camp during Mr. Troup's illness. In addition to these buildings the enclosure contained a kitchen, and four smaller huts for the accommodation of the servants and others. The openings into the fort, two in number, were occupied by wooden doors, the materials for which were supplied by the planks which had formed the bottom of some of the canoes. The doors were hung from the top, and such was their weight that the united strength of four or five men was needed to lift them. By day they were propped open by strong poles, and during the night guards were stationed at them.

The trench was bridged by planks removable at pleasure.

The men's camp lay on the south side of the stronghold, and was enclosed also by the palisade and trench, except where it adjoined the fort; on this side was a palisade only. The men's huts were of grass, and among them were the few left after the village had been fired by the natives. All round the camp the ground was cleared of the low thick shrubs which might conceal from view the approach of foes by land, a considerable distance by the river side being opened up.

Such was the camp of the rear-guard.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Stanley leaves for Lake Albert—Gives Major Barttelot Instructions—Eighty-Three Days' March—No News of the Rear-Guard—Tippu-Tib—Murder of Major Barttelot—Death of Mr. Jameson.

BEFORE Stanley left for the Albert Lake he gave written instructions to Major Barttelot. Some of these are given below :—

Paragraph 5. "The interests now entrusted to you are of vital importance to this Expedition. All the men (Zanzibaris) who shortly will be under your command will consist of more than a third of the Expedition. The goods are needed for currency through the regions beyond the Lakes. The loss of these men and goods would be certain ruin to us, and the advance force itself would need to solicit relief in its turn."

Paragraph 6. "Our course from here will be true East, or by Magnetic Compass, E. by S. The paths may not exactly lead in that direction at times, but it is the S.W. corner of Lake Albert, near or at Kavalli, that is our destination. . . . Our after conduct must be guided by what we shall learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha."

Paragraph 7. "We shall endeavour by blazing trees and cutting saplings to leave sufficient traces of the route taken by us."

Paragraph 8. "It may happen, should Tippu-Tib send the full complement of men promised (600 men), and if the 126 men have arrived by the 'Stanley,' that you will feel competent to march your column along the route pursued by me. In that event, which would be most desirable, we should meet before many days. You will find our bomas, or zeribas, very good guides."

Paragraph 9. "It may happen also that Tippu-Tib has sent some men, but he has not sent enough. In that event you will of course use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march."

(List of classes of goods, according to their importance, here given, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the highest numbers to be first thrown away.)

"If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make double marches than throw too many things away—if you prefer marching (moving on) to staying for our arrival."

These were supplemented by verbal explanations.

On September 17th, 1887, Mr. Stanley wrote to Major Barttelot from

Ugarrowa's to inform him of their progress, and to assist him and his fellow-officers by describing the road they had taken, the opposition met with from the natives, and the impediments in their course.

They had travelled 340 geographical miles in their eighty-three days march, and estimated the distance yet to be accomplished as about 230 English miles, which they hoped would be covered in fifty-five days. They had marched as far as Panga Falls without losing a man, or meeting any serious hindrance to their canoes. The district beyond Mugwe's as far as Engweddeh they had found to be a barren, almost foodless region, and here their losses began. Thirty men died from the poisoned arrows of the natives, dysentery, and ulcers. The ulcers often originated in a tiny pimple or trifling wound on the foot or leg, but soon assumed a horrible character, spreading over two or three inches and reaching downward to the bone. The canoes were of great use; they served to convey the sick, and carry some of the loads, and so lighten the labours of the others. They had paddled up the river from rapid to rapid, and on reaching the parts where the current was swift had unloaded and dragged the boats through with long poles or creepers, loading again as soon as it was safe to do so.

Mr. Stanley warned the Major against accepting any statements made by returning members of the advance force—(twenty-six had deserted in the track of a Manyuema caravan going down the river)—for no verbal message would be sent.

In the thirty fights forced upon them fifty of their men had been wounded, and Lieutenant Stairs severely, but only four had died.

Their slow rate of progress was due to the dense forest and bush they had traversed, through which they had to cut their way.

Finally Major Barttelot was instructed to keep close by the river if he had started, and to follow carefully in the track of the forward column.

As nothing had been heard of the rear-guard during eight months, Mr. Stanley wrote a second letter, February 14th, 1888, from Fort Bodo, a place only 126 English miles distant from Kavilli, the station on the Albert Nyanza where they hoped to meet Emin Pasha. So great was the anxiety felt with regard to the part of the Expedition so long separated from them, that, after consulting with his officers, Mr. Stanley decided to entrust the letter to the charge of twenty volunteer couriers, who were to take it if necessary as far as Yambuya, and to receive £10 reward each on their return.

In it he enclosed a tracing showing their line of march, and indicating the six chief places between Yambuya and the Nyanza, where they might count on finding food in plenty. These were given in the order in which they would be reached, as follows :—

Mugwe's five villages, distant 124 hours' march from Yambuya. Here Indian corn, manioc, and bananas were largely grown.

Aveysheba villages fifty-nine miles further on, and ten miles further up on the other side of the river, another fruitful settlement; these places would afford abundant supplies of large bananas.

The third place was at the junction of the Nepoko river with the Aruwimi, thirty-nine miles beyond Aveysheba. There would be little likelihood of their mistaking any other affluent for the Nepoko, the latter being a broad stream nearly as large as the main river here.

Ugarrowa's Arab settlement, ninety-three miles higher up the river. Here they would get provisions, but would have to pay a high price for them, and give cloth as exchange.

Fort Bodo, where the advance column was at this time encamped. Here were cattle, goats, six tons of Indian corn, also plantations of corn, beans, and bananas. The houses were clean and comfortable, and all their people thriving and well fed; the distance between this place and Ugarrowa's was one hundred and sixty-two miles.

The last place mentioned was the high plain overlooking the Albert Nyanza. Between the two last places they would not be likely to suffer from scarcity of food.

Next followed an account of the journey from Ugarrowa's to the Nyanza, with sufficient details to give to the leaders of the rear-guard a true idea of their position and surroundings in the various stages of the march, and to enable them, from the knowledge so hardly gained by their predecessors, to avoid some at least of the ill endured by the pioneers of the expedition.

On September 19th a party of two hundred and eighty-five left Ugarrowa's; fifty-six remained behind in charge of the Arabs, being too ill to travel.

Till October 6th the country through which they passed had been laid waste by Ugarrowa's relentless Arab raiders; no human being save themselves were to be seen; every growing crop had been destroyed; so little could now be found to satisfy the pangs of hunger, that in sixteen days eight men died and fifty-two became too exhausted to go on. Captain Nelson, himself crippled by ulcers, was left in charge of the sick and eighty-two loads, at a place by the side of the river; the rest pushed on in search of food for themselves and comrades. For twelve days they wandered through a dreary forest, meeting no one, and subsisting on wild fruit and fungi. At last on October 18th they found a village belonging to the Manyuema, but by this time twenty-two of their number had died or deserted, and those who still lived were in a pitiable condition, most of them being reduced to living skeletons.

When the Relief Party reached Captain Nelson, only five of his party of fifty-two were left. Some were dead, others had deserted, and of twenty who had started off to seek for food only ten came back.

On the 28th of October they pursued their march through a further

desolated tract, till at the end of twelve days they came to Ibwiri. Here they found a land of plenty, and stayed to recover strength.

From Ibwiri they had started on November 24th, having lost seventy-three by desertion and death since their departure from Ugarrowa's. In these last stages, between Ibwiri and the lake, they had found themselves in a district as yet unvisited by the plundering, destroying Arab hordes, and suffered no more from hunger. December 13th saw them at the Albert Lake. From the time of their leaving Ibwiri to their return, January 7th, 1888, five men had died—three of them from the hardships endured in the region of "the Shadow of Death" through which they had come—making a total of one hundred and eighteen since their meeting with the Manyuema. The Expedition had suffered as much in the Manyuema Camp as in the forest solitudes, for the cupidity of the Arabs wrung from the necessities of the almost starving people nearly everything entrusted to their use, or that they could steal from their officers; and then they received so little food in exchange that they profited nothing by their unprincipled conduct. Not content with this, the Arabs practised many cruelties on the hapless creatures, even killing one by their barbarities.

Notwithstanding all they had endured and might expect from their tormentors, it seemed impossible to inspire some of them with hope and courage to continue their march, and they utterly refused to believe that presently they would come upon happier regions. Thirty-eight were left at the camp, and of these only sixteen had rejoined the Expedition.

Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson were left behind at Kilinga Longa's in charge of the boat and seventy loads, the men being too enfeebled to carry them, and it was hoped that a canoe might be obtained at the lake, or tree large enough to provide one. In this hope they were disappointed, and turned their steps once more to Fort Bodo, there to wait the arrival of their own boat from the Manyuema Settlement. Two days before the letter was written Lieutenant Stairs and one hundred men had come into camp with the boat and thirty-seven loads.

"You will understand, then," continued Mr. Stanley, "that Emin Pasha not being found or relieved by us made it as much necessary that we should devote ourselves to this work as it was imperative when we set out June 28, 1887, from Yambuya. And you will also understand how anxious we are all about you. We dread your inexperience and your want of influence with your people. If with me people preferred the society of the Manyuema blackguards to me, who am known to them for twenty years, how much more so with you, a stranger to them and their language! Therefore the cords of anxiety are strained to exceeding tension. I am pulled east to Emin Pasha, and drawn west to you, your comrades, people, and goods.

"According to my calculation we shall be on the lake April 10th. All

about Emin Pasha will be settled by April 25th. On the 13th of May we shall be back here, and on the 29th we shall be at Ugarrowa's, if we have not met you. We shall surely, I hope, meet with the return messenger. *Re* these messengers, I should advise your keeping two of them as guides—Ruga, Rugu—in front, but they should be free of loads. Send the eighteen and two others back to me as soon as you can, because the sooner we hear from you the sooner we will join hands; and after settling the Emin Pasha question we shall have only one anxiety, which will be to get you safely up here."

Mr. Stanley then gave positive orders that in the event of Tippu-Tib having failed him the Major was to take his force to one of the three first places marked on the sketch-map, Mugwés, Aveyshebas, or Nepoko confluence, whichever he found himself nearest; then fortify his position, and await the coming of relief.

It is now necessary to describe the fortunes of the rear-guard, about whom Stanley had so many anxieties.

In June 1887 the officers, men, and stores left at Bolobo embarked on the "Stanley" steamer, and on August 17th joined the camp at Yambuya. Tippu-Tib's porters had not come in; but in spite of Mr. Stanley's express verbal instructions to Major Barttelot to move, if possible, the next day after the arrival of the "Stanley," and not to wait for Tippu-Tib, who would be there by that time if he intended to keep faith with them at all, it was decided to wait on in the hope of his coming—an error followed by the most disastrous results.

Weeks and months passed, and hope was still deferred. Instead of sending the promised help, it is plain to see that the Arab chief, for his own reasons, was doing all that lay in his power to hinder the advance.

During this period of dreary inactivity sickness fell upon the camp. Dysentery and fever carried off many of their men. Mr. Rose Troup, "in a terrible condition of debility," was obliged to be sent home. Some of them actually died of starvation, for Salim-bin-Mahomed, Tippu's representative, established a strong Arab camp in the immediate neighbourhood of Major Barttelot's camp, and prohibited the natives from selling food to them. He also ordered his men to break up the canoes of the white men, and claimed for his use the stores of the Expedition. It is probable that he was restrained from further mischief by the knowledge that Mr. Ward had been sent down the river to the coast to send messages by telegraph to England. In consequence of the news transmitted, a message was received from home by the British Consul at Zanzibar, and in response to the representations made by him to Tippu-Tib, Salim-bin-Mahomed was withdrawn.

Mr. Jameson was sent to Tippu-Tib to rouse him to perform his engagement, and extracted from him fair promises, but no written contract.

Major Barttelot joined Mr. Jameson at Stanley Falls at the end of May 1888, for a conference with Tippu. He now offered the services of 400 men just brought up from Kasengo, who could start at once, as soon as their loads were prepared. He also introduced the Arab, Muni Somai, who volunteered to accompany the Expedition as head man of the Manyema carriers, to be responsible for them and their loads. The Major accepted his services, and returned to Camp Yambuya May 3rd.

On June 4th Tippu-Tib arrived himself at the camp, and professed himself unable to supply any additional carriers, except thirty men of Muni Somai.

The next opportunity of impeding progress offered itself in apportioning the loads. In writing to the President of the Relief Committee at this time, Major Barttelot says:—"This morning I had the loads for Tippu-Tib's and Muni Somai's men stacked, and Tippu-Tib himself came down to see them prior to issuing. However, he took exception to the loads, said they were too heavy (the heaviest was forty-five pounds), and his men could not carry them. Two days before he had expressed his approbation of the weight of the very same loads he refused to-day. I pointed out to him that he as well as I knew the difficulty of getting any load other than a bale to scale the exact weight, and that the loads his men carried were far above the prescribed weight of sixty pounds. We were to have started to-morrow, so we shall not now start till the 11th or 12th of June, as I am going to make all his loads weigh exactly forty pounds. The average weight over due was about two pounds, some loads being two pounds under. But it is not the weight of the loads he takes exception to—in reality it is having to perform the business at all."

There is little doubt that the real object of Tippu-Tib was to possess himself of some of the ammunition of the Expedition, for it was the loads containing powder and cartridges whose weight appeared to him so oppressive. In the same letter referred to above, Major Barttelot says:—"I am sorry to say our loss of ammunition by the lightening of the loads—for it was the ammunition they particularly took notice of—is something enormous."

The Major's intention was to follow Mr. Stanley's route, and if he heard nothing of him to march as far as Kavalli; failing news there, to Kibero. As soon as he could discover his whereabouts, he would do his best to reach him. If he could gain no information about him at the Nyanza, he would go on to Wadelai to inquire of Emin Pasha for news of him, and would make every effort to find and aid him wherever he might be. If nothing else remained for him to do, he would offer himself and force as escort to Emin Pasha, if he were willing to come away.

The rear column started June 11th, and reached Banalya July 18th. Here they halted, and in the evening the natives indulged in noisy merriment.

It appears from the story of Mr. Wauters that the Major was unable to bear the noise, and gave orders for the singing and dancing to cease. For some hours there was silence in the camp, but soon after midnight the discordant sounds were heard again. Major Barttelot, too indignant at this open neglect of his orders to regard Mr. Bonny's attempts to dissuade him from interference, strode off to the carriers' quarters, and finding a woman singing and tomtoming before one of the huts, threatened to have her punished. On this her husband, Sanga, one of the Manyema, raised his gun and fired, and the Major fell lifeless; and Mr. Bonny, alarmed by the report, rushed out to find the men flying hither and thither, and crying, "The white man is dead."

This account confirms the almost incredible statement made to Mr. Werner by one of his own people, and also by several of Tippu-Tib's people, that Tippu had told his Manyema to shoot the Major if he did not treat them well.

As nearly all the carriers had taken flight, Mr. Bonny and Mr. Jameson, the only two officers left, decided that one must go to Stanley Falls and get fresh carriers, if possible, while the other remained at the camp.

The murderer, who had been seized at once, was given in charge of Mr. Jameson, to be delivered into the hands of the authorities of the Free State at Stanley Falls, and was afterwards tried and executed.

When Mr. Jameson had concluded his business at Stanley Falls, he left for Bangala to meet Mr. Ward, who had been sent to the coast to receive any instructions which might be telegraphed from England. The boat's crew were Manyemas, and after a two or three days' voyage, some natives on the river banks perceiving them, and supposing them to belong to a party of Arab raiders, made ready to attack them. The men therefore told Mr. Jameson, who, feeling very unwell, was lying down under a mat in the bottom of a canoe. He rose at once, and stood in the blazing sun waving his hat to the natives. At the sight of the white man they ceased to molest them, but Mr. Jameson was seized with fever, the consequence of exposure, and during the eight days and nights which elapsed before Bangala was reached, lay helpless in the bottom of the canoe, his clothes saturated with water which had gathered there, with nothing to quench his thirst but river water. He lived two days only after his arrival at Bangala, having kept himself alive, as Mr. Ward said, "by sheer pluck." He had held out by force of will till he had found Ward, and then, worn out with suffering, had died.

On the day of Mr. Jameson's death Mr. Stanley was at Banalaya, about 600 miles east from Bangala, in the midst of the sorrowful remnant of the rear-guard.

The fearful state of the place is described in Mr. Stanley's own words:—"We witnessed," he says, "in that crowded pestful village wherein the unfortunate remnant of the rear column was housed, enough of the miseries

that they had endured. The small-pox was raging; there were six bodies uninterred in the village; the reek of the crowded village was overpowering; dozens of disfigured men passed constantly before our eyes; and if any member of the rear column presented himself to us for recognition, we saw only a living skeleton, a creature stricken with anæmia, or a poor man whose pitiful state of mind and body was most awfully expressed by hollow cheeks, woe-begone face, and eyes brimful of grief or anxiety."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Stanley Making Ready for the March Forward—Letter to Sir William Mackinnon—Story of his Movements since June 28, 1887.

DISMAYED as he must have been by the accumulation of misfortunes now disclosed to him, Mr. Stanley at once set to work, with Mr. Bonny's help, to make ready for the march forward. The same day he wrote his letter to Tippu-Tib, through which the first news of his safety reached Europe. In that letter he told the faithless and wily chief that his search for the two white men had been successful, that the Pasha possessed stores of wealth in ivory, cattle, sheep, goats, and fowls, with all kinds of food, and that his generosity was great in bestowing gifts on the white and black men who had assisted him. He then asked Tippu-Tib if he were prepared to accompany him on his return journey, and tried to encourage him to do so by showing that it would not be such a difficult undertaking, as the route was now well known.

The letter was taken to Stanley Falls by a messenger, and from thence forwarded to Brussels, reaching that place January 15th, 1889.

But Tippu-Tib was not to be persuaded. Probably he was not at all desirous of meeting Stanley after so grossly breaking faith with him.

The following letter addressed to Sir William Mackinnon contains a brief account of Mr. Stanley's proceedings up to January 17th, 1888 :—

"SIR,—I propose to relate to you the story of our movements since June 28th, 1887.

"I had established an intrenched and palisaded camp at Yambuya, on the Lower Aruwimi, just below the first rapids. Major Edmund Barttelot, being senior of those officers with me, was appointed commandant. Mr. J. S. Jameson, a volunteer, was associated with him. On the arrival of all men and goods from Bolobo and Stanley Pool, the officers still behind, Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny, were to report to Major Barttelot for duty. But no important action or movement (according to letter of instructions given by me to the major before leaving) was to be made without consulting with Messrs. Jameson, Troup, and Ward. The column under Major Barttelot's orders mustered two hundred and fifty-seven men.

"As I requested the major to send you a copy of the instructions issued to each officer, you are doubtless aware that the major was to remain at Yambuya until the arrival of the steamer from Stanley Pool with the officers, men, and goods left behind; and, if Tippu-Tib's promised contingent of carriers had in the meantime arrived, he was to march his column and follow our track, which, so long as it traversed the forest region, would be known by the blazing of the trees, by our camps and zaribas, etc. If Tippu-Tib's carriers did not arrive, then, if he (the major) preferred moving on to staying at Yambuya, he was to discard such things as mentioned in letter of instructions, and commence making double and triple journeys by short stages, until I should come down from the Nyanza and relieve him. The instructions were explicit, and, as the officers admitted, intelligible.

"The advance column, consisting of three hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, set out from Yambuya June 28th, 1887. The first day we followed the river bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankondé. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and under cover of the smoke attacked the pioneers who were clearing the numerous obstructions they had planted before the first village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland, but trending east. We followed this path for five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding, and wounding an enemy was resorted to; but we passed through without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a north-easterly track, and reached the river again on July 5th. From this date until October 18th we followed the left bank of the Aruwimi. After seventeen days' continuous marching we halted one day for rest. On the twenty-fourth day from Yambuya we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On August 1st the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course had been singularly successful. But as we now entered a wilderness, which occupied us nine days in marching through it, our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The river at this time was of great use to us; our boat and several canoes relieved the wearied and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant, as during the first month, was still steady.

"On August 13th we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a bold front; we lost five men through poisoned arrows; and to our great grief Lieutenant Stairs was wounded just below the heart; but, though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered. On the 15th Mr. Jephson, in command of the land party, led his men inland, became confused, and lost his way. We were not re-united until the 21st.

"On August 25th we arrived in the district of Air-jeli. Opposite our camp was the mouth of the tributary Nepoko.



DRAGON TREE



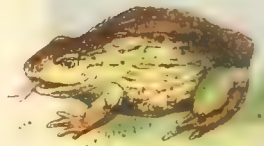
BAHAMA TREE



LOTUS



MUSHROOM SHAPED
HUTS OF THE WHIT ANTS



LAKE CAN BULL FROG



SCORPION



PUFF ADDER



CENTIPED



BANYAN TREE



HOUSE FLY



ROSE HEDGE

"On August 31st we met for the first time a party of Manyema belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, *alias* Uledi Balyuz, who turned out to be a former tent-boy of Speke's. Our misfortunes began from this date, for I had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, that they might not tamper with my men and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting.

"On September 16th we arrived at a camp opposite the station at Ugarrowwa's. As food was very scarce, owing to his having devastated an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with such a man I made, and left fifty-six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarrowwa's to the continuous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarrowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head was to be paid to this man for their food.

"On September 18th we left Ugarrowwa's, and on October 18th entered the settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed-bin-Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in 'The Congo and the Founding of its Free State.' This proved an awful month to us; not one member of the Expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. The advance numbered two hundred and seventy-three souls on leaving Ugarrowwa's, because out of three hundred and eighty-nine we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick in the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men by starvation and desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi, and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed-bin-Salim did their utmost to ruin the Expedition short of open hostilities. They purchased rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left their station we were beggared and our men were absolutely naked. We were so weak physically that we were unable to carry the boat and about seventy loads of goods; we therefore left these goods and boat at Kilinga-Longa's, under Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom was unable to march, and, after twelve days' march, we arrived at a native settlement called Ibwiri. Between Kilinga-Longa's and Ibwiri our condition had not improved. The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a devastation so complete that there was not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa's and Abed-bin-Salim the elephants destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers; we were on virgin soil, in a populous region abounding with food. Our sufferings from hunger, which began on August 31st, terminated on November 12th. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of three hundred and eighty-nine we now only numbered one hundred and seventy-four, several

of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate. Hitherto our people were sceptical of what we told them. The suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by-and-by we should see plains, and cattle, and the Nyanza, and the white man, Emin Pasha. We felt as though we were dragging them along with a chain round our necks. 'Beyond these raiders lies a country untouched, where food is abundant, and where you will forget your miseries; so cheer up, boys; be men, press on a little faster.' They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralised. Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishments were of no avail, I then resolved to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hanged in presence of all.

"We halted thirteen days in Ibwiri, and revelled on fowls, goats, bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, beans, etc. The supplies were inexhaustible, and the people glutted themselves; the effect was such that I had one hundred and seventy-three—one was killed by an arrow—mostly sleek and robust men when I set out for the Albert Nyanza on November 24th.

"We were still one hundred and twenty-six miles from the Lake; but, given food, such a distance seemed nothing.

"On December 1st we sighted the open country from the top of a ridge connected with Mount Pisgah—so named from our first view of the land of promise and plenty. On December 5th we emerged upon the plains, and the deadly, gloomy forest was behind us. After one hundred and sixty days' continuous gloom we saw the light of broad day shining all around us and making all things beautiful. We thought we had never seen grass so green or country so lovely. The men literally yelled and leaped with joy, and raced over the ground with their burdens. Ah! this was the old spirit of former expeditions successfully completed all of a sudden revived.

"Woe betide the native aggressor we may meet, however powerful he may be; with such a spirit the men will fling themselves like wolves on sheep. Numbers will not be considered. It had been the eternal forest that had made the abject, slavish creatures, so brutally plundered by Arab slaves, at Kilinga-Longa's.

"On the 9th we came to the country of the powerful chief Mazamboni. The villages were scattered over a great extent of country so thickly that there was no other road except through their villages or fields. From a long distance the natives had sighted us and were prepared. We seized a hill as soon as we arrived in the centre of a mass of villages about 4 P.M. on December 9th, and occupied it, building a zariba as fast as billhooks could cut brushwood. The war-cries were terrible from hill to hill; they were sent pealing across the

intervening valleys; the people gathered by hundreds from every point; war-horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in us capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow. On the morning of the 10th we attempted to open negotiations. The natives were anxious to know who we were, and we were anxious to glean news of the land that threatened to ruin the Expedition. Hours were passed talking, both parties keeping a respectable distance apart. The natives said they were subject to Uganda; but that Kaba Rega was their real king, Mazamboni holding the country for Kaba Rega. They finally accepted cloth and brass rods to show their King Mazamboni, and his answer was to be given next day. In the meantime all hostilities were to be suspended.

"The morning of the 11th dawned, and at 8 A.M. we were startled at hearing a man proclaiming that it was Mazamboni's wish that we should be driven back from the land. The proclamation was received by the valley around our neighbourhood with deafening cries. Their word 'kanwana' signifies to make peace, 'kurwana' signifies war. We were therefore in doubt, or, rather, we hoped we had heard wrongly. We sent an interpreter a little nearer to ask if it was kanwana or kurwana. 'Kurwana,' they responded, and, to emphasise the term, two arrows were shot at him, which dissipated all doubt. Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley two hundred and fifty yards wide. On the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend; the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men were sent, under Lieutenant Stairs, to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east; a choice body of sharpshooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectually, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general fight. Meantime Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P.M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us.

"On the morning of the 12th we continued our march; during the day we had four little fights. On the 13th marched straight east; attacked by new forces every hour until noon, when we halted for refreshments. These encounters we successfully overcame.

"At 1 P.M. we resumed our march. Fifteen minutes later I cried out,

'Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza.' The men murmured and doubted, and said, 'Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed! Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?' At 1.30 P.M. the Albert Nyanza was below them. Now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters; but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon that I could not say a word. This was my reward. The mountains, they said, were the mountains of Unyoro—or, rather, its lofty plateau wall. Kavalli, the objective point of the Expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies.

"We were at an altitude of 5200 feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over 2900 feet below us. We stood in 1 deg. 20 min. N. lat.; the south end of the Nyanza lay largely mapped about six miles south of this position. Right across to the eastern shore every dent in its low, flat shore was visible, and traced like a silver snake on a dark ground was the tributary Laniliki, flowing into the Albert from the south-west.

"After a short halt to enjoy the prospect, we commenced the rugged and stony descent. Before the rear-guard had descended one hundred feet, the natives of the plateau we had just left poured after them. Had they shown as much courage and perseverance on the plain as they now exhibited we might have been seriously delayed. The rear-guard was kept very busy until within a few hundred feet of the Nyanza plain. We camped at the foot of the plateau wall, the aneroids reading two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. A night attack was made on us, but our sentries sufficed to drive these natives away.

"At 9 A.M. on the 14th we approached the village of Kakongo, situate at the south-west corner of the Albert Lake. Three hours were spent by us attempting to make friends. We signally failed. They would not allow us to go to the lake because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood-brotherhood with us because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink, and they would show us our road up to Nyam Sassic. But from these singular people we learnt that they had heard there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they seen any steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had, except such as would hold the men, etc.

"There was no excuse for quarrelling; the people were civil enough, but they did not want us near them. We therefore were shown the path, and followed it a few miles, when we camped about half a mile from the lake. We began to consider our position, with the light thrown upon it by the conversation with the Kakongo natives. My couriers from Zanzibar had

evidently not arrived, or, I presume, Emin Pasha with his two steamers would have paid the south-west side of the lake a visit to prepare the natives for our coming. My boat was at Kilinga-Longa's, one hundred and ninety miles distant. There was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me, except that of retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilinga-Longa's for our boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it and raise corn for us, march back again to the Albert Lake, and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussions with my officers, I resolved upon.

"On the 15th we marched to the site of Kavalli, on the west side of the lake. Kavalli had years ago been destroyed. At 4 P.M. the Kakongo natives had followed us and shot several arrows into our bivouac, and disappeared as quickly as they came. At 6 P.M. we began a night march, and by 10 A.M. of the 16th we had gained the crest of the plateau once more, Kakongo natives having persisted in following us up the slope of the plateau. We had one man killed and one wounded.

"By January 7th we were in Ibwiri once again, and, after a few days' rest, Lieutenant Stairs, with one hundred men, was sent to Kilinga-Longa's to bring the boat and goods up; also Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers only eleven men were brought to the fort; the rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs, with the boat and goods, he was sent to Ugarrowwa's, to bring up the convalescents there. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace. Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm, but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and forty-seven days having expired, I set out again for the Albert Nyanza, April 2nd, accompanied by Messrs. Jephson and Parke. Captain Nelson, now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys.

"On April 26th we arrived in Mazamboni's country once again, but this time, after solicitation, Mazamboni decided to make blood-brotherhood with me. Though I had fifty rifles less with me on this second visit, the example of Mazamboni was followed by all the other chiefs as far as the Nyanza, and every difficulty seemed removed. Food was supplied gratis: cattle, goats, sheep, and fowls were also given in such abundance that our people lived royally. One day's march from the Nyanza the natives came from Kavalli and said that a white man named 'Malejia' had given their chief a black

packet to give to me, his son. Would I follow them? 'Yes, to-morrow,' I answered, 'and if your words are true I will make you rich.'

"They remained with us that night, telling us wonderful stories about 'big ships as large as islands filled with men,' etc., which left no doubt in our minds that this white man was Emin Pasha. The next day's march brought us to the chief of Kavalli, and after a while he handed me a note from Emin Pasha, covered with a strip of black American oil-cloth. The note was to the effect that as there had been a native rumour to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kaba Rega, King of Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him. However, the wife of the Nyam Sassic chief had told a native ally of his named Mogo that she had seen us in Mrusuma (Mazamboni's country). He therefore begged me to remain where I was until he could communicate with me. The note was signed '(Dr.) Emin,' and dated March 26th.

"The next day, April 23rd, Mr. Jephson was despatched with a strong force of men to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th the boat's crew sighted Mswa station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew say that they were embraced one by one, and that they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers.

"On April 29th we once again reached the bivouac ground occupied by us on December 16th, and at 5 P.M. of that day I saw the 'Khedive' steamer about seven miles away steaming up towards us. Soon after 7 P.M. Emin Pasha and Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson arrived at our camp, where they were heartily welcomed by all of us.

"The next day we moved to a better camping place, about three miles above Nyam Sassic, and at this spot Emin Pasha also made his camp; we were together until May 25th. On that day I left him, leaving Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese, and two Zanzibaris in his care, and in return he caused to accompany me three of his irregulars and one hundred and two Madi natives as porters.

"Fourteen days later I was at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwa's twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, April 2nd, bringing with him, alas! only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Barttelot had safely left Ugarrowwa's for Yambuya on March 16th.

"Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was in the granaries; they had just commenced planting again.

"On June 16th I left Fort Bodo with one hundred and eleven Zanzibaris, and one hundred and one of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers, in order that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores left with Major Barttelot. On June 24th we reached Kilinga-Longa's, and July 19th Ugarrowwa's. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down the river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn, so that we had been able to pass through the wilderness unscathed.

"Passing on down river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers, who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of £10 per head, or the Major himself leading an army of carriers, we indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal.

"On August 10th we overtook Ugarrowwa, with an immense flotilla of fifty-seven canoes, and to our wonder our couriers, now reduced to seventeen. They related an awful story of hairbreadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds.

"A week later, on August 17th, we met the rear column of the Expedition at a place called Bunalya, or, as the Arabs have corrupted it, Unarya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade who I at first thought was Mr. Jameson; but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonny, who left the medical service of the army to accompany us.

"'Well, my dear Bonny, where is the Major?'

"'He is dead, sir; shot by the Manyema about a month ago.'

"'Good God! And Mr. Jameson?'

"'He has gone to Stanley Falls to try and get some more men from Tippu-Tib.'

"'And Mr. Troup?'

"'Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided.'

"'Hem! Well, where is Ward?'

"'Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir.'

"'Heavens alive! then you are the only one here?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"I found the rear column a terrible wreck. Out of two hundred and fifty-seven men there were only seventy-one remaining. Out of seventy-one only fifty-two, on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuya to

Bunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty three days. According to Mr. Bonny, during the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuya the record is only one of disaster, desertion, and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which are incredible; and indeed I have not the time; for, excepting Mr. Bonny, I have no one to assist me in re-organising the Expedition. There are still far more loads than I can carry, at the same time articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuya with only a short campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess meeting, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as 'superfluities'! Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked, and deprived of even the necessities of life in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats and four pairs of boots and a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact—it was only myself that was dead.

"I pray you to say that we were only eighty-two days from the Albert Lake to Bunalya, and sixty-one from Fort Bodo. The distance is not very great—it is the people who fail one. Going to Nyanza we felt as though we had the tedious task of dragging them; on returning each man knew the road, and did not need any stimulus. Between the Nyanza and here we only lost three men—one of which was by desertion. I brought 131 Zanzibaris here, I left 59 at Fort Bodo—total, 190 men out of 389; loss, 50 per cent. At Yambuya I left 257 men, there are only 71 left, ten of whom will never leave this camp—loss, over 70 per cent. This proves that though the sufferings of the advance were unprecedented, the mortality was not so great as in camp at Yambuya. The survivors of the march are all robust, while the survivors of the rear column are thin and most unhealthy-looking.

"I have thus rapidly sketched out our movements since June 28th, 1887. I wish I had the leisure to furnish more details, but I cannot find the time. I write this amid the hurry and bustle of departure, and amid constant interruptions. You will, however, have gathered from this letter an idea of the nature of the country traversed by us. We were one hundred and sixty days in the forest—one continuous, unbroken, compact forest. The grassland was

traversed by us in eight days. The limits of the forest along the edge of the grassland are well marked. We saw it extending north-easterly, with its curves, and bays, and capes, just like a sea-shore. South-westerly it preserved the same character. North and south the forest area extends from Nyangwe to the southern borders of the Monbuttu; east and west it embraces all from the Congo, at the mouth of the Aruwimi, to about east longitude 29 deg.—40 deg. How far west beyond the Congo the forest reaches I do not know. The superficial extent of the tract thus described—totally covered by forest—is 246,000 square miles. North of the Congo, between Upoto and the Aruwimi, the forest embraces another 20,000 square miles.

“Between Yambuya and the Nyanza we came across five distinct languages. The last is that which is spoken by the Wanyoro, Wanyankori, Wanya Ruanda, Wahha, and people of Karangwe and Ukerewe.

“The land slopes gently from the crest of the plateau above the Nyanza down to the Congo river from an altitude of 5500 feet to 1400 feet above the sea. North and south of our track through the grassland the face of the land was much broken by groups of cones or isolated mounts or ridges. North we saw no land higher than about 6000 feet above the sea; but bearing 215 degrees magnetic, at the distance of about fifty miles from our camp on the Nyanza, we saw a towering mountain, its summit covered with snow, and probably 17,000 feet or 18,000 feet above the sea. It is called Ruevenzori, and will probably prove a rival to Kilimanjaro. I am not sure that it may not prove to be the Gordon Bennett Mountain in Gambaragara, but there are two reasons for doubting it to be the same—first, it is a little too far west for the position of the latter as given by me in 1876; and, secondly, we saw no snow on the Gordon Bennett. I might mention a third, which is that the latter is a perfect cone apparently, while the Ruevenzori is an oblong mount, nearly level on the summit, with two ridges extending north-east and south-west.

“I have met only three natives who have seen the lake towards the south. They agree that it is large, but not so large as the Albert Nyanza.

“The Aruwimi becomes known as the Suhali about one hundred miles above Yambuya; as it nears the Nepoko it is called the Nevoa; beyond its confluence with the Nepoko it is known as the No-Welle; three hundred miles from the Congo it is called the Iteri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to its source. Ten minutes' march from the Ituri waters we saw the Nyanza, like a mirror in its immense gulf.

“Before closing my letter let me touch more at large on the subject which brought me to this land—viz., Emin Pasha.

“The Pasha has two battalions of regulars under him—the first, consisting of about 750 rifles, occupies Duffle, Honyu, Laboré, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf; the second battalion, consisting of 640 men, guard the

stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communications along the Nyanza and Nile about 180 geographical miles in length. In the interior west of the Nile he retains three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions he has quite a respectable force of irregulars, sailors, artisans, clerks, servants. ‘Altogether,’ he said, ‘if I consent to go away from here we shall have about 8000 people with us.’

“‘Were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment, or be a second in doubt what to do.’

“‘What you say is quite true, but we have such a large number of women and children, probably 10,000 people altogether. How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great number of carriers.’

“‘Carriers! carriers for what?’ I asked.

“‘For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel.’

“‘The women must walk. It will do them more good than harm. As for the little children, load them on the donkeys—I hear you have about two hundred of them. Your people will not travel very far the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our Zanzibar women crossed Africa on my second expedition. Why cannot your black women do the same? Have no fear of them; they will do better than the men.’

“‘They would require a vast amount of provision for the road.’

“‘True, but you have some thousands of cattle, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food.’

“‘Well, well, we will defer further talk till to-morrow.’

“May 1st, 1888.—Halt in camp at Nsabé. The Pasha came ashore from the steamer ‘Khedive’ about 1 P.M., and in a short time we commenced our conversation again. Many of the arguments used above were repeated, and he said:—

“‘What you told me yesterday has led me to think that it is best we should retire from here. The Egyptians are very willing to leave. There are of these about one hundred men, besides their women and children. Of these there is no doubt, and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority and nullify all my endeavours for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that it was a concocted story; that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the regulars who compose the 1st and 2nd battalions I am extremely doubtful; they have led such a free and happy life here that they would demur at leaving a country where they have enjoyed luxuries they cannot command in Egypt. The soldiers are married, and several of them have harems. Many of the irregulars would also retire and follow me.

Now, supposing the regulars refuse to leave, you can imagine that my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on returning all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise, and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter until there would be none of them left.'

" 'Supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?' I asked.

" 'Oh, these I shall have to ask you to be good enough to take with you.'

" 'Now, will you, Pasha, do me the favour to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the sea, for we have been instructed to assist him also should we meet?'

" Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha—

" 'What the Governor Emin decides upon shall be the rule of conduct for me also. If the Governor stays, I stay. If the Governor goes, I go.'

" 'Well I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibilities will be great.'

" A laugh. The sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant captain replied—

" 'Oh, I beg pardon, but I absolve the Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, because I am governed by my own choice entirely.'

" Thus day after day I recorded faithfully the interviews I had with Emin Pasha; but these extracts reveal as much as is necessary for you to understand the position. I left Mr. Jephson thirteen of my Soudanese, and sent a message to be read to the troops, as the Pasha requested. Everything else is left until I return with the united Expedition to the Nyanza.

" Within two months the Pasha proposed to visit Fort Bodo, taking Mr. Jephson with him. At Fort Bodo I have left instructions to the officers to destroy the fort and accompany the Pasha to the Nyanza. I hope to meet them all again on the Nyanza, as I intend making a short cut to the Nyanza along a new road.—Yours respectfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Continuation of Stanley's Narrative—Indecision of Emin Pasha—Sufferings on the March—Arrival at Unyampaka.

THE story is continued in Stanley's own words:—

“Camp at Kizinga, Uzinja, August 17th, 1889.

“To the Chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee.

“SIR,—On February 17th Emin Pasha and a following of about sixty-five people, inclusive of Selim Bey, or Colonel Selim, and seven other officers, who were a deputation sent by the officers of the Equatorial Province, arrived at my camp on the plateau near Kavalli's village. The Pasha was in mufti, but the deputation were in uniform, and made quite a sensation in the country; three of them were Egyptians, but the others were Nubians, and were rather soldierly in their appearance, and, with one or two exceptions, received warm commendations from the Pasha. The divan was to be held the next day.

“On the 18th Lieutenant Stairs arrived with his column—largely augmented by Mazamboni's people—from the Ituri River, and the Expedition was once more united, not to be separated, I hoped, again during our stay in Africa.

“At the meeting which was held in the morning, Selim Bey, who had lately distinguished himself at Dufilé by retaking the station from the Mahdists and killing about two hundred and fifty of them it was said,—a tall, burly, elderly man, of fifty or thereabouts,—stated on behalf of the deputation and the officers at Wadelai that they came to ask for time to allow the troops and their families to assemble at Kavalli.

“Though they knew what our object in coming to the Nyanza was—or they ought to have known—I took the occasion, through the Pasha, who is thoroughly proficient in Arabic, to explain it in detail. I wondered at the ready manner they approved of everything, but I have since discovered that such is their habit, though they may not believe a word you utter. I then told them that, though I had waited nearly a year to obtain a simple answer to the single question whether they would stay in Africa or accompany us to Egypt, I would give them before they departed a promise, written in Arabic,

that I would stay a reasonable time—sufficient to enable them to embark themselves and families, and all such as were willing to leave, on board the steamers, and to arrive at the lake shore below our camp.

“The deputation replied that my answer was quite satisfactory, and they promised, on their part, that they would proceed direct to Wadelai, proclaim to all concerned what my answer was, and commence the work of transport.

“On the 21st the Pasha and the deputation went down to the Nyanza camp on account of a false alarm about the Wanyoro advancing to attack the camp. A rifle was stolen from the Expedition by one of the officers of the deputation. This was a bad beginning of our intercourse that was promised to be.

“The two steamers ‘Khedive’ and ‘Nyanza’ had gone in the meantime to Mswa, to transport a fresh lot of refugees, and returned on the 25th, and the next day the deputation departed on their mission; but before they sailed they had a mail from Wadelai, wherein they were informed that another change of Government had taken place. Selim Bey, the highest official under the Pasha, had been deposed, and several of the rebel officers had been promoted to the rank of Beys. The next day the Pasha returned to our camp with his little daughter Ferida, and a caravan of one hundred and forty-four men.

“In reply to a question of mine, the Pasha replied that he thought twenty days was a sufficiently reasonable time for all practical purposes, and he offered to write it down in form. But this I declined, as I but wished to know whether my idea of a ‘reasonable time’ and his differed; for, after finding what time was required for a steamer to make a round voyage from our old camp on the Nyanza to Wadelai and back, I had proposed to myself that a month would be more than sufficient for Selim Bey to collect all such people as desired to leave for Egypt. The interval devoted to the transport of the Egyptians from Wadelai could also be utilised by Surgeon Parke in healing our sick. At this time the hardest-worked man in the Expedition was our surgeon. Ever since leaving Fort Bodo, in December, Surgeon Parke attended over a hundred sick daily. There were all kinds of complaints; but the most numerous, and those who gave the most trouble, were those who suffered from ulcers. So largely had these drained our medicine chests that the surgeon had nothing left for their diseases but pure carbolic acid and permanganate of potash. Nevertheless, there were some wonderful recoveries during the halt of Stairs’s column on the Ituri River in January. The surgeon’s ‘devotion’—there is not a fitter word for it—his regular attention to all the minor details of his duties, and his undoubted skill, enabled me to turn out two hundred and eighty able-bodied men by April 1st, sound in vital organs and limbs, and free from all blemish; whereas, on February 1st, it would have been difficult to muster

two hundred men in the ranks fit for service. I do not think I ever met a doctor who so loved his 'cases.' To him they were all 'interesting,' despite the odours emitted and the painfully qualmish scenes. I consider this Expedition in nothing happier than in the possession of an unrivalled physician and surgeon, Dr. T. H. Parke of the A.M.D.

"Meantime, while 'Our Doctor' was assiduously dressing and trimming up the ulcerous ready for the march to Zanzibar, all men fit for duty were doing far more than either we or they bargained for. We had promised the Pasha to assist his refugees to the Plateau Camp with a few carriers—that is, as any ordinary man might understand it, with one or two carriers per Egyptian—but never had people so grossly deceived themselves as we had. The loads were simply endless, and the sight of the rubbish which the refugees brought with them, and which were to be carried up that Plateau slope, up to an altitude of 2800 feet above the Nyanza, made our people groan aloud. Such things as grinding-stones, ten-gallon copper cooking pots, some two hundred bedsteads, preposterously big baskets—like Falstaff's buck basket—old Saratoga trunks fit for rich American mammas, old sea-chests, great clumsy-looking boxes, little cattle-troughs, large twelve-gallon pombe jars, parrots, pigeons, etc. These things were pure rubbish, for all would have to be discarded at the signal to march. Eight hundred and fifty-three loads of these goods, however, were brought up with the assistance of the natives, subject, as they were, to be beaten and maltreated by the vile-tempered Egyptians each time they went down to the Nyanza. But the Zanzibaris now began to show an ugly temper also. They knew just enough Arabic to be aware that the obedience, tractability, and ready service they exhibited were translated by the Egyptians into cowardice and slavishness, and after these hundreds of loads had been conveyed they refused point blank to carry any more, and they explained their reasons so well that we warmly sympathised with them at heart; but here, by this refusal, they came in contact with discipline, and strong measures had to be resorted to to coerce them to continue the work until the order to 'Cease' was given. On March 31st we were all heartily tired of it, and we abandoned the interminable task. One thousand three hundred and fifty-five loads had been transported to the Plateau from the Lake Camp.

"Thirty days after Selim Bey's departure for Wadelai a steamer appeared before the Nyanza Camp bringing in a letter from that officer, and also one from all the rebel officers at Wadelai, who announced themselves as delighted at hearing, twelve months after my second appearance at Lake Albert, that the 'Envoy of our Great Government' had arrived, and that they were now all unanimous for departing to Egypt under my escort.

"When the Pasha had mastered the contents of his mails, he came to me to impart the information that Selim Bey had caused one steamer full of

refugees to be sent up to Tunguru from Wadelai, and since that time he had been engaged in transporting people from Dufilé up to Wadelai. According to this rate of progress it became quite clear that it would require three months more—even if this effort at work, which was quite heroic in Selim Bey, should continue—before he could accomplish the transport of the people to the Nyanza Camp below the Plateau. The Pasha, personally elated at what he thought to be good news, desired to know what I had determined upon, under the new aspect of affairs.

“In reply I summoned the officers of the Expedition together—Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., Captain R. H. Nelson, Surgeon T. H. Parke, A.M.D., Mounteney Jephson, Esq., and Mr. William Bonny—and proposed to them in the Pasha's presence that they should listen to a few explanations, and then give their decision, one by one, according as they should be asked.

“GENTLEMEN,—Emin Pasha has received a mail from Wadelai. Selim Bey, who left the port below here on February 26th last, with a promise that he would hurry up such people as wished to go to Egypt, writes from Wadelai that the steamers are engaged in transporting some people from Dufilé to Wadelai; that the work of transport between Wadelai and Tunguru will be resumed upon the accomplishment of the other task. When he went away from here we were informed that he was deposed, and that Emin Pasha and he were sentenced to death by the rebel officers. We now learn that the rebel officers, ten in number, and all their faction, are desirous of proceeding to Egypt. We may suppose, therefore, that Selim Bey's party is in the ascendant again.

“Shukri Aga, the chief of Mswa Station—the station nearest to us—paid us a visit here in the middle of March. He was informed on March 16th, the day that he departed, that our departure for Zanzibar would positively begin on April 10th. He took with him urgent letters for Selim Bey announcing that fact in unmistakable terms.

“Eight days later we hear that Shukri Aga is still at Mswa, having only sent a few women and children to the Nyanza Camp, yet he and his people might have been here by this if they intended to accompany us.

“Thirty days ago Selim Bey left us with a promise of a reasonable time. The Pasha thought once that twenty days would be a reasonable time. However, we have extended it to forty-four days. Judging by the length of time Selim Bey has already taken in only reaching Tunguru with one-sixteenth of the expected force, I personally am quite prepared to give the Pasha my decision. For you must know, Gentlemen, that the Pasha, having heard from Selim Bey “intelligence so encouraging,” wishes to know my decision, but I have preferred to call you to answer for me.

“You are aware that our instructions were to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to escort such as were willing to accompany us to Egypt. We arrived at

the Nyanza, and met Emin Pasha in the latter part of April 1888, just twelve months ago. We handed him his letters from the Khedive and his Government, and also the first instalment of relief, and asked him whether we were to have the pleasure of his company to Zanzibar. He replied that his decision depended on that of his people.

“ ‘ This was the first adverse news that we received. Instead of meeting with a number of people only too anxious to leave Africa, it was questionable whether there would be any except a few Egyptian clerks. With Major Barttelot so far distant in the rear, we could not wait at the Nyanza for this decision, as that might possibly require months; it would be more profitable to seek and assist the rear column, and by the time we arrived here again, those willing to go to Egypt would be probably impatient to start. We therefore, leaving Mr. Jephson to convey our message to the Pasha's troops, returned to the Forest Region for the rear column, and in nine months were back again on the Nyanza. But instead of discovering a camp of people anxious and ready to depart from Africa, we find no camp at all, but hear that both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson are prisoners, that the Pasha has been in imminent danger of his life from the rebels, and at another time is in danger of being bound on his bedstead and taken to the interior of Makkaraka country. It has been current talk in the province that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers, that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries concocted by the vile Christians Stanley and Casati, assisted by Mohammed Emin Pasha. So elated have the rebels been by their bloodless victory over the Pasha and Mr. Jephson, that they have confidently boasted of their purpose to entrap me by cajoling words, and strip our Expedition of every article belonging to it, and send us adrift into the wilds to perish. We need not dwell on the ingratitude of these men, or on their intense ignorance and evil natures, but you must bear in mind the facts to guide you to a clear decision.

“ ‘ We believed when we volunteered for this work that we should be met with open arms. We were received with indifference, until we were led to doubt whether any people wished to depart. My representative was made a prisoner, menaced with rifles; threats were freely used, the Pasha was deposed, and for three months was a close prisoner. I am told this is the third revolt in the province. Well, in the face of all this we have waited nearly twelve months to obtain the few hundreds of unarmed men, women, and children in this camp. As I promised Selim Bey and his officers that I would give a reasonable time, Selim Bey and his officers promised to us there should be no delay. The Pasha has already fixed April 10th, which extended their time to forty-four days, sufficient for three round voyages for each steamer. The news brought to-day is not that Selim Bey is close here, but that he has not started from Wadelai yet.

“‘In addition to his own friends, who are said to be loyal and obedient to him, he brings the ten rebel officers and some six or seven hundred soldiers, their faction.

“‘Remembering the three revolts which these same officers have inspired, their pronounced intentions towards this Expedition, their plots and counter-plots, the life of conspiracy and smiling treachery they have led, we may well pause to consider what object principally animates them now—that from being ungovernably rebellious against all constituted authority, they have suddenly become obedient and loyal soldiers of the Khedive and his “Great Government.” You must be aware that, exclusive of the thirty-one boxes of ammunition delivered to the Pasha by us in May 1888, the rebels possess ammunition of the Provincial Government equal to twenty of our cases. We are bound to credit them with intelligence enough to perceive that such a small supply would be fired in an hour’s fighting among so many rifles, and that only a show of submission and apparent loyalty will ensure a further supply from us. Though the Pasha brightens up each time he obtains a plausible letter from these people, strangers, as we are, may be forgiven for not readily trusting these men, whom we have such good cause to mistrust. Could we have some guarantee of good faith, there could be no objection to delivering to them all they required—that is, with the permission of the Pasha. Can we be certain, however, that, if we admit them into this camp as good friends and loyal soldiers of Egypt, they will not rise up some night and possess themselves of all the ammunition, and so deprive us of the power of returning to Zanzibar? It would be a very easy matter for them to do so, after they had acquired the knowledge of the rules of the camp. With our minds filled with Mr. Jephson’s extraordinary revelations of what has been going on in the Province since the closing of the Nile route, beholding the Pasha here before my very eyes—who was lately supposed to have several thousands of people under him, but now without any important following—and bearing in mind “the cajolings” and “wiles” by which we were to be entrapped, I ask you, would we be wise in extending the time of delay beyond the date fixed—that is, April 10th?’

“The officers, one after another, replied in the negative.

“‘There, Pasha,’ I said, ‘you have your answer. We march on April 10th.’ The Pasha then asked if we could ‘in our consciences acquit him of having abandoned his people,’ supposing they had not arrived by April 10th. We replied, ‘Most certainly.’

“Three or four days after this I was informed by the Pasha, who pays great deference to Captain Casati’s views, that Captain Casati was by no means certain that he was doing quite right in abandoning his people. According to the Pasha’s desire, I went over to see Captain Casati, followed soon after by Emin Pasha.

“Questions of law, honour, duty were brought forward by Casati, who expressed himself clearly that ‘Moralmente’ Emin Pasha was bound to stay by his people. I quote these matters simply to show to you that our principal difficulties lay not only with the Soudanese and Egyptians; we had some with the Europeans also, who for some reason or other seemed in no wise inclined to quit Africa, even when it was quite clear that the Pasha of the Province had few loyal men to rely on, that the outlook before them was imminent danger and death, and that on our retirement there was no other prospect than the grave. I had to refute these morbid ideas with the A B C of common-sense. I had to illustrate the obligations of Emin Pasha to his soldiers, by comparing them to a mutual contract between two parties. One party refused to abide by its stipulations, and would have no communication with the other, but proposed to itself to put the second party to death. Could that be called a contract? Emin Pasha was appointed Governor of the Province. He had remained faithful to his post and duties until his own people rejected him, and finally deposed him. He had been informed by his Government that if he and his officers and soldiers elected to quit the Province, they could avail themselves of the escort of the Expedition which had been sent to their assistance or stay in Africa on their own responsibility, and that the Government had abandoned the Province altogether. But when the Pasha informs his people of the Government’s wishes—the officers and soldiers declare the whole to be false, and decline to depart with him, will listen to no suggestion of departing but lay hands on him, menace him with death, and for three months detain him a close prisoner. Where was the dishonour to the Pasha in yielding to what was inevitable and indisputable? As for duty, the Pasha had a dual duty to perform—that to the Khedive as his chief, and that to his soldiers. So long as neither duty clashed, affairs proceeded smoothly enough; but the instant it was hinted to the soldiers that they might retire now if they wished, they broke out into open violence and revolted, and thus absolved the Pasha of all duty towards them, and I denied that he had any duty to perform to them; consequently the Pasha could not be morally bound to care in the least for people who would not listen to him.

“I do not think Casati was convinced, nor do I think the Pasha was convinced. But it is strange what a strong hold this part of Africa has upon the affections of European officers, Egyptian officers, and Soudanese soldiers!

“The next day after this Emin Pasha informed me that he was certain all the Egyptians in the camp would leave with him on the day named, but from other quarters reports reached me that not one-quarter of them would leave the camp at Kavalli’s. The abundance of food, the quiet demeanour of the natives, with whom we were living in perfect concord, seemed to them to be sufficient reasons for preferring life near the Nyanza to the difficulties of

the march. Besides, the Mahdists, whom they dreaded, were far away, and could not possibly reach them.

"On April 5th, Serom, the Pasha's servant, told me that not many of the Pasha's servants intended to follow him on the 10th. The Pasha himself confirmed this. Here was a disappointment indeed! Out of the ten thousand people there were finally comparatively very few willing to follow him to Egypt. To all of us on the Expedition it had been clear from the beginning that it was all a farce on the part of the Wadelai force. It was clear that the Pasha had lost his hold over the people—neither officers, soldiers, nor servants were ready to follow him; but we could not refute the Pasha's arguments, nor could we deny that he had reason for his stout, unwavering faith in them, when he would reply, 'I know my people. For thirteen years I have been with them, and I believe that when I leave all will follow me.' When the rebels' letters came announcing their intention to follow their governor, he exclaimed, 'You see, I told you so.'

"But now the Pasha said, 'Never mind. I am something of a traveller myself. I can do with two servants quite as well as with fifty.'

"I did not think I should be drawn into this matter at all, having formed my own plans some time before; but it intensified my feelings greatly when I was told that, after waiting forty-four days, building their camps for them, and carrying nearly one thousand four hundred loads for them up that high Plateau wall, only a few out of the entire number would follow us. But on the day after I was informed that there had been an alarm in my camp the night before; the Zanzibari quarters had been entered by the Pasha's people, and an attempt made to abstract the rifles. This it was which urged me to immediate action.

"I knew there had been conspiracies in the camp, that the malcontents were increasing, that we had many rebels at heart amongst us, that the people dreaded the march more than they feared the natives; but I scarcely believed that they would dare to put into practice their disloyal ideas in my camp.

"I proceeded to the Pasha to consult with him, but the Pasha would consent to no propositions, not but what they appeared necessary and good, only he could not owing to the want of time, etc. Yet the Pasha the evening before had received a post from Wadelai, which brought him terrible tales of disorder, distress, and helplessness among Selim Bey and his faction, and the rebels and their adherents.

"I accordingly informed him that I proposed to act immediately, and would ascertain for myself what this hidden danger in the camp was, and as a first step I would be obliged if the Pasha would signal for a general muster of the principal Egyptians in the square of the camp.

"The summons being sounded, and not attended quickly enough to satisfy me, half a company of Zanzibaris were detailed to take sticks and

route every one from their huts. Dismayed by these energetic measures, they poured into the square, which was surrounded by rifles.

"On being questioned they denied all knowledge of any plot to steal the rifles from us, or to fight, or to withstand, in any manner, any order. It was then proposed that those who desired to accompany us to Zanzibar should step on one side. They all hastened to one side except two of the Pasha's servants. The rest of the Pasha's people, having paid no attention to the summons, were secured in their huts and brought to the camp square, where some were flogged, and others ironed and put under guard.

" 'Now, Pasha,' I said, 'will you be good enough to tell these Arabs that these rebellious tricks of Wadelai and Dufilé must cease here? for at the first move made by them I shall be obliged to exterminate them utterly.'

"On the Pasha translating, the Arabs bowed, and vowed that they would obey their father religiously.

"At the muster this curious result was returned. There were with us 134 men, 84 married women, 187 female domestics, 74 children (above two years), 35 infants in arms—514.

"I have reason to believe that the number was nearer six hundred, as many were not reported, from a fear, probably, that some would be taken prisoners.

"On April 10th we set out from Kavalli's in number about one thousand five hundred, for three hundred and fifty native carriers had been enrolled from the district to assist in carrying the baggage of the Pasha's people, whose ideas as to what was essential for the march were very crude. On the 12th we camped at Mazamboni's; but in the night I was struck down with a severe illness, which well-nigh proved mortal. It detained us at the camp twenty-eight days, which, if Selim Bey and his party were really serious in their intention to withdraw from Africa, was most fortunate for them, since it increased their time allowance to seventy-two days. But in all this interval only Shukri Aga, the chief at Mswa station, appeared. He had started with twelve soldiers, but one by one they disappeared until he had only his trumpeter and one servant. A few days after the trumpeter absconded. Thus only one servant was left out of a garrison of sixty men, who were reported to be the faithfulest of the faithful.

"During my illness another conspiracy, or rather several, were afloat, but one only was attempted to be realised; and the ringleader—a slave of Awash Effendi's, whom I had made free at Kavalli's—was arrested, and after court-martial, which found him guilty, was immediately executed.

"Thus I have very briefly summarised the events attending the withdrawal of the Pasha and his Egyptians from the neighbourhood of the Albert Nyanza. I ought to mention, however, that through some error of the native couriers employed by the Egyptians with us, a packet of letters was intercepted

which threw a new light upon the character of the people whom we were to escort to the sea-coast at Zanzibar. In a letter written by Ibrahim Effendi Elham, an Egyptian captain, to Selim Bey, at Wadelai, were found the words—‘I beseech you to hurry up your soldiers. If you send only fifty at once we can manage to delay the march easily enough, and if you can come with your people soon after, we may obtain all we need.’ Ibrahim Effendi Elham was in our camp, and we may imagine that he only wrote what was determined upon by himself and fellow-officers, should Selim Bey arrive in time to assist them in carrying out the plot.

“On May 8th the march was resumed, but in the evening the last communication from Selim Bey was received. It began in a very insolent style—such as, ‘What do you mean by making the Egyptian officers carry loads on their heads and shoulders? What do you mean by making the soldiers beasts of burden? What do you mean by,’ etc., all of which were purely mythical charges. The letter ended by abject entreaties that we should extend the time a little more, with protestations that if we did not listen to their prayers they were doomed, as they had but little ammunition left, and then, concluding with the most important intelligence of all—proving our judgment of the whole number to be sound—the letter announced that the ten rebel officers and their adherents had one night broken into the store-houses at Wadelai; had possessed themselves of all the reserve ammunition and other stores; and had departed for Malkaraka, leaving their dupe, Selim Bey, to be at last sensible that he had been an egregious fool, and that he had disobeyed the Pasha’s orders, and disregarded his urgent entreaties for the sake of ingrates like these, who had thrust him into a deep pit, out of which there was no rescue—unless we, of course, should wait for him.

“A reply was sent to him, for the last time, that if he were serious in wishing to accompany us we should proceed forward at a slow rate, halting twenty-four days on the route, by which he would easily overtake us with his two hundred soldiers. This was the last we heard of him.

“The route I had adopted was one which skirted the Balegga Mountains, at a distance of forty miles or thereabouts from the Nyanza. The first day was a fairish path, but the three following days tried our Egyptians sorely, because of the ups and downs and the breaks of cane-grass. On arriving at the southern end of these mountains we were made aware that our march was not to be uninterrupted, for the King of Unyoro had made a bold push, and had annexed a respectable extent of country on the left side of the Semliki River, which embraced all the open grass-land between the Semliki River and the forest region. Thus, without making an immense *détour* through the forest, which would have proved fatal to most of the Egyptians, we had no option but to press on, despite Kaba Rega and his Warasuras. This latter

name is given to the Wanyoros by all natives who have come in contact with them.

"The first day's encounter was decidedly in our favour, and the effect of it cleared the territory as far as the Semliki River free of the Warasuras.

"Meantime we had become aware that we were on the threshold of a region which promised to be very interesting, for daily as we advanced to the southward the great snowy range which had so suddenly arrested our attention and excited our intense interest on May 1st, 1888, grew larger and bolder in view. It extended a long distance to the south-west, which would inevitably take us some distance off our course, unless a pass could be discovered to shorten the distance to the countries south. At Buhoho, where we had the skirmish with Kaba Rega's raiders, we stood on the summit of the hilly range which bounds the Semliki Valley on the north-west and south-west sides. On the opposite side rose Ruwenzori, the snow mountain, and its enormous eastern flank, which dipped down gradually until it fell into the level, and was seemingly joined with the table-land of Unyoro. The humpy western flank dipped down suddenly, as it seemed to us, into lands that we knew not by name as yet. Between these opposing barriers spread the Semliki Valley, so like a lake at its eastern extremity that one of our officers exclaimed that it was the lake, and the female followers of the Egyptians set up a shrill 'lululus' on seeing their own lake—the Albert Nyanza—again. With the naked eye it did appear like the lake, but a field-glass revealed that it was a level grassy plain, white with the ripening of its grass. Those who have read Sir Samuel Baker's 'Albert Nyanza' will remember the passage wherein he states that to the south-west the Nyanza stretches 'illimitably.' He might be well in error at such a distance when our own people, with the plain scarcely four miles away, mistook it for the Nyanza. As the plain recedes south-westerly the bushes become thicker; finally acacias appear in their forests, and beyond these, again, the dead-black thickness of an impenetrable tropical forest; but the plain, as far as the eye could command, continued to lie ten to twelve miles wide between these mountain barriers, and through the centre of it, sometimes inclining towards the south-east mountains, sometimes to the south-western range, the Semliki River pours its waters towards the Albert Nyanza.

"In two marches from Buhoho we stood upon its banks, and, alas for Mason Bey and Gessi Pasha, had they but halted their steamers for half-an-hour to examine this river, they would have seen sufficient to excite much geographical interest, for the river is a powerful stream, from eighty to one hundred yards wide, averaging nine feet in depth from side to side, and having a current from three and a half knots to four knots per hour, in size about equal to two-thirds of the Victoria Nyanza.

"As we were crossing this river the Warasuras attacked us from the

rear with a well-directed volley, but, fortunately, the distance was too great. They were chased for some miles, but fleet as greyhounds, they fled, so there were no casualties to report on either side.

"We entered the Awamba country on the eastern shore of the Semliki, and our marches for several days afterwards were through plantain plantations which flourished in the clearings made in this truly African forest. Finally, we struck the open again immediately under Ruwenzori itself. Much, however, as we had flattered ourselves that we should see some marvellous scenery, the snow mountain was very coy, and hard to see. On most days it loomed impending over us like a tropical storm-cloud, ready to dissolve in rain and ruin on us. Near sunset a peak or two here, a crest there, a ridge beyond, white with snow, shot into view, jagged clouds whirling and eddying round them, and then the darkness of night. Often at sunrise, too, Ruwenzori would appear fresh, clean, brightly pure, profound blue voids above and around it, every line and dent, knoll and turret-like crag, deeply marked and clearly visible, but presently all would be buried under mass upon mass of mist, until the immense mountain was no more visible than if we were thousands of miles away. And then also the snow mountain being set deeply in the range, the nearer we approached the base of the range the less we saw of it, for higher ridges obtruded themselves and barred the view. Still we have obtained three remarkable views, one from the Nyanza Plain, another from Kavalli, and a third from the South Point.

"In altitude above the sea I should estimate it to be between 18,000 and 19,000 feet. We cannot trust our triangulations, for the angles are too small. When we were in positions to ascertain it correctly, the inconstant mountain gathered his cloudy blankets around him and hid himself from view; but a clear view from the loftiest summit down to the lowest reach of snow, obtained from a place called Karimi, makes me confident that the height is between the figures stated above.

"It took us nineteen marches to reach the south-west angle of the range, the Semliki Valley being below us on our right, and which, if the tedious mist had permitted, would have been exposed in every detail. That part of the valley traversed by us is generally known under the name of Awamba, while the habitable portion of the range is principally denominated Ukonju. The huts of these natives—the Bakonju—are seen as high as 8000 feet above the sea.

"Almost all our officers had at one time a keen desire to distinguish themselves as the climbers of these African Alps, but unfortunately they were in a very unfit state for such a work. The Pasha only managed to get 1000 feet higher than our camp, but Lieutenant Stairs reached the height of 10,677 feet above the sea; but had the mortification to find two deep gulfs between him and the snowy mount proper. He brought, however, a good collection of

plants, among which were giant heather, blackberries, and bilberries. The Pasha was in his element among these plants, and has classified them.

"The first day we had disentangled ourselves of the forest proper and its outskirts of straggling brush, we looked down from the grassy shelf below Ruwenzori range, and saw a grassy plain, level seemingly as a bowling green, the very duplicate of that which is seen at the extremity of the Albert Nyanza, extending southerly from the forests of the Semliki Valley. We then knew that we were not far from the Southern Lake, discovered by me in 1877.

"Under guidance of the Wakonju, I sent Lieutenant Stairs to examine the river said to flow from the Southern Nyanza. He returned next day, reporting it to be the Semliki River, narrowed down to a stream forty-two yards wide and about ten feet deep, flowing, as the canoe-men on its banks said, to the Nyanza Utuku, or Nyanza of Unyoro—the Albert Nyanza. Besides native reports, he had other corroborative evidences to prove it to be the Semliki.

"On the second march from the confines of Awavela we entered Usongora—a grassy region as opposite in appearance from the perpetual spring of Ukonju as a drougthy land could well be. This country bounds the Southern Nyanza on its northern and north-western side.

"Three days later, while driving the Warasuras before us—or, rather, as they were self-driven by their own fears—we entered, soon after its evacuation, the important town of Kative, the headquarters of the raiders. It is situated between an arm of the Southern Nyanza and a salt lake about two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, which consists of pure brine of a pinky colour, and deposits salt in solid cakes of salt crystals. This was the property of the Wasongora, but the value of its possession has attracted the cupidity of Kaba Rega, who reaps a considerable revenue from it. Toro, Aukori, Mpororo, Ruanda, Ukonju, and many other countries demand the salt for consumption, and the fortunate possessor of this inexhaustible treasure of salt reaps all that is desirable of property in Africa in exchange with no more trouble than the defence of it.

"Our road from Kative lay east and north-east to round the bay-like extension of the Nyanza, lying between Usongora and Unyampaka, and it happened to be the same taken by the main body of the Warasuras in their hasty retreat from the Salt Lake. On entering Uhaiyana, which is to the south of Toro, and in the uplands, we had passed the northern head of the Nyanza, or Beatrice Gulf, and the route to the south was open—not, however, without another encounter with the Warasuras.

"A few days later we entered Unyampaka, which I had visited in January 1876. Ringi, the king, declined to enter into the cause of Unyoro, and allowed us to feed on his bananas unquestioned. After following the lake-shore until it turned too far to the south-west, we struck for the lofty

uplands of Aukori, by the natives of whom we were well received, preceded, as we had been, by the reports of our good deeds in relieving the Salt Lake of the presence of the universally obnoxious Warasuras.

"If you drew a straight line from the Nyanza to the Uzinja shores of the Victoria Lake, it would represent pretty fairly our course through Aukori, Karagwe, and Uhaiya to Uzinja. Aukori was open to us, because we had driven the Wanyoros from the Salt Lake. The story was an open sesame; there also existed a wholesome fear of an expedition which had done that which all the power of Aukori could not have done. Karagwe was open to us, because free trade is the policy of the Wanyambu, and because the Waganda were too much engrossed with their civil war to interfere with our passage. Uhaiya admitted our entrance without cavil out of respect to our numbers, and because we were well introduced by the Wanyambu, and the Wakwiya guided us in like manner to be welcomed by the Uzinja. Nothing happened during the long journey from the Albert Lake to cause us any regret that we had taken this straight course, but we have suffered from an unprecedented number of fevers. We have had as many as one hundred and fifty cases in one day. Aukori is so beswept with cold winds, that the Expedition wilted under them. Seasoned veterans like the Pasha and Captain Casati were prostrated time after time, and both were reduced to excessive weakness like ourselves. Our blacks—regardless of their tribes—tumbled headlong into the long grass to sleep their fever fits off. Some after a short illness died; the daily fatigues of the march, an ulcer, a fit of fever, a touch of bowel complaint, caused the Egyptians to hide in any cover along the route, and, being unperceived by the rear-guard of the Expedition, were left to the doubtful treatment of natives of whose language they were utterly ignorant. In the month of July we lost one hundred and forty-one of their number in this manner.

"Out of respect to the first British Prince who has shown an interest in African geography, we have named the Southern Nyanza—to distinguish it from the other two Nyanzas—the Albert Edward Nyanza. It is not a very large lake. Compared to the Victoria, the Tanganika, and the Nyassa, it is small, but its importance and interest lies in the sole fact that it is the receiver of all the streams at the extremity of the South-Western or left Nile Basin, and discharges these waters by one river—the Semliki—into the Albert Nyanza; in like manner as Lake Victoria receives all streams from the extremity of the South-Eastern or right Nile Basin, and pours these waters by the Victoria Nile into the Albert Nyanza. These two Niles, amalgamating in Lake Albert, leave this under the well-known name of White Nile.—Your obedient servant,

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

*The March to the Coast—Arrival at Mslala—Summarising Casualties—
Arrival at Bagamoyo—Zanzibar—Cairo—Arrival in England.*

THE letter brought by the three Peacock Dervishes from Omar Saleh, General of the Mahdi's forces, to Emin Pasha, arrived October 17th, 1888. It was intercepted and opened by Emin's rebel officers, himself and Mr. Jephson being at the time prisoners at Duflé.

As no information could be extracted from the envoys, they were cruelly tortured, but to no purpose. They were afterwards beaten to death with clubs, and their bodies thrown to the crocodiles.

To obtain the letter the son of Osman Effendi Satif, vakul of the province, secretly entered the rebels' divan at night and copied the letter for Mr. Jephson, and Emin Pasha made a translation of it. The original letter was destroyed in the burning of Duflé.

The letter commences, "From the Servant of God, Omar Saleh, officer of the Mahdi, to whom we give reverential greetings, appointed for conducting affairs in the Province of Hatalastiva. To the honoured Mohamed Emin, Mudir of Hatalastiva. May God lead him in the path of His gifts. Amen." After much pious talk about the Mahdi, the letter says:—"The first army which fought against the Mahdi had for its chief Abu Soud Bey, who came with a steamer at the time when the Mahdi was at Abba, but though he was hard pressed, God killed all his enemies. Then the Prophet ordered him to go to Gedir, and he went, but he was followed by Raschid Imem, Mudir of Fashodo, and many people with him. Then followed Yuseph Pasha el Shilali, Mohamed Bey Sulieman el Shaiki, and Abdullah Wad el Deffallah, one of the Kordofan merchants, and with them another army of great strength, and God killed them all. Then came the army of Hicks, a renowned man, and with him Al-ed-in Pasha, Governor-General of the Soudan, and many officers, and with them a very large army composed of the people of different countries—no one but God knows their number—and many Krupp guns, and they were all killed in less than an hour, and their strongholds were taken right up to Khartoum, the residence of the Governor-General, a very strong place between the two rivers.

"In Khartoum were killed Gordon Pasha, the Governor, and with him

the Consuls Hansal and Nicola, Leontidos, the Greek, and Azor, the Copt, and many others of the Christians, and many of the rebellious Mohamedans, Farratch Pasha Ezzeim, Mahomet Pasha Hassan, Bachit, Butraki, and Achmet Bey el Dgelab. And whoever was killed by the Mahdi's followers was at once consumed by fire, and this is one of the greatest wonders happening to confirm what is written is to come to pass before the end of the world. There is just another wonder—the spears carried by the Mahdi's followers had a flame burning at their points, and this we have seen with our eyes and not heard only.

“And so event followed event near Suakim and Dongola until General Stewart Pasha, Gordon's second in command, died, and with him some consuls, and this happened in Wady Kama. Then the other Stewart in Abu Teleah. He had come with an English army to relieve Gordon Pasha, but many were killed, and God drove them back ignominiously. And then the whole Soudan and its dependencies accepted the Mahdi's rule, and submitted to the Imam the Mahdi, and gave themselves to him with their children and possessions, and became his followers; and whoever opposed him was killed by God, and his children and their property became the prey of the Moslems.

“The armies of the Mahdi, under the command of our friend Wad el Nedgumi, are beleaguering Egypt near Wady Halfa and Abu Hamed. Near Aksar Abu el Hudjadg is our friend Osman Digna. Abyssinia is in the hands of our friend Hamdan Abu Gaudja. In an encounter with the Abyssinians God helped him, and he killed them; and amongst those killed was the chief of their army, who was called Ras Adrangi; some of his children were killed, and some made slaves. Our people reached the great church in the town of Gondar, which is one of the most remarkable things among the Christians. In Darfour, Shakka, and Bahr el Ghazal is our friend Osman Aden, and with him Keremallah and Zebehr el Fahal. The whole country is in the hands of God's soldiers, who war against the foes of God who deny the Imam the Mahdi. They are always victorious by God's strength and might, as He promised by His word, ‘Ye who believe, if ye fight, God will give you the victory.’ And again, ‘God is with us, and the victory is to the believers.’ And yet again, ‘God is well pleased by those who are slain in His service; they are like reared-up strongholds.’

“So now we have come in three steamers and in sandals, and nuggers filled with soldiers from God's army, under our orders sent to you from his Mightiness the Great Chief of all the Moslems, the ever victorious in his religion, who relies on God the Lord of the world, the Khalifa, the Mahdi—may God be gracious unto him!—with his sacred orders, which are the orders of God and His Prophet; and it is your duty to obey them by reason of their religious teaching, you and whoever may be with you, whether Moslems,

Christians, or others—and we bring you such news as will ensure your welfare in this world and in the next, and to tell you what God wishes, He and His Prophet, and to assure you of a free pardon to you, and to whomsoever is with you, and protection for your children and property from God and His Prophet, on condition that you submit to God.

“There are with us some letters written, by permission of our master, by some of your brethren who wish you well; they are from Abdul Kader Slatin, who was formerly Mudir of Darfour; Mohamed Said, who was formerly called Georgi Islamboulia; Ismail Abdullah, who was formerly called Bolos Salib, a Copt; and many others who sympathise with you, and are now honoured by the Mahdi's grace. There are also letters from your companions—Abdullah Lupton, who was Mudir of Bahr el Ghazal; Ibrahim Pasha Fanzi; Nur Bey Ibrahim, Mudir of Senaar; Leyd Bey Inmah, Mudir of Fashor; and Eskender Bey, Commander of Kordofan. God has helped them all with His blessing, and they are now well-to-do and free from care, and God has given them more than they ever possessed in worldly goods and Heavenly favour. When they became friends of the Mahdi God rewarded them.

“Now the Khalifa, the Mahdi, out of compassion for your forlorn state, left alone in the land of the negroes—for there has been no news of you for a long long time, and you must have lost all hope—has sent us to you with an army, as I before told you, to take you out of the land of the infidels to join your brethren, the Moslems. Submit, therefore, with gladness to God's wish, and come at once to see me, wherever I may be, for I am now so near you that I may honour you with the sacred orders. You will find them full of wonderful things, on which depend your salvation in this and the next world, and you will find in them the contentment of God, the ruler of the world. I have to add I am ordered by his Highness—whom no one can deny—that I am to honour you and take care of you, and when we meet you will have all your wishes fulfilled, and you will become one of the true believers, as our Master wishes.

“And now be of good cheer, and do not delay. I have said enough for one whose intelligence is bright, and now we pray God to lead you towards our Master, for we believe you are one of those who hear good advice and follow it—and in truth it is God's gift. Amongst the things in your favour in the hands of the Khalifa, the Mahdi, was the arrival of your letter brought by our friend Osman Erbal, intimating your submission. He received this letter, and was well pleased with it, and because of this and the Khalifa (the Mahdi's) compassion for you, we have come here as I told you before.

“May God bless and assist you in all that you do.

“SALAAM.”

The last of Stanley's letters informed us that the Expedition had reached

Uzinja. At this place he made another important geographical discovery. As they marched away from Uzinja along the south of the great Lake Victoria Nyanza, through a hitherto unvisited region, he discovered that the lake stretches much farther in the southward direction than he thought. What he previously took to be the line of the shore he now saw to be a number of islands in the lake lying close together. He had estimated the superficial area of this wonderful lake to be 21,500 square miles; but his last estimate makes it 26,900, and this is more nearly that of Speke.

The forward march of the Expedition was in the direction of the Usambiro country. It will be interesting to read a description of it as represented in the picture. First there were about a dozen men who acted as guides or scouts. Next came Mr. Stanley himself riding on his donkey, and supported by a donkey boy and two gun-bearers. Following him was Uledi, Stanley's orderly, who bore the Expedition flag, which is the Khédivial flag with three stars. After this, another chief with the flag of the first company; this flag was yellow, and had Arabic characters upon it. In Indian file, immediately behind their flag, followed the No. 1 Company formed of the picked men of the Expedition. Mr. Jephson, the commander, accompanied his corps. Next came either No. 2 Company or No. 3; for these companies did rear-guard duty alternately. They were commanded by Lieutenant Stairs, R.E., and Captain Nelson respectively. No. 4 Company marched next, commanded by Surgeon Parke; and the Nubians in charge of Mr. Bonny followed. Next to the Nubians came an interesting personage, the little daughter of Emin Pasha, Ferida by name, reposing in a hammock borne by two trustworthy Zanzibaris. After her came her father, the Pasha, and Captain Casati, his friend and companion, Signor Marco, and Hawashi Effendi, a major in the Khedive's army. The Pasha's people came behind these, the strongest keeping close up, and the weaker gradually getting left behind; and sometimes they delayed so much that they made the column three miles long, and the last of it did not get into camp until three hours after Stanley had arrived. But protecting the very last of the Expedition was the company on rear-guard duty, suiting its pace to that of the weakest. For many months, when they were passing through a country that was open and friendless, this was the order of the march.

On the 28th of August the Expedition reached Mslala, and saw, rising above a grove of banyan trees, the Cross; and they knew that soon the thatched roof of a Christian church would be to them a sign that they had reached a true sanctuary. The clergyman, the Rev. A. M. Mackay, came forward to welcome them; and the Expedition made itself comfortable and at home, for a three weeks' rest.

As soon as they had arrived, Emin Pasha wrote the following letter to the Relief Committee:—

"Mslala, August 23rd, 1889.

"SIR,—Having reached, under the escort of Mr. Stanley's Expedition, to-day, this place, I cannot but hasten to write just two words to tell you how deeply we all appreciate the generous help you have sent us. When, in the stress of adversity, I first ventured to make an appeal to the world asking assistance for my people, I was well aware of such an appeal not passing unheard, but I never once fancied the possibility of such kindness as you and the subscribers of the Relief Fund have shown us.

"It would be impossible to tell you what has happened here after Mr. Stanley's first start; his graphic pen will tell you everything much better than I could. I hope also, the Egyptian Government permitting it, some future day to be allowed to present myself before you, and to express to you then the feelings of gratitude my pen would be short in expressing, in a personal interview.

"Until such happy moments come, I beg to ask you to transmit to all subscribers of the fund the sincerest thanks of a handful of forlorn people, who through your instrumentality have been saved from destruction, and now hope to embrace their relatives.

"To speak here of Mr. Stanley's and his officers' merits would be inadequate. If I live to return I shall make my acknowledgments.—I am, Sir, with many and many thanks, yours very obliged,

"DR. EMIN.

"W. MACKINNON, Esq., Chairman of Committee
of the Relief Expedition Fund."

They found at Mslala a large supply of all necessities that had been sent to the place ready for them by the Relief Committee. Letters and newspapers had also arrived, and some cuttings of the latter, written by idle people at home, who, having nothing better to do, had criticised the workers, as their manner is, gave Stanley the trouble of replying to their foolish strictures; but even these could not make the traveller other than glad to find himself where he was, though he felt keenly the wrong done to him when he was blamed for Major Barttelot's death.

"We arrived here on the 28th inst., and found the modern Livingstone, Mr. A. M. Mackay, safely and comfortably established at this Mission Station. I had always admired Mackay. He had never joined the missionaries' attacks on me, and every fact I had heard about him indicated that I should find him an able and reliable man. When I saw him, and some of his work about here, then I recognised the man I had pleaded in the name of Mtesa should be sent to him in 1875; the very type of man I had described as necessary to confirm Mtesa in his growing love for the white man's creed."

It is sad to think that this man, "a brave and resourceful Scotchman," who had befriended Dr. Junker, and who had been trusted by King Mtesa's

successor, should soon after Stanley left him have passed away from the sphere where he had laboured so successfully, having fallen a victim to fever.

But happily no premonition of this came to spoil the visit of Stanley, or sadden the intercourse which was so pleasant to both men; and our travellers used these well-won days of leisure to read and answer their correspondence, and to prepare for the long march that was yet before them. To Emin Pasha and Captain Casati the time was full of most thrilling discoveries. They had received no news for two years, and had been entirely cut off from the world of civilisation. They now learned how much sympathy there had been for them in Europe, by what means Emin Pasha's appeal had reached England, and how anxiously those who were his friends were looking for further news of him.

Dr. Parke had a very busy time at Mslala, for many people were ill and sorely needed more rest and attention than they could possibly get during the march. But the kind and clever doctor soon restored them with his medicines; and when the time came for them to leave the hospitable Mission Station at Mslala, and say good-bye to their truly Christian host, the Expedition presented a really splendid appearance, for the women had become strong and the children fat, while the men were happy at the thought that they were going home.

The good missionary sent one of his own people to guide them through Neva; and on the 16th of September the caravan moved off in the direction of Zanzibar. They passed along the route usually taken by strangers who come to the country for trade or research, and therefore the natives were not so alarmed or suspicious as they might otherwise have been; and they completed a good part of their journey without mishap. This enabled the members of the Expedition to retain the good spirits in which they left Mslala, and to hope that all the troubles, of which indeed they had endured plenty, were now behind them.

This, however, was not to prove the case, for no sooner had they reached Usukuma than fresh difficulties and dangers menaced them.

"The natives," says Stanley, "took such an unaccountable prejudice to the Soudanese of the Equatorial Province, for their intense black colour and ugly cicatrices on their cheeks, that they attacked the column on its arrival near the king's village. Usukuma is exceedingly populous, and the people are warlike and brave. They are accustomed to caravans, but as their demands are at once complied with there is seldom much trouble. One Arab caravan was lately massacred because its leader was unwilling to yield to the extortionate demands made on him. Two missionaries were lately imprisoned until they were ransomed by their friends.

"The Wasukuma, from these experiences and the instant compliance with their rough humours, probably judged that they had but to rush on our

column to see it collapse, and in a mood to yield, after injury and insult, to their caprices; but having charged myself with the care of the Pasha and his people we promptly resented the attack, and the consequence was serious to the Wasukuma. They gathered in immense numbers, and for five days disputed every mile of our advance through their territory. They frequently advanced by hundreds on either flank of the column, and were most wonderfully active; but the breechloaders restrained them from reaching the line of march. We requested a parley, gave presents to the head men, and during the short truce one of our men was killed with a spear. This was the only casualty that occurred with us. After a five days' struggle we entered on friendly territory."

The Zanzibaris were better able to bear the fatigues of the march than the Pasha's people, who were spiritless and weary, and could with difficulty be got along at all. Stanley was anxious and worried about them. He said, "Until I can get these unfortunates on board a steamer there will be no peace for me. And the most disheartening thing about it is, that after all the toil and trouble we have had in carrying them twelve hundred miles, and in fighting for them to protect their lives, we see so many of them die just as we are in sight of port."

The death-roll indeed was very large. It may be given in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"According to a muster made at Kavalli on April 5th, 1889, 570 refugees from the Equatorial Province had placed themselves under our protection for convoy to the sea. . . . We arrived at Bagamoyo with only 290 souls. The loss *en route* was therefore 280—nearly one-half—during a journey of 1400 miles. Of these 280 missing about 200 have been cared for by various native chiefs through whose territory we passed.

"If the head of a family suffered from a virulent ulcer, in a country which furnished no carriers, and he could not possibly travel, there was no option left us but to leave him in some safe place, and, as his family and servants preferred to stay with him, we were forced to yield to their entreaty. Probably eighty perished from ulcers, fever, fatigue, and debility, and one old lady, the mother of the Vakeel of the Equatorial Province, from sheer old age; she was nearly eighty years old. Of the thirteen Somalis engaged by Major Barttelot at Aden, only one survived the journey; three of them were killed by natives, while foraging for food; nine died from fever and debility; of the sixty Soudanese enlisted at Cairo, only twelve returned to the coast; seven having been already sent home from Yambuya; thus nineteen out of sixty leaves a loss of forty-one, two of whom suffered the death penalty for mutiny and murder, and one deserted. Of the six hundred and twenty Zanzibaris, only two hundred and twenty-five were returned by us to Zanzibar. Fifty-five were killed in the skirmishes which took place between Yambuya and the Albert

Nyanza ; two suffered capital punishment for selling their rifles and ammunition to our declared enemy ; two hundred and two died of starvation, ulcers, dysentery, and exhaustion ; the rest deserted."

Of Stanley's European companions, Major Barttelot was murdered, Jameson died of fever, Ward and Troup returned to Europe *via* the Congo ; but Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, and Parke survived all perils, and reached the East Coast in safety with Mr. Stanley.

The refugees joined Mr. Stanley at their own wish, and there is no doubt that they would have fared no better had they elected to remain ; because they would probably have become captives of the Mahdi, and sent to be imprisoned in Khartoum.

The march was continued through South Usukuma, and they were met by some messengers who had been sent from the French Mission on Lake Victoria. They brought a letter from Bishop Mgr. Livimbar, requesting Stanley to give his protection and escort to two invalids, Pères Girault and Schintze. "Having replied," says Stanley, "instantly in the affirmative, and despatched the couriers, we shortened our marches, proceeding by easy stages to Ikungu, where we soon had the pleasure of welcoming the Algerian Pères in our camp. The strictly humanitarian character of the Expedition was never better illustrated than during our journey from Usukuma to Bagamoyo. Besides German, French, Italian, Greek, and Egyptians for whom we acted as escort, almost every district between Usukuma and Mpwapwa sent to us new accessions of Africans who were unable to reach the coast, or feared oppression by the way, and therefore solicited permission to attach themselves to the Expedition, until we numbered about a thousand."

So far they knew little of what had taken place between them and the coast. But before long they "heard of missionaries murdered and mission-houses burnt, of German officers killed, and coast towns levelled to the ground in retaliation ; and it seemed to us that the barbarism of the wild interior was more acceptable, judging from the details given us, than the barbarism of the coast."

A little later, and they saw these things for themselves at Mpwapwa, a station of the German East African Company, distant from Bagamoyo one hundred and fifty miles. Some German officers had arrived to rebuild the ruined fort ; and through them Stanley was able to hear the news, and send on some telegrams, which were most anxiously looked for in England. These were the messages that were received in due course, to the intense relief of the people, who were longing for a break in the silence :—

"Arrived at Mpwapwa 10th November. Expect to leave 12th November for East Coast *via* Simbamwenni. Europeans all well. Bringing about three hundred Soudanese. Expect me to arrive any day at coast. Have discovered

Victoria Nyanza extends south-west, bringing it to within one hundred and fifty-five miles of Lake Tanganika; length of Victoria Nyanza now two hundred and seventy miles; area, twenty-seven thousand square miles."

This telegram was received by Sir William Mackinnon, who at once sent it to the press. On the same day the Foreign Office received the following telegram from the Consul-General at Zanzibar:—

"Zanzibar, Nov. 21, 1889.

"Following news from Stanley:—Arrived at Mpwapwa November 10, fifty-five days from Victoria Nyanza, and one hundred and eighty-eighth from Albert Nyanza. Europeans present—Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, Bonny, Hoffmann, Emin Pasha and daughter, Casati, Marco, and Fathers Girault and Schintze, of Algerian Mission. Proposed leaving 12th; reach coast *viâ* Heuber Mivemi. Stanley says has made unexpected discovery of real value to Africa in extension of Victoria Nyanza to the south-west. The utmost southerly reach of the extension is south latitude $2^{\circ} 48'$, and brings Victorian Sea within one hundred and fifty-five miles from Lake Tanganika; and the area of Lake is twenty-six thousand nine hundred square miles. All letters and news pass through German hands."

Public anxiety was at once calmed, for the mention of Dr. Emin's name gave the assurance that he had been successfully rescued from his perilous position. And at Bagamoyo and Zanzibar the excitement was very great. From the former place the German Imperial Commissioner sent a number of carriers with all sorts of good and comfortable things to meet the Expedition. They got as far as Msiva, where Stanley halted to receive the kindly greetings of Mr. Stevens, the representative of the "New York Herald." Here he was made glad with presents of food, clothing, and cordials from friends both English and German. So that from Mswa the brave deliverer wrote:—"I am in perfect health, and feel like a labourer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."

He saw no reason for regret or discontent, for he knew that everything had been as well done as it was possible to do it. He himself reviewing the work, says:—"Over and above the happy ending of the appointed duties, we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian peninsula, we can now certify to be an actual fact. The Mountains of the Moon, this time beyond the least doubt, have been located; and Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, robed in eternal snow, has been seen, and its flanks explored, and some of its shoulders ascended, the Gordon-Bennett and Mackinnon cones being but giant sentries warding off approach to the inner area of the Cloud King. On the south-east

of the range the connection between the Albert Edward Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains have been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture land as would make the cow-boys out West mad with envy; and right under the burning Equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries, and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from the snow-beds."

Of his companions he has spoken and written most generously. "The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the Sasmire for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty—of all these we could speak if we would."

Of his European companions he says:—"Words fail to express my deep feelings of thankfulness that it was my fortune to be blessed with such noble companionship; men of higher intelligence and of superior attainments may enter this darkest zone of that darkest Africa traversed by us, and perform more valuable services to science and humanity; but never, while human nature remains as we know it, will there be four gentlemen so matchless for their constancy, devotion to their work, earnest purpose, and unflinching obedience to honour and duty. In brief, in all that belongs to thorough and noble manliness, these four will stand prominent above all I have met, or ever can hope to meet, within the limits of the African Continent."

The Expedition took its time in the march from Mswa. There were many invalids; for their sakes it was necessary to walk slowly and by easy stages. They halted at Mbugani and Bigiro, and when they had reached the Kingani River Major Wissmann met them. It took a long time with one ferry-boat to get all the people over; but at last it was accomplished, and soon after they came to their great delight in sight of the sea.

On the next day, December the 5th, 1889, they arrived at Bagamoyo, into which place they made a most triumphal entry. The German troops were drawn up as a guard of honour, and salutes were fired from all the ships of war. Every vessel in the harbour was gay with bunting, arches of foliage were placed across the street, and palm branches were waved from every window.

At Major Wissmann's headquarters they were breakfasted. "As I saw Emin Pasha," says Stanley, "before the well-spread table, his face all aglow with pleasure, and bronzed Captain Casati bowing and nodding, with a goblet of sparkling wine in hand, to his consul, M. Beucetti, both of whom we had rescued after laborious toil from a harsh fate, and knew that the Expedition was filing in by happy hundreds, it became very clear to me that here my duty

ended. Whatever might happen afterwards was beyond my control. The Pasha was amongst his friends. Captain Casati was with his consul, the English officers were surrounded by their countrymen, the faithful Zanzibari were in their own land, and would presently disperse each to his home, and I was once more free and responsible to none."

During their stay at Bagamoyo a banquet was given in honour of Stanley, at which were present all the foreign consuls, judges, and the principal naval and military officers. Major Wissmann, in a very happy speech, proposed the toast of the evening, and spoke in highly eulogistic terms of "his master in African exploration." As the Major is himself an explorer of very great achievements, Stanley felt this to be high praise. But in his reply it was evident that he was thinking more of the brave men whose bones were bleaching in the African forests than of his own accomplishments. Unfortunately these festivities were checked suddenly by the catastrophe to Emin Pasha. Whilst chatting with one of the guests, Emin stepped out of the window on to a balcony, and, being half-blind from cataract, missed his footing and fell some twenty feet below. He sustained most serious injuries, for his head was cut, his right eye closed, he was bruised from head to foot, and blood came from his ears, while internal mischief was feared. He was at once carried off to the German hospital, and at first the doctors declared his case hopeless, but Dr. Parke, who had been with the Expedition throughout, would not lose heart, and nursed Emin devotedly back to life.

This event naturally distressed Mr. Stanley, and cast a gloom over his departure the next day. The German vessel "*Sperber*" was placed at his disposal, and in it he went to Zanzibar, where, as might have been expected, his welcome was most enthusiastic. Indeed, from the moment he landed Mr. Stanley was kept busy receiving and returning congratulatory visits and messages, and acknowledging telegrams from nearly all the European sovereigns. The King of the Belgians' telegram had awaited him for some days; then came a most affectionate message from the German Emperor complimenting the explorer on his "tenacity of purpose and indomitable courage," and, later, the following letter from the Queen:—"My thoughts are often with you and your brave followers, whose dangers are now at an end. Once more I heartily congratulate all, including the survivors of the gallant Zanzibaris, who displayed such devotion and fortitude during your marvellous Expedition." The Sultan of Zanzibar was not behind his fellow-rulers in cordiality, fêting both the explorer and his followers with much warmth, and rewarding the Zanzibaris who had remained loyal to Mr. Stanley throughout. Indeed, Mr. Stanley's whole stay at Zanzibar was a succession of complimentary festivities. Colonel Euan Smith, the British Consul, entertained him at a splendid banquet, when all the ships in the harbour were illuminated; and another noteworthy gathering was a lunch to Mr. Stanley and the British

Consul given by the representatives of the British Indian Steam Navigation Company on board the "Arawatta," inaugurating the new direct service between England and East Africa.

The British sailors were so delighted to have him among them at Zanzibar that they asked him to give them a speech.

During his three weeks' sojourn at Zanzibar Mr. Stanley did not lose sight of the business side of his Expedition. He sent home many interesting letters, and began an action in the Consular Court against Tippu-Tib for breach of contract and bad faith to the Expedition. This action charged that shifty Arab with breaking his contract in order to confiscate the stores and ammunition belonging to the Expedition, alleged that his nephew prevented the natives from bringing food to the Zanzibaris, thus causing great mortality to the members, and that Tippu fully intended to desert Mr. Stanley. Ten thousand pounds are claimed as damages. This action will not be heard, however, before September, to allow Tippu time to appear in defence. Having given his evidence, Mr. Stanley travelled in the "Turquoise" to Mombassa to join the mail steamer for Egypt, where the European Colony gave him a hearty farewell and a serenade from the Highland bagpipes.

At Mombassa Dr. Parke was able to join Mr. Stanley, and bring the report of the convalescence of Emin Pasha. But the Doctor was himself so ill from bilious fever that it was his turn to require nursing. They went on to Cairo, and there made a considerable stay, in order to recruit their health, also that Stanley might finish his book, "Darkest Africa." Of course all sorts of honours were showered upon the brave adventurer; the Khédive and the Egyptian Cabinet entertained him with great ceremony. At the banquets given in his honour Mr. Stanley again and again declared that the Congo route was the only one he could have taken. In all his speeches too he referred to the sad accident to Emin Pasha, which had thrown a cloud over the festivities.

Mr. Stanley took a house, the Villa Victoria, and there he worked hard at his books, as soon as he was allowed to be quiet. He attacked the mass of notes, sketches, maps, and photographs as resolutely as he had attacked other difficulties, and by the end of March he had succeeded in reducing them to order. It was wise of him to spend the early spring in Egypt, for he had reached Cairo very thin, worn, and weary. But by Easter he was himself again; and with his book finished, and the calls of friends in Brussels and London reaching him every day, he resolved to start from Cairo on Easter Monday. Before he left, however, at a special meeting held in the hall of the Legislative Assembly, with all the ministry and every celebrated foreigner in the place present, the diploma of membership of the Khédivial Geographical Society was presented to him by Ahbata Pasha, the aide-de-camp to the Khédive. The diploma

was exquisitely inscribed in Arabic, and the casket in which it was enclosed was of beautiful workmanship. It was amid every expression of esteem and good-will that the great explorer left Egypt and turned his face to Europe, where he was awaited with the anxiety born of deep regard and admiration. All sorts and conditions of men were again longing to do him honour who had so triumphantly fulfilled the wise man's aphorism—"Seest thou a man diligent (skilful) in his business? he shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean (obscure) men."

THE END.

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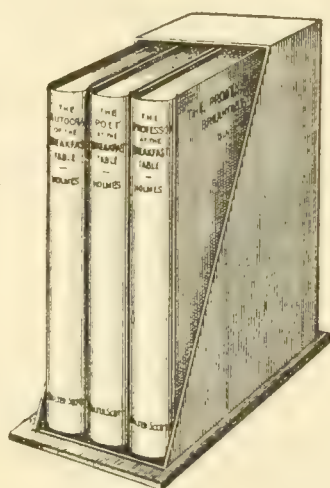
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